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EMIGRATION-REPORT.*

BEHOLD another blue-covered folio of four hundred pages, manufactured by one of those indefatigable Select Committees of the House of Commons, which inflict their thousands upon the public annually. What Select Committee is this? One appointed to inquire into the expediency of encouraging emigration. Well, and what is the result of the inquiry? What has the Committee done? Established, it seems, by evidence, three main facts, with multitudes of subordinate and derivative ones—a redundancy of population at home—the existence of large tracts of unoccupied land abroad, in colonies expanding under the four winds of heaven,—and an actual want of people for the cultivation and defence of those colonies—for all which evils emigration is the grand specific; and emigration is recommended accordingly.

But before we advert more particularly to the labours of the Committee, let us look to these 'main facts' of theirs, or rather, let us confine our view for the present to the first position—the redundancy of population. This is the basis of the whole question;—if there prove to be no redundancy, or if such redundancy can and ought to be provided for at home, what have we to do with peopling the wildernesses of another hemisphere?

Now, as to the fact, what do the Committee mean by this redundancy? In *what* respect is it, that there exists a surplus of people? Is it that there are more mouths than the produce of the country will support? Oh no, there is produce enough, because none, or at least but few have been actually starved, or are now actually starving; and with money in their hands, their mouths might still be readily filled. It is that there are more mouths than can supply themselves. It is that there are more hands to labour than can find labour. Oh, it is redundancy with respect to *labour* then, and not with respect to produce? But how has this redundancy come about? Have the Committee extended their inquiries into the causes? No; but those causes may be of a

* Report from the Select Committee on Emigration from the United Kingdom. 26 May 1826.

transient cast, and then, if we search for permanent remedies, we are searching in a wrong direction; or those causes may be of an artificial kind, and then they are perhaps removable, by retracing the steps which have led to their effects. The search into causes was clearly a part of their bounden—their appropriate duty. Not at all, the Committee would reply; or, being of the schools of the philosophers, they would of course, in half a dozen words, assure us, the natural progress of the laws of population was fully and solely adequate. Against which assurance, we, being no philosophers at all, but mere observers of facts, should, in our undisciplined style, exclaim—no such thing; or if we did for a moment indulge in their own vein of confident assertion, we should say,—multiply the population as it will in any country, so long as there is still land to cultivate, subsistence in that country may be obtained for every one.

No, the fact is, the redundancy in question, the reality of which we cannot at all doubt, is not the result of natural but of artificial causes. What have the land-lords and loom-lords, and capitalists of every description been doing for the last half-century? Ransacking heaven and earth—employing every conceivable expedient for lessening the agency of *manual* labour. That object, by the brilliant inventions of the ‘genius of mechanism,’ they have obtained to their heart’s content. They have succeeded to a degree perhaps beyond their most sanguine hopes, in accomplishing by machinery, what was before done by labour. They have superseded the labourer; they have contrived to do without him, and by the just laws of avenging nature—the eternal nemesis—they have him left upon their own hands, in numbers too importunate to be repulsed, and too formidable to be contemned.

Multiplied the people have doubtless, but to nothing like the amount* that is alleged; and numbers again have been forced down into the ranks of labour to add to the tale; but these additions are insignificant compared with the extents of new soil brought into cultivation, and the multiplications of manufactories. But they might *all* have been employed, and more, could more have been obtained, if machinery, at the very lowest estimate, had not decupled the powers of production, and thus thrown out of employ ten pair of hands, where the natural multiplication of the species would not have given birth to one superfluous pair, had matters gone on temperately and usefully in their ancient course.

Oh yes, the truth, the indisputable, the intolerable truth is, that in the depth of their cunning, and the intensity of their avarice, both landlords and manufacturers have overshot the mark. The consequences of their overweening graspings are recoiling upon themselves. They threw off the man as a labourer, and he returns upon them as a pauper. The law of nature speaks aloud—thus far shall you go, and no farther. You have long ago reached that impassable point; and had you not been blinded by the ardour of your selfish pursuits, you might long ago have detected the tendency, and checked, before it was too late, the career of your ruinous course. That career you may still

* Let it be remembered, the census of 1801 was confessedly defective, and that of 1811 was very far from complete. It is the census of 1821 which alone has pretension to accuracy. Any conclusions, therefore, with respect to the increase of population, founded on these data, are not worth a straw.

check, and indeed you must check it; but you will now do so to your own degradation. Things must be forced back into their wonted channel, but they cannot be thus forced back without tumultuous effects, and, what is worse for you, without serious losses, and among others, to thousands of you, the loss of caste inherited or assumed.

But above all other classes, have the owners of the soil the least reason to complain. They have had greater facilities for pursuing their own contemptible interests than any other, and they have, if possible, more zealously pursued those interests than any other. They have made use of those facilities both in public and private life. In private life, they have exacted higher rents from the farmer, and turned over to him the labourer, an helpless victim, to screw out of him an indemnity. Corn-lands have been converted into pasturage, at once to elude, or almost to defraud the tithes, and to lessen the employment of labourers. He has stripped the labourer by degrees of his rights of common, and of his patches of ground, and left him no resource but his hands, and rapaciously and cruelly deprived him even of the benefit of them, by substituting, to the utmost extent of his power, machinery—and all and solely to augment his own advantages. Still farther to augment those advantages, he has employed the influence of his station, in his public capacity—as sole legislator; he has secured to himself the monopoly of the materials of bread; and flung from his shoulders the burdens of the state; and now hugs himself on his dexterity in imposing those burdens on the bulk of the people. Delighted with the relief which this transfer afforded, he has all along eagerly seconded the wanton extravagancies of the government; and the government, in grateful return, has rained down the fertilizing showers of taxation upon the families and *protégés* of its zealous and admiring supporters.

Well, say the lords of the land, and we were surely justified in throwing some part of these burdens upon others. Are we not saddled with the support of the clergy and the poor? Is not the land groaning under the weight of tithes and poor-rates? And shall we be sinking under these oppressions, and not relieve ourselves by casting something of the load upon the shoulders of others? No, say we; you have no right to any such relief, on any such score. Having more, in common equity, you were bound to pay more. Your claim of relief on the ground of tithes and poor-rates is an idle pretence. You labour under no peculiar oppression from the one, and scarcely any from the other. Which of you pay tithes out of property, which is strictly and legally your own? In other words, which of you possess titheable estates, from which the value of tithes was not deducted in the purchase? The tithes you profess to pay, were never yours. How many of you, besides, are yourselves in possession of the tithes? Full one-half of the whole of the tithes are actually in your own hands—in the hands of lay-proprietors. And again, of what has the tenant, in the matter of tithes, to complain? Does he not calculate their value, and bargain with his landlord accordingly? Tithe, then, is no burden whatever, either to landlord or tenant. The tithe-owner is neither more nor less than joint-owner of a titheable estate—only to a very small amount—and he takes his rent in kind, or, if he pleases, in composition, which differs nothing, not even in form, from rent. Such an estate has two owners, with distinct rights; the tenant, who farms the estate has two landlords, to one of whom he pays what he calls rent, and to the other what he

calls tithes. The difference is strictly no more than nominal. Both are equally definite, or may, by agreement, be made so. Neither landlord nor tenant, then, has any thing to complain about. The landlord might like to be sole owner of the estate; but let him remember, he has never given value for the *whole* estate. The tenant too might prefer one master to two; but let *him* remember also, he would have precisely the same sum to pay.

But if the tithes oppress neither landlord nor tenant, do they not bear hard upon the people, and augment the price of corn? Just as rent does, neither more nor less. Rent and tithes, we repeat, operate alike. The tithe-owner has the very same interests, and of course, the very same prejudices, and pursues the very same purposes as the rent-owner; and thus it is, that, notwithstanding the eternal bickerings between landlords and parsons, we always see them combining in public measures. They are to all intents and purposes the same class. If tithes were abolished to-morrow, that part of the estate would fall, gratuitously or by purchase, into the hands of the land-owner; and the price of provisions—so far—be precisely the same as before. The cry of the landlord is thus, we see, a groundless one, and any claim he may make to relief, on this score, is undeserving the slightest regard. The cry of the people too against tithes, as bearing heavily and unjustly upon prices, is equally futile. Rent and tithe are essentially the same thing; the interests of the owners of both are the same; and neither of them oppressive to the country, except so far as they have taken advantage, which they certainly have done, of the ignorance and impotency, and at the expense, of the main body of the people.

To a very considerable extent, though not to the full extent, the same thing may be said of the poor-rates—not to the full extent, because they fall unequally. A charge upon the land, for the poor, has existed for centuries, and of course must constitute an element in the price of the produce of the land. An average charge for the poor is constantly calculated upon, and included in the expenses of cultivation. All expenses of cultivation must go into the cost, and be returned by the price, or land could not be cultivated. This average payment then to the poor falls neither upon landlord nor tenant, but enters into the price of produce, and is sustained by the purchaser. The landlord may say, when the poor-rates rise, I am obliged to relax my demand—I must lower my rent, and that is surely my loss. That is true, in some cases, where the poor-rates rise above that general average, which enters into the general price of produce; and which must fall upon landlord or tenant, or upon both in some ratio or other; and hence arises in parishes the resolute struggle to keep down the amount of the poor-rates. But generally, those districts where the poor-rates do rise much above this average are manufacturing ones, and the landlord gets a higher rent for his land, which thus balances things again with him; and besides, these rises above the average have of late been but of transient duration. And finally, though there be cases where the loss actually falls upon the landlords or their tenants, still, with the market in their own hands, the tendency must be to resist individual loss, and by a common and tacit consent, to lay the amount of it upon the produce. For whatever portion, however, of the poor-rates, which presses finally upon the landlord, he has indemnified himself ten-fold by the corn-laws.

No pretence whatever, then, is there on the score of tithes, and little worth regarding on that of the poor-rates, for flinging the burdens of the state from their own withers on those of the community, and still less for securing to themselves a monopoly of the corn. Yet these things have they done—have done them, too, with a high and insolent hand, and with a ruinous effect upon the rest of the country, and particularly on the lower classes. Upon them have the accumulated consequences of public extravagance and private exactions fallen. The landlord squeezes the farmer, and the farmer screws the labourer. The manufacturer is taxed in his materials, in his food and his clothing, his horse and his gig, and indemnifies himself by clipping the wages of labour. The trader finds the articles in which he deals many of them heavily taxed, and himself sharply watched; and he lays that tax, with a profit for additional outlay, and additional vexation, upon his goods, and all is replaced at the cost of the purchaser. The labourer has no lower labourer, on whom he can devolve the load thus cast upon himself, and must bear all; he can nowhere indemnify himself, and must pine and suffer in helpless despondence. Can there exist a doubt of the truth of this representation? Look to these plain facts—the wealthy enhanced their gains, and augmented their scale of living, through the whole progress of augmented public expense; and the poor, in the same proportion, have become, through the same period, more and more depressed. If we could not distinctly trace the cause, and course of these evils—these facts stare us in the face—perfectly unaccountable upon any supposition of equitable distribution in the burdens of the state. Had that distribution been equitable, the rich must have suffered proportionately at least with the poor;—but these are the incontestible facts, the rich became richer, except in cases of excessive folly arising from excessive elation,—pretty numerous, by the way—and the poor have become poorer. We *can* however trace the causes distinctly, satisfactorily, to the despair of all evasion. In the senate, the great have laid taxation mainly upon articles of consumption, upon which is expended a larger share of the income of the poor than of their own; and at home, in the fields, and in the workshops, they have encouraged the invention and employment of machinery to the ultimate deterioration and destruction of the poor.

Well then, here is a hasty sketch of the CAUSES, which the Emigration-committee have not, we suppose, thought it worth their while, or within their province to ascertain, of a REDUNDANCY IN THE POPULATION, which they *have* ascertained to exist—resulting, we say, not from the laws of nature, but from the laws of the representative,—not from laws over which the great had no control, but which they have themselves created, and which, were they so disposed, they could as speedily and effectually repeal—not perhaps from the cool knowledge of the full effects of their measures, but, at all events, from the ardent pursuit, right or wrong, and with the zeal and recklessness of all-devouring gain.

But if, after all, we agree on the fact of redundancy, why quarrel, it may be asked, about the cause? We do not quarrel with them about the cause; for, with a most significant silence, they do not breathe a whisper of the cause. Then why this long preamble to trace the cause of a fact, which fact is admitted by ourselves and the committee? Here, it will be urged, here is an allowed effect,—a most disastrous

effect, be the cause what it may; but there is no undoing what is actually done. Not so; some undoing is possible. The steps that have led to this ruin may, some of them at least, be retraced, and, to a considerable extent, they must be retraced. Things must be brought, by sound, though perhaps gradual measures, as nearly as possible to the state they were in forty or fifty years ago. Taxation must be transferred from consumption to property, and the corn laws must be repealed. The land-legislature may then, and doubtless will find a way to reduce the expenses of the state at the very least one-half, though it be to the abandonment of some of our useless colonies and military fineries,—with a clipping of ten, twenty, or thirty per cent. from the funds. All the harm that will follow will be to chip off a few of the exuberances of luxury, while the poor, though they may not for a time get adequate labour, will get cheaper provisions.

But what is to be done in the meanwhile? Enforce the poor-rates, to the full extremity of the law. For what were they instituted but to provide for permanent as well as occasional distress. The law was wisely enacted against the callousness of wealth, and let the poor, now that they are deprived of all other resources, have the full benefit of it. The law contemplated no limit, and least of all is it to be endured that a limit shall be fixed by those, who are the very creators of the distress. And let it be literally and virtually a provision,—not the paltry provision, on the Dorsetshire scale, which upon trial proves to be about one-third below the price of bread and water simply, with no consideration for fuel, rent, or clothing. But our estates will be quickly swallowed up. Very well, you should have foreseen the effects of your intemperate measures, or have listened to those who did; you should have husbanded your resources more thriftily; you should have kept in mind, *who* had a claim upon them,—that the poor were born on the same soil with yourselves, were of the same nation, and entitled to the equitable protection of an equitable government;—that though machinery eats nothing, man must eat; and if you force him to be idle, he must eat, at last, at your expense.

Truly the rich of the land seem to think the poor have no claim whatever upon the produce of the soil, and that, if they cannot live without aid, they must die. Lands are now appropriated, and sacredly must they be regarded as belonging to the proprietors. Yes, for that very reason it is, because the whole of the reclaimed land is appropriated, as we call it, that those, who have none, must somewhere or other have a claim to support. Let them labour by all means; but if you exclude them from labour, as you really have done, you must support them. No, say you, let them go elsewhere, and get their own living. But here nature has thrown them into life, and here they have a right—the right of nature, to live, as long as subsistence can be raised, and as long as land remains capable of growing it. There are still unreclaimed wastes, let them be allotted and cultivated; and land may still be rescued in many spots from the seas. Let these things also be done, and every superfluous hand may raise food enough and to spare. There is no justice in any scheme of emigration, so long as there is a possibility of finding support at home. That support is still possible, by the great relaxing their gripe, and treading back their steps.

But we are arguing, it will be said, on the supposition of force;

whereas the Committee expressly state, they contemplate no emigration, which is not 'essentially voluntary,' and where the parties are not in a condition of 'permanent pauperism'—which smooth-flowing syllables, transmuted into rougher and more consistent phrases, mean, the pauper shall be compelled to emigrate, if it seem good to the legislature. What else 'essentially voluntary' as applied to 'permanent pauperism,' with a resolution all the while to carry emigration into practice, can mean, but virtual compulsion, we cannot divine; for of course the only choice that will be left is the option of going to the colonies or of starving at home, and if that be not virtual compulsion, we wonder what is. The very purpose of the project is to relieve the country of a burden, and if such project be adopted, of course the means of enforcing it must be given. The poor prefer home generally, though doubtless they will, most of them, prefer exile to starvation. The Committee must have meant to disguise the sense of virtual compulsion, under the dainty phrase of 'essentially voluntary,' and certainly they have shewn no mean skill in the use of language, if, as was once characteristically observed, that use be to conceal our thoughts.

But if the Committee did not contemplate compulsion, though some of the plans given in the evidence distinctly express it,—we are quite sure the country gentlemen do. The language of some of the evidence of this class is perfectly disgusting—exhibiting a rancorous antipathy to the whole crew of paupers—'pests and nuisances'—and a manifest desire to send them all—we had almost profanely said—to the devil.

Unjust, oppressive, detestable as any scheme of banishment under the guise of emigration must be, so long as there exist the plain means, or even the bare possibility of subsistence at home, let us see what it is which the Committee and their evidence suggest—what is the amount of this precious scheme of theirs.

In the first place, be it observed, the object being to relieve the land, or, as the Committee would phrase it, the nation, any scheme of emigration that was to cost the said nation a sixpence was not worth a moment's consideration. Therefore the Committee, as they themselves avow, bent the whole force of their powers to excogitate a plan that should, as a speculator would say, pay its own expenses. And as any thing can be accomplished on a sheet of paper, and indeed, till of late, by loans, the Committee have laid before the honourable House a long and laborious calculation, to shew, if not the practicabilities of the scheme, at least—the facilities of figures.

The redundancy of the population—how endearing the phrase is—is to be taken, it seems, at 140,481 families, making perhaps 700,000 persons. Divide these families into twenty-six portions, and expatriate one of these portions every year for twenty-six years, that is, five thousand for each of the first twenty-three years, seven thousand for the twenty-fourth year, eight thousand the twenty-fifth, and—we love to be particular in nice cases, 10,481 the twenty-sixth. The curious reader, if he have any dexterity in arithmetic, will find these numbers together to amount to the said sum of 140,481. Well, for despatching the first five thousand families, say the 1st of January 1827, a loan of £752,500 at 4 per cent. is to be raised by the parishes, the interest guaranteed and paid by the parishes. Now these five thousand families, be it remarked, would cost the parishes for their subsistence at home £200,000 a year; therefore they will of course very gladly give and

grant the fourth of that sum every year—and no more is asked of them—to go towards paying the interest and liquidating the loan, and save themselves £150,000 every year. We hope our readers understand us. The interest of this first loan will amount only to £30,100, therefore there will be a balance in hand at the end of the first year, of £19,900, from the parish contributions.

Now comes the second year, and away go, on the 1st of January 1828, the second party of five thousand families; and for these a second loan must be raised, but less by £19,900, than the loan of the first year; and the parishes again, with a dancing alacrity, give a second £50,000 to save a second £150,000. The same course is pursued the third year,—the loan decreasing, the reader will observe, as the balance in hand increases; but in the *fourth* year another element of calculation on the credit side enters into the account—for really and truly—would heart of man conceive it?—the prosperous five thousand of the first year, will this fourth year be themselves ready to contribute £50,000, that is, £10 a family. And thus—farther particulars are quite superfluous—the calculation proceeds year after year, in the nicest, neatest, most satisfactory manner conceivable, without let or interruption, through the whole six and twenty years;—every successive year a fresh 5,000 goes out, every successive year the new loan reduces by the amount of the accumulating balances, every successive year, each successive five thousand, in its fourth year, steadily and punctually remits £50,000, till at last, at the end of five and twenty years, the final batch of 10,481—the last is the largest,—the calculator getting weary, or things running more and more of their own accord—is actually transported without borrowing a farthing; the whole of the loans are paid off; and the final and beautiful result is, the parishes are clear of the paupers, scarcely any thing out of pocket, and not one farthing, we believe, to pay again for ever and ever. The scheme is magnificent, and worthy the exertions of this brave and laborious Committee—every one of them deserves a pension—with the under-secretary for the colonies at its head, from ‘Lunæ, 20^o die Martii to Veneris, 26^o Maii 1826,’ together with such a splendid catalogue of members of the House, country magistrates, colony speculators, and Irish bishops, with their overpowering evidence, as it never could have entered into the heart of man to expect or conceive.

We are ourselves no great hands at a plan; but let us try for once. 140,000—dropping the hundreds, tens, and units— $\times 150 = £22,000,000$. Raise this amount at once. Less than a sixth of what these families would cost at home will pay the interest of the loan. Advance this interest for three years; and the fourth year, the colonists themselves will of course be able to remit £1,140,000, which will not only pay the interest of that year, but leave a surplus applicable to the indemnifying of the parishes for the advances of the first three years. The similar surpluses of the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth years will make up the whole advance of the parishes; and the interest and liquidation of the debt may then be left to the ample funds of the thriving and thrifty colonists themselves, without the interference or guarantee of the parishes. Thus at the end of eight years, instead of twenty-six, the parishes will be actually and *wholly* indemnified for the outlay—risk there is none,—and actually and perfectly clear of the paupers. A decidedly better scheme than the other, and equally practicable, though

it is our own, and quite as likely, quite as willingly, and quite as promptly, unofficial as it is, to be adopted by the parishes.

This capital project—the Committee's, we mean—is however unsuspensible, it seems, of general application. It is indeed applicable only to those parts of the 'United Kingdom' where the poor laws are established. It rests entirely for its basis on the credit of the provision made for the poor by the poor-laws. For our own parts we do not see, why this plan of emigration for England will not do quite as well for Ireland, nor why it should not be made obligatory on the Irish landowners, as well as on the English parishes—seeing, that this plan is, in the long-run, to cost little, or nothing at all. To the Committee, however, it seems otherwise. What then is to be done with Ireland, where no legal provision exists, and where the redundancy is still more appalling than in England? It baffles even the fertility of resource for which the Committee must for ever be renowned. But still have they too much bottom to despair. The main difficulty is of course in raising the money at first; now this onus—as the Irish landlord is not subject to the poor-laws—cannot be wholly imposed upon him. For his own good, and the good of the nation, however, a little, a very little force must be applied. £150 is the sum necessary for each family; therefore he shall be taxed an annual sum of £2. 12s., in the nature of a county charge, forty-five years, which annuity will sell for £50; and the other £100 shall be raised by a loan, secured by Parliament, and to be repaid by the emigrant's colony-rent of £10 per annum, commencing at the end of the third year of his settlement; which repayment will be accomplished in fifteen years and a quarter. For every emigrant family these Irish estates will thus be charged with £2. 12s. for forty-five years,—and more too, we warrant. The Irish landlords, if they act upon the common principles of common-sense, will prefer the poor-laws, and their securities. The Committee, however, as if themselves were distrustful of the palatability of their plan, particularly that part of it which regards the parliamentary security, have contemplated the matter in another view. The Irish proprietors, it seems, 'are legally entitled to eject a redundant pauper population, which has surreptitiously intruded into their property. Now these proprietors, looking to the interests of their families, are of course exceedingly desirous of exercising this undoubted right, but shrink from the exercise of this right, legal as it is, because they are apprehensive of disastrous consequences.' Will not these landlords then jump at any opportunity, which is calculated at once to relieve themselves of these apprehensions, and their estates from swarms of unwelcome guests, that burrow like rabbits, and riddle them through and through? Will they not gladly embrace any plan, that will disburden them of such pests, at almost any sacrifice? Not they indeed: for what security have they, that the place of those, who are thus transported to the colonies from their estates, mainly at their own cost, will not be forthwith as speedily occupied by others? What security have they, or can they have, that one-half of them will not, by hook or by crook, return; and that at the end of any term of years, they will not have as many miserable occupants on their estates as when they began? The condition of the Irish landlord, whose estate is split into very minute divisions, is, in some respects to be sure, disagreeable enough; but, let it be remembered, it has its compensations,—that land so divided is often let at ten guineas an acre,—though

he may not always realize the full amount—where, under other circumstances, and with wealthier tenants, he would not dream of asking *two*—an advantage, we may be quite sure, that will not be lightly abandoned, especially, if with the abandonment, he is expected to be at any considerable part of the cost of removing his profitable though precarious tenantry. No, no; this is as wild a scheme as the other,—the one resting upon figures, the other upon contingencies. The Committee should first establish the poor-laws, and then they will be able, with a simplicity and unity of plan, that must, we think, charm them, to offer security for loans, and proceed on the English plan.

For by some such plan of emigration, if not exactly the one suggested by the evidence before them, the Committee seem to be troubled with no doubts of the redundancy they talk about being quickly drawn off—this redundancy of 700,000 in England, and as many, or perhaps more in Ireland! The very entertainment for a moment of so gigantic a scheme, to be executed by means so unsubstantial and precarious—so completely impracticable—such a *papier-machée* construct—shews their utter unfitness for any other occupation than that of recording the follies of heated enthusiasts, or the projects of crafty speculators, or the illusions of blundering and selfish ignorance.

And not only do they contemplate the realization of these plans of theirs, but they are even looking forward to the means of preventing the necessity of any such second emigration in after-times. We could not but smile, in the midst of our vexations, at the reach of their interminable foresight, and the promptitude and ardour with which they provide against evils, that lose themselves in distance. “Your Committee,” say they, “being fully aware that one popular objection, which is continually offered to any system of emigration on an extended scale, is the argument, that the benefit would be only temporary, and that the temporary vacuum would be rapidly filled up, felt it necessary to direct their inquiries to the consideration of such collateral measures, both of legislative and of a practical nature, as might be calculated to repress, if not to prevent that tendency; they have therefore pursued their inquiries very extensively, and have been fortunate to collect very valuable evidence on this branch of the subject.”—Where they have put this part of their valuable evidence—though, should it never be found, it is a matter of no mighty importance—is beyond our discovery. We have thumbed over the report pretty well, but in vain; and even the index points but to two pages, one of which recommends the prohibition of sub-tenancy, which applies to Ireland alone, and the other page only tells us, what does not seem much to the purpose, that if great numbers emigrate, those who are left behind will get better wages.

But this popular objection, as they call it, originates entirely with their masters the Economists, and their own dutiful submission to those teachers is the sole reason, why it really and truly receives no refutation. It is the simple and direct deduction from that dictum of Mr. Malthus (he must surely have been grievously misrepresented both by friends and foes, and his own-self too), that population is always treading upon the heels of subsistence, and continually tripping them up; that is, that in any given space or country, more people can be produced than food. This is theoretically and algebraically proveable, but never has this result actually occurred, or in any degree approaching to

it; and, for any thing we can tell, in the multitude of causes and combinations of causes around us, that result never can occur. We at least are at a measureless distance from any approach to it. Still the Economist, and the Committee manifestly have this impression constantly before their eyes, and have no hesitation whatever in announcing the redundancy in question itself, a proof of the doctrine. We say it is no proof at all. The redundancy is the result of nothing, but excess of machinery on the one hand, and the over-reaching and over-graspings of private interest on the other. The country is well capable of sustaining all that breathe upon it, tenfold. The remedies are at home, and it is idle to go elsewhere on a wild-goose chase after them.

Not to recur to the actual sources of the circumstances under which the pauper labours, and bring them prominently forward, is impossible. Public measures and the interests of particular classes, have ruined the lower classes. Public measures have relieved the wealthy, to the sacrifice of the poor. Particular classes have pursued their accumulating course, reckless of consequences, and have, carelessly or ignorantly thrown the labourers out of employ, or reduced them to wages, on which they cannot subsist; and now that they return upon them, as we said, in the shape of paupers, they must be gotten rid of. They are nothing but burdens, though burdens of their own making. Pack them then out of the country; expose them to the snows of Canada, or the suns of Colombia; dismiss them to the Antipodes to herd with convicts, or drive them in the rear of the Cape to grapple with savages—no matter, get rid of them at all events,—but, remember, make them first or last, pay the charges of the transport. Now really this last condition is more intolerable than the infliction of exile itself. The least that could have been expected by the degraded victims of power, if they must be transplanted from the soil of their birth, was to be freely transported, and to be freely left to themselves and their own exertions, unfettered by any obligations to repay the expenses, by them unwillingly incurred, of an unwilling and undeserved banishment. It is altogether atrocious.

But the expense—the expense will knock the foolish scheme on the head. £20 a-head for Canada, and £40 for Botany Bay, is the very lowest rate of transport: and what, without large additions of expense, is to become of them, when they arrive? Oh, crops are soon raised—not for months at least, and then they may fail. Emigration to new lands and distant climates is not for paupers, but for those, who, while they have money at command, cannot maintain their rank at home; who have time to look about them, and choose their station, and wait for events.

Any person of common sense may reasonably ask, where is all the provision—the actual food and clothing to come from, till the colonists provide for themselves? They will take every thing with them. Then these things are in existence—they are to be had? To be sure, all are living and eating now. Then let them still live and be fed at home, and save the cost of conveyance. It will be the cheapest expedient, and in the meanwhile look to the remedies, which are at home, and in your own hands.

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

A GREENWICH pensioner ! Did any of my readers ever ponder on that strange composition of battered humanity and blue serge ? Did they never feel a something approaching very near gratitude on passing, in the metropolis, a Greenwich pensioner, who with his honest, carved-out, unabashed front, looks as bluntly and as wonderingly at the bustle and splendour around him, as does an unsophisticated wether suddenly removed from South Downs to Cheapside, whilst shaking his woollen coat beneath the whip of the coachman to the Lord Mayor. What a mixture of gravity and wonderment is in the poor brute's countenance ! how with its meek, uplifted head, it stares at the effulgent vehicle,—runs leaping at the coach-wheels, mistaking them for hurdles—falls, awe-struck, back, at the gilt and beavered greatness of the footman's cocked-hat—then, suddenly awakened from its amazement by the lurcher's teeth or the driver's stick, makes an unlucky spring of some three feet into the air, catches a glance of its figure in the mirrored walls of a silk-mercier's, and, startled at the sight, dashes through the first court,—carrying perhaps a few yards upon its back, some red-faced, nankeen-gaitered little stock-broker, whose spattered small-clothes are for a time unregarded, in the mighty rush of drovers, butchers, dogs, and idlers.

Now such is the real Greenwich pensioner. When I say *real*, I mean, one who abhors London worse than he does a Frenchman ; who thinks there is nothing to be seen in it, unless, indeed, it be Nelson's tomb, in St. Paul's, or the Ship, public-house, in Tooley-street. London is to him a never-failing source of merriment ; that is, whilst he is out of it. He sits at Greenwich, and looking as sagely as a starling ere he snaps at a fly, at the piled-up clouds of smoke hanging over the metropolis, or indeed almost propped upon its chimney-pots, and, stretching forth his stick, significantly points them out to his former shipmates, asking them if they do not think "there is something dark over there—something of an 'ox-eye' to the west?" He, indeed, never ventures to London, unless it be for a fresh supply of tobacco, or to pay a quarterly visit to his grand-daughter, the upper housemaid in a gentleman's family—and who, indeed, thinks with horror upon his call, because the neighbours laugh at the cocked-hat and the shoe-buckles of her relative ; but principally because Richard, the baker's young man, declares he hates all sailors. The visit is never a very lengthened one, especially if the girl lives far to the west : for her grandfather has to call upon Will Somebody, who set up, with his prize-money, a public-house in Wapping : so off he starts, hurries up the Strand, touches his hat from a point of principle as he nears Somerset House ; puts out more canvas, and away for Temple Bar. The pensioner has not yet, however, sat for his picture.

We have all read of crabs being despoiled of their claws, locusts of their entrails, and turtles of their brains, receiving in lieu thereof a pellet of cotton, and yet retaining life, and appearing, in the words of the experimentalizing and soft-hearted naturalist "very lively and comfortable."* Now, the real Greenwich pensioner distances all these ; he is, indeed, an enigma : nature knows not what to make of him. He hath been suspended, like a schoolboy's bob-cherry, a hundred times

* See Vaillant and Redi.

over the chaps of death, and yet still been snatched away by the hand of Providence—to whom, indeed, his many hurts and dangers have especially endeared him. Ye of the “*land interest*,” ye soft-faced young sparks, who think with terror upon a razor on a frosty morning,—ye suffering old gentlemen, who pause at a linen-draper’s, and pass the flannel between your fingers, as time verges towards October—ye martyrs to a winter cough, ye racked with a quarterly tooth-ache—all ye of household ailings, look upon this hacked, shivered piece of clay, this Greenwich pensioner :—consider of how many of his powers he is despoiled—see where the cutlass and the boarding-pike have ploughed up and pierced his flesh ; see where the bullet has glanced, singeing by : and when you have reckoned up—if they are to be reckoned—his many scars, above all, look at his hard, contented, weather-barnacled face, and then, gentle spectators, complain of your rheums, your joint-twitchings, and your corns !

Why, this Greenwich pensioner is in himself a record of the last forty years’ war. He is a breathing volume of naval history : not an event but is somewhere indented in him with steel or lead : he has been the stick in which the English Mars has notched his cricket-matches, when twenty-four pounders were balls, and mainmasts wickets. See, in his blinded eye is Howe’s victory on the glorious First of June ; that stump of what was once an arm, is Nile ; and in his wooden leg, read Trafalgar. As to his scars, a gallant action, or a desperate cutting-out is noted in every one of them. And what was the old fellow’s only wish, as with a shattered knee, he lay in the cockpit under the surgeon’s hand—what was his earnest supplication to the wet-eyed messmate who bore him down the hatchway ? Simply, that he would save him one of the splinters of the mainmast of the Victory, to make of it a leg for Sundays ! His wish was granted ; and at Greenwich, always on the seventh day, and also on the 21st of October, is he to be seen, propped upon the inestimable splinter, which from labour, time, and bees’-wax, has taken the dark glossiness of mahogany. What a face he has ! What a certain consciousness of his superiority on his own element at times puffs out his lip, and gives a sudden twitch to his head ! But ask him in what quarter sets the wind—and note, how with his one eye he will glance at you from top to toe ; and, without ever raising his head or hand to make a self-inquiry, answers you at once, as though it was a question he was already prepared for ! And so, indeed, he is ; it being his first business, on rising, to consult the weather. The only way to gain his entire confidence, is at once frankly to avow your utter ignorance, and his superiority ; and then, after he has leered at you with an eye, in which there is a meeting of contempt, good-humour, and self-importance, he is wholly your own ; and will straightway launch into the South Seas, coast along the shores of Guinea, where—by the bye, he will tell you he once fell in love with a negress, who, however, jilted him for the cook,—and then he will launch out about Admiral Duncan—take you a voyage with him round Cape Horn, where a mermaid appeared, and sung a song to the ship’s crew ; and who, indeed, blew aside all the musket-shots that were ungallantly fired at her in requital of her melody. But our pensioner has one particular story ; hear him through that, suffer yourself to be wholly astounded at its recital, and, if you were not a landsman, he would instantly greet you as his dearest friend. The heroes of this same story, are our pensioner and a shark : a tre-

mendous shark that used to be the terror of the harbour of St. Thomas's. Upon this shark, and the piece of the mainmast of the Victory, is our pensioner content to rest all his importance during his life, and his fame with posterity. He will tell you that he, being caterer of the mess, let fall a piece of beef out at the port-hole, which this terrible shark received into its jaws, and twisted its body most provokingly at the delicious mouthful. Hereupon our pensioner,—it was before, he reminds you, he had lost a limb—asks leave of the first-lieutenant (for the captain was ashore) to have a bout with the shark: leave being granted, all the crew are quickly in the shrouds, and upon the hammock-netting, to see Tom—"tackle the shark." Our pensioner now enters into a minute detail of how, having armed himself with a long knife, he jumped overboard, dived under the shark, whom he saw approaching with distended jaws, and inflicted a tremendous wound with the knife in the belly of the fish; this is repeated thrice, when the shark turns itself upon its back—a boat is let down, and both the conqueror and the conquered are quickly received upon deck. You are doubtless astonished at this; he, however, adds to your surprise by telling you that the mess regaled off the piece of beef recovered from the fish; be more astounded at this, although mingle no doubt in your astonishment, and he will straightway promise some day to treat your eyes with a sight of a set of chequer-men, cut from the very dorsal bone of the immolated shark! To be the hearer of a sailor's tale, is something like undergoing the ancient ordeal of red-hot ploughshares; be innocent of unbelief, and you may, as was held, journey in safety; doubt the smallest point, and you are quickly withered into nought.

What an odd contrast to his early life is the state of a Greenwich pensioner! It is as though a part of the angry and foaming sea should lie stagnant in a bathing-tub. All his business is to recount his former adventures—to plod about, and look with a disdainful eye at trees, and brick and mortar; or, when he would indulge in a serious fit of spleen, to walk down to the river's side, and let his gall feed upon the mishaps of London apprentices, who, fearless of consequences, may have ventured some five miles from home in *not* a "trim-built wherry." A Greenwich pensioner fresh from sea is a most preposterous creature; he gets up every morning for a week, a month, and still finds himself in the same place; he knows not what to make of it—he feels the strangeness of his situation, and would, had he the patience and the wit, liken himself to a hundred unsettled things. Compare him to a hippopotamus in a gentleman's park, and he would tell you, he had in his day seen a hippopotamus, and then, with a good-natured grunt, acquiesce in the resemblance; or to a jolly-boat in a flower-garden; or to a sea-gull in the cage of a canary; or to a porpoise upon a hearth-rug; or to a boat-swain's-whistle in a nursery; or to a marling-spike in a milliner's work-room; or a tar-barrel in a confectioner's; with any one or all of these misplaced articles would our unsettled pensioner sympathize, until time shall have reconciled him to his asylum; and even then, his fancy, like the shells upon our mantel-piece, will sound of the distant and the dangerous ocean. At Greenwich, however, the mutilated old sailor has time enough to indulge in the recollection of his early days, and, with what wisdom he may, to make up his mind to meet in another world those whom his arm may have sent thither long before. Death, at length, gently lays the veteran upon his back—his last words, as the

sailor puts his withered hand upon his heart, are "all's well," and sea and earth have passed away. His body, which had been for forty years a bulwark to the land, now demands of it but "two paces of the vilest earth;" and if aught could spring from the tomb characteristic of its inmate, from the grave of the pensioner would arise the stout, unbending oak—it would be his fitting monument; and the carolling of the birds in its branches would be his loud, his artless epitaph.

The Greenwich pensioner, wherever we meet with him, is a fine, quaint memento of our national greatness, and our fortunate locality. We should look upon him as the representative of Neptune, and bend our spirit towards him accordingly. But that is not sufficient; we have individual acknowledgments to make to him for the comforts of a long safety. Let us but consider, as we look at his wooden supporter, that if it had not been for his leg, the cannon-ball might have scattered us in our tea-parlour—the bullet which deprived him of his orb of vision, might have stricken *Our Village* from our hand, whilst ensconced in our study; the cutlass which cleaved his shoulder, might have demolished our china vase, or our globe of golden fish:—instead of which, hemmed round by such walls of stout and honest flesh, we have lived securely, participating in every peaceful and domestic comfort, and neither heard the roar of the cannon nor seen its smoke. Shakspeare has compared England to "a swan's nest" in the "world's pool:" let us be nautical in our similies, and liken her to a single lemon-kernel in a huge bowl of punch: who is it that has prevented the kernel from being ladled down the throat of despotism, from becoming but an atom of the great, loathsome mass?—our Greenwich pensioner. Who has kept our houses from being transformed into barracks, and our cabbage-markets into parades?—again, and again, let it be answered—the Greenwich pensioner. Reader, if the next time you see the tar, you should perchance have with you your wife and smiling family, think that if their tenderness has never been shocked by scenes of blood and terror, you owe such quietude to a Greenwich pensioner. Indeed, I know not if a triennial progress of the Greenwich establishment through the whole kingdom would not be attended with the most beneficial effects—fathers would teach their little ones to lisp thanksgivings unto God that they were born in England, as reminded of their happy superiority by the withered form of every Greenwich pensioner.

D.W.J.

A SERENADE.

WAKE, Lady, wake ! the midnight moon
Sails through the cloudless skies of June,
The stars gaze sweetly on the stream
Which in the brightness of their beam

One sheet of glory lies ;
The glow-worm lends its little light,
And all that's beautiful and bright
Is shining on our world to-night,
Save thy bright eyes.

Wake, Lady, wake ! the nightingale
Tells to the moon her love-lorn tale ;
Now doth the brook that's hushed by day,
As through the vale she winds her way,

In murmurs sweet rejoice ;
The leaves, by the soft night-wind stirred,
Are whispering many a gentle word,
And all earth's sweetest sounds are heard,
Save thy sweet voice.

Wake, Lady, wake ! thy lover waits,
Thy steed stands saddled at the gates ;
Here is a garment rich and rare
To wrap thee from the cold night-air ;

The appointed hour is flown ;
Danger and doubt have vanished quite,
Our way before lies clear and right,
And all is ready for the flight,
Save thou alone.

Wake, Lady, wake ! I have a wreath,
Thy broad fair brow should rise beneath ;
I have a ring that must not shine
On any finger, Love, but thine—

I've kept my plighted vow ;
Beneath thy casement here I stand,
To lead thee by thy own white hand,
Far from this dull and captive strand,
But where art thou ?

Wake, Lady, wake ! She wakes, she wakes,
Through the green mead her course she takes—
And now her lover's arms enfold

A prize more precious far than gold,
Blushing like morning's ray ;
Now mount thy palfrey, maiden kind,
Nor pause to cast one look behind,
But, swifter than the viewless wind,
Away, away !

H. N.

THE CONDEMNED CELL.

THERE are tragedies in real life which, but for their every-day occurrence, would penetrate men's souls deeper than all the fabled woes that poets ever yet imagined. I do not allude to the consuming or broken hearts which one meets at every turn, and which are either masked by their owner's pride or pass unheeded by the selfish shortsightedness of the million, but of those public and notorious spectacles in which—as on a stage—the miseries of mankind are exhibited—even paraded, without exciting from the beholders more than a passing remark—sometimes without being thought of at all.

The condition of criminals sentenced to die is of all others the most heart-sickening. Every feeling of humanity revolts at the degradation to which these human beings are exposed—and, putting aside the enormity of their crimes, and the justice of their punishment (upon which latter topic much might be said), it is impossible to contemplate men in this condition without sensations of the deepest pain and humiliation. Few persons visit these abodes of wretchedness: and it is perhaps well that they do not. Little good can result from the spectacle—it is indecent to gaze upon sorrows which cannot be alleviated—and as for the benefit of example—always strangely overrated—what can be the force of example from persons whom imprisonment, and suffering, and conscious helplessness, have reduced to a condition little above that of the inhabitants of Bedlam, in point of intellectual power?

Years have passed since I saw the condemned cells of Newgate; but many more must elapse before the impression which that sight made upon me can be removed, or even weakened. It was on a gloomy November day—the streets were filled with that damp murky vapour which is the reproach of our climate—and every thing looked as sad and dull as the task I had undertaken. The approach to Newgate—the appearance of the building, and the entrance to the prison—form a succession of horrors, the gradual increase of which prepare the mind for those which are to ensue, and are a fit prologue to the tragedy behind. The massy fastenings to the doors, the chains, of forms and size as various as the crimes which fill the heart of man, and hanging upon the walls as if in mockery of the ornaments which are to be found in ordinary dwellings; the thick stone walls, through which the passages seem rather to be cut than built, cast a chill upon the blood, and the respiration is checked by the weight which falls upon the animal spirits. This oppression is heightened by the scarcely human appearance of the gaolers, who swarm about the entrance of the prison. Originally possessing the same feelings as other men, their features expressed those feelings; but long commerce with the most abandoned of their kind, the necessity for exercising an incessant vigilance, and, more than all, the knowledge of crime with which their minds have become familiarized, have had a blighting effect on their whole being. Like those plants which blossom and flourish under the light of the sun and the airs from heaven, but which in the noisome damps of a dungeon lose their freshness, change their odour for rankness, and their beauty for deformity, these men seem to have been lowered from their first nature, and to have undergone a similar degradation. But frightful and painful as was the approach to this scene of horrors, every further step became infinitely more so.

At the period of my visit to this place, for some reason—perhaps on account of the number of criminals then under sentence of immediate execution—they were not confined in the cells commonly allotted for such purposes, but were all placed together in a long chamber, on what might be called the first floor of the building. A staircase of stone led to it, and as the edifice stood within a court-yard, the entrance to which was secured by several gates and passages, it had not been thought necessary to fasten the door of the room. It was a long whitewashed chamber, lighted by small windows, which were secured with thick iron bars. At one end lay the mattresses and bedding of the inmates, rolled up in as small a compass as possible, to be out of the way: a small wooden desk, furnished with materials for writing, stood near them. At the other end of the chamber there was a chimney, in which a fire, as dull as the weather, was consuming. A long deal table, with benches on each side, stood in the middle of the room; and on the right hand was a large leaden sink, furnished with water for the use of the prisoners. Every thing was kept scrupulously clean; but, at the same time, so bare and desolate an appearance prevailed throughout the room, that if all the other circumstances of horror had been absent, there was enough in the mere look of the place to make one's blood run cold. But the people—the human beings of whom this was for a time the abiding place—they formed a sight the most revolting, and which words can hardly describe.

On a seat near the fire sate a miserable looking old man, dressed in a loose brown great-coat, and wearing a white night-cap. He was reading, or rather spelling, a hymn, from a book which had been given him by one of the dissenting clergymen, who are always about the prisons. The utter want of expression in this poor wretch's countenance, and the almost idiotic manner in which he continued to mutter, half aloud, words which he did not understand, excited feelings of greater pain (because there was something of disgust mixed up with them) than a display of violent grief. This man had been a small farmer, and was possessed of some substance; he had long been suspected in his neighbourhood of dishonest practices, and at length being convicted of sheep-stealing, the general circumstances of his life prevented his being treated as many others who had been found guilty of the same offence. The apathy which he displayed formed a sickening contrast to the scene around him:—the helpless wretch, with less intelligence than a beast destined to be slaughtered, was awaiting his fate with as little apprehension.

On the opposite side of the room three men, each of whom was heavily ironed, were walking up and down in a row. At every step their fetters rung against each other, and the regularity of their paces produced a dull horrible sound, monotonous and sad as the groans which may be imagined to proceed from the prison caverns of the damned. The first of these persons was a pale, slender youth; who, with the second—an elder and more robust man on the other side,—had been condemned for a burglary. The third man, who occupied the middle place, was a Jew, of sturdy limbs and short stature. He had been found guilty of a street-robbery, and as he had maltreated his victim after plundering him, he was doomed to a fate, which but for the cruelty he had practised, he would probably have escaped. After his condemnation he had suffered his beard to grow—a practice which it seems is common with the Jews—and the grizzled black hair of several days' growth, which now overspread all the lower part of his face, added to the naturally

base and ferocious cast of his features. These three persons walked and talked together in a dogged, reckless manner, for some time. At length the younger, as if tired with the tediousness of his exercise, quitted his companions, and sate down at the table to read a prayer-book which was lying upon it; the others continued their walk for some time longer. Their conversation, however, seemed to flag—they said less to each other, and each was evidently thinking of some other subject than that on which they spoke. The burglar at length went towards the sink, and drew some water in a cup, which he drank, while the expression of his eyes told plainly that he was almost unconscious of what he was doing: he sate down, and, as if at that moment some bitter thought thrust itself upon his memory, the tears started involuntarily to his eyes—he buried his face in his hands, and threw himself upon the table, while a low groan burst from him, and the quivering of his whole frame told the agonies which remorse was inflicting upon his inmost soul. The Jew, left alone, continued to walk for a short time, looking more sulky and dogged than ever: after a few moments his features relaxed a little—a tremulous motion was apparent upon his upper lip, and a tear rolled down from either eye, which he wiped off with his hard, muscular hand; and, as if more surprised than softened by so strange an emotion, he went into a distant corner of the room and sate down upon the beds.

I believe these three men were wholly unconscious of the presence of any other person in the room. In their actions might be traced, as plainly as if they had been described by words, the feelings which worked upon them. A deep and bitter remorse—not repentance of their crimes, but regret that they were reduced to this condition—a sense of their own helplessness, and a desperate conviction that there was no hope left them—these feelings, as by turns they sprang up and exercised their power upon the uncultivated minds of the miserable men, swayed them as the winds move the waves of the ocean. It was a curious speculation, and I have often thought since—for at that time I was too much pained at the spectacle to reflect upon it—that a strange lesson might be learned of the heart of man in such a school as this.

Another man was there of a superior character to the criminals I have mentioned. His mind had been to a certain degree refined by education and by travel. He had served in the army abroad, had fought bravely, and had signalized himself on several occasions, the only reward for which was some severe wounds, which were not even then wholly cured. The idleness which the peace brought with it to soldiers, and a desire to improve his fortune in pursuits for which he was better calculated than for the military profession, induced him to quit the army. He was married—and this was a more cogent reason than all the others for his entering again into civil life. He did so, and was unfortunate—perhaps imprudent—but he lost his all, and (in time) found himself beggared—without the cost of a day's subsistence in hand; and with a wife whom he loved—he only wanted children)—dying slowly of a broken heart—which people called a “fever.” In this situation, a friend recommended him to “try the *forged notes*.” At first, of course the proposal was rejected. But, next day—furniture, clothes, every thing but the bed his dying wife lay on (and that lay on the floor) was gone—the demon was not to be cheated of his prey—he went to work—and to destruction.

The unskilfulness with which he set about his task ensured his detection: in the second attempt he made he was taken and imprisoned; he was tried, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to be executed. At the period of which I now speak he was in the same room with the others destined to a similar fate; but upon him the effect of the surrounding circumstances was extraordinary as well as dreadful: for he was impressed from the beginning with a belief that his life would not be forfeited. The lenity which so many confirmed offenders had experienced, the small amount of crime he had committed, his previous character, his distress, all combined to strengthen that opinion, and it became stronger and deeper as all rational hope declined. The following day was now fixed for his execution, but still he believed that his life would be spared—the sands of his existence were rapidly dropping, and still, though he might have counted them, he insisted with a desperate infatuation on believing that years of life were yet before him. With a smile, which was full of horror, he dismissed the exhortations of the clergyman, recommending to his care the other culprits who really had need of them; and to every other suggestion he either turned a deaf ear, or received them with an incredulous shake of the head; adding occasionally as he strode about in feverish anxiety, “It is quite impossible; they will not, they cannot, they dare not commit so needless, so useless an injustice!” It was evident to all of cooler reason who observed him that he had nourished this fatal belief until it had taken the place of his judgment, and in this belief until the morrow, until the very preparations for his death had begun, he resolutely continued.

At the desk near the lower end of the room a young man was engaged in writing a letter. He was pale and looked ill, but his features were handsome, and his clothes made in the extreme of fashion: hanging over him stood a young woman dressed in a splendid but awkward manner; her clothes were of a very expensive description, but tawdry, and unsuitable for the weather and the time of day. When she looked up I recognized one of those unfortunate women whom “the dangerous gift of beauty” has brought to the most fatal destruction. The appearance of these two persons in this place of unmingled wretchedness, and among people upon whom privations and confinement had fixed their hard and degrading stamp, formed a distressing contrast; and a sense of the ridiculous which intruded itself among the other sensations to which the scene gave rise, made it horrible. The young man, whose fate at this period made some noise in the town, was an artist of respectable talents; he had been long pursuing dishonest courses, and at length, being engaged in a burglary, he was sentenced to death. The female had shared his short-lived prosperity, and now, with a rare fidelity, clung to him in his lost fortunes, when all the world besides had abandoned him. This instance of the power of that passion which rules the world struck me as being infinitely more remarkable than many of those proofs of female affection which are cited as heroic. Here were two persons whose lives had been base and profligate to the last degree; that of the woman too vile to be thought upon—and yet that holy and purifying passion which neither vice, nor crime, nor misery could extinguish, now seemed as it were to triumph over all: and in the very hour when it was the turn of the more hateful qualities to have uncontrolled sway; when every inducement, even the opinion of the world—of that world by which she was abandoned—was in favour of her deserting this man, she was impelled by the unaided, irresistible power of her affection to comfort him

in his helpless wretchedness, to strip herself of all that she possessed to furnish him with food and such aid as might bestead him; and this too for a man whose claims upon her affection, if they could have been estimated, were probably (as such men's claims mostly are) less than that which he would have had upon a brute devoid of reason! I know that most females know no limits in their exertions for men whom they love; and that this should be the result of a sincere, and ardent, and pure attachment, excites no wonder; but that a woman divested of all the most estimable attributes of her sex, degraded in mind and in person, regarded by the better part of society as an anomaly—a monster, belonging to neither sex, but the reproach of both—that she should, in the depth of her humiliation, practise, in one instance at least, the same devoted virtue which would have added dignity to the most exalted of women; that she should do this with a disinterestedness which admits of no doubt, (for the object of her love was a wretched criminal, whose days were numbered, and whose name was wedded to contempt and disgrace,) this it is that excites my astonishment, and the highest veneration for the passion which can work such wonders.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious

As are the concealed comforts of a man

Locked up in woman's love!

In a corner near the door stood another groupe, which had commanded my attention from the moment of my entering. It consisted of a hard-featured ugly young man who was also to die on the morrow, for uttering forged bank-notes, an old man of most respectable appearance, and a middle-aged person, upon whose arm the old man was leaning. The elder of this party appeared to be about eighty years of age; he was dressed in a fashion long gone by; his head was bald at the top; but from about his ears some few silver locks hung curling down and reached his shoulders. He was talking to the criminal in a solemn manner, but in so low a tone that its purport did not reach me. The frequent use which the other persons made of their handkerchiefs induced me to believe that he was earnestly exhorting the culprits to prepare for the fate which awaited them. The youth listened with unmoved features, and when at length the old man bade him farewell for the last time, and, blinded by his tears, felt his way down the stairs, the criminal accompanied him into the court-yard, when the gate which separated them for ever was closed upon him. He immediately came back to the dismal prison in which his fellows were, and after standing for a few moments with his eyes fixed, and the same dull, impenetrable expression in his countenance, he uttered a loud yell, and dashed himself with frightful violence on the floor. It is impossible to describe the effect which this scream, accompanied by the noise of his fall, and the clashing of his fetters against the floor, had upon every one present. The criminals looked aghast towards the spot, and the terrified woman grasped the arm of the young man near whom she was standing. It seemed as if the poor wretch had resisted, as long as he was able, the feelings which flowed upon his heart, and that at length the force which they had acquired by being thus pent up, enabled them to burst through the restraint with overpowering violence. The old man was his grandfather, and had not seen him for several years before this last fatal interview.

I could endure no more, but made a hasty departure from a scene of horror and despair, which I am conscious that I have failed in attempting adequately to describe, but which I can never forget.

THE CHEVALIER D'ASSAS.

Le Chevalier D'Assas, le Decius François, étant à Closter-Kamp en 1760, posté près d'un bois pendant la nuit, avec un détachement du Regiment d'Auvergne, entra seul dans ce bois pour le fouiller, et se vit tout-à-coup environné d'une troupe d'ennemis. Ceux-ci, lui appuyant leurs baïonnettes sur le poitrine le menacent de la mort s'il dit un mot. De ce mot dépendait la surprise de son poste et vraisemblablement de l'armée. D'Assas n'hésite pas ; il cria, " A moi, Auvergne ! ce sont les ennemis !" et il tombe percé de coups.—FLORIAN.

ALONE through gloomy forest-shades
A soldier went by night ;
No moon-beam pierced the hollow glades,
No guiding star shed light.

The darkness that about him lay
Was filled with boding tones,
The massy boughs that arched his way,
From every leaf sent moans.

But on his vigil's midnight round
The warrior cheerly passed,
Unstayed by aught of mournful sound
That muttered in the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour ?
In his far home perchance ;
His father's hall, his mother's bower,
'Midst the gay vines of France :

Wandering from battles lost and won,
To hear and bless again
The rolling of the wide Garonne,
Or murmur of the Seine.

Hush ! hark !—did stealing steps go by ?
Came not faint whispers near ?
No ! the wild wind hath many a sigh
Amidst the foliage sere.

Hark, yet again !—and from his hand
What grasp hath wrenched the blade ?
Oh ! single 'midst a hostile band,
Young Soldier ! thou'rt betrayed !

" Silence !" in under-tones they cry,
" No murmur—not a breath !
The word that warns thy comrades nigh,
Shall sentence thee to death !"

Still at the bayonet's point he stood,
And strong to meet the blow,
And shouted, 'midst his rushing blood,
" Arm, arm, Auvergne !—the foe !"

The stir, the tramp, the bugle-call,
He heard their tumult grow,
And sent his dying voice through all,
Once more, " Auvergne ! the foe !" F. H.

PHILOSOPHY TEACHING BY EXAMPLES.

"Does your Epictetus, or your Seneca here, or any of these poor rich rogues, teach you how to pay your debts without money? Will they shut up the mouths of your creditors? Will Plato be bail for you? or Diogenes, because he understands confinement and lived in a tub, go to prison for you? 'Slife, Sir, what do you mean to mew yourself up here, with three or four musty books, in commendation of starving and poverty!'—LOVE FOR LOVE.

IN the thirty-third number of the "Connoisseur" there is an ingenious plan for the advancement of the study of the law; in which the author recommends his pupils, instead of poring over dry Institutes and wearisome Commentaries, to rush at once into the practice of the profession, by experimenting on themselves. There is nothing, he affirms, so likely to bring a man acquainted with the duties of a magistrate and constable as a course of night brawls and batteries on the watch; nothing so calculated to make him master of the whole law of debtor and creditor, as the defending an action against his tailor—(in those days that "*Court moyen*," the insolvent court, was unknown). The whole art of conveyancing, in like manner, he thinks is best illustrated by a series of post-obits; and the details of the penal code, with all its intricacies and chaotic jumble of conflicting clauses, rendered familiar by an occasional burglary or murder. A course of study like this, it is justly observed, is much superior to the old jog-trot method of hard reading, and a painful attendance in a special pleader's office, in which eyes, health, time, and money are lost; while from the table of the memory it wipes away not only "all trivial fond records," but all traces of classical learning, science, and knowledge of human nature; and the sources of imagination are dried up, till the student is left with about as much apprehension as a cabbage. The system here recommended embraces the "*citò, tutò et jucundè*;" every thing that is delightful in the pursuit of knowledge: it is, indeed, the *ne plus ultra* of royal roads to instruction; and I have long lamented that this ingenious notion should have been confined to the study of the law, while it might have been usefully applied, not only to the other sciences, but to morals, politics, and diplomacy,—to the "*quidquid agunt homines*," and brought knowledge home to men's business and bosoms, far quicker than the Paleys and Burlamaquis—those despairs of the light-hearted and ingenious kill-cares of our sister universities.

In this age of steam-engines, rail-roads, and power-looms, one might have thought it superfluous to recommend the experimental before the dogmatic method. In the natural sciences, men are at length pretty well agreed to open their eyes and look about them, "to see what they shall see," and to weigh the dead salmon before they set about reasoning why it should be heavier than when alive. Nor is it necessary any longer to knock Bacon at folks' heads to set them more against a musty and obsolete philosophy, which they are already predisposed to hold sufficiently cheap. But in the moral sciences, or, to speak a less pedantic language, in all things which concern manners and life, we are but too prone to cling to the old *à priori* habits of our ancestors; to turn to our Senecas and Epictetuses; and when we have strung together a few pithy apothegms, and rounded off a few Johnsonian periods, to imagine that we have the whole science of man at our fingers' ends. Oh! is it not provoking, at the time of day in which we live, to feel what a long way half a dozen empty hypocritical words, "full of sound signifying nothing," will go, when spoken under the shadow of a big wig and a pent-house

brow ! When a physician wishes to know the properties of a new drug, he immediately gives it to a dog—unless indeed some human animal of smaller pecuniary value is at hand, to be made the subject of the experiment. When the Congreve rocket is required to do the work of death with more accuracy and despatch, the ingenious inventor sets to work his artificers in the elaboratory at Woolwich: but when the human heart or head are the subjects of inquiry, instead of applying at once to “the parties concerned,” men still fly to their folios of theology, and preach upon the matter till they are perplexed in a labyrinth of no-meanings,—to the great loss of rest of the country gentlemen in Parliament, and to the horror of the over-worked newspaper-reporters. Let any speculative man but sum up the vast and varied savings which would accrue from the overthrow of the imposing but useless scaffolding of “ifs” and “ands,” and “therefores” and “thoughts,” which at present govern the speeches and actions of public personages, and he will rejoice with me in learning that a new light is breaking upon mankind, that a new school of philosophy is springing up, which, to use an expressive Irishism, will *insense* men respecting their own nature, and lay bare the realities of life with a cynical veracity, that leaves nothing to be desired. Well indeed have our nursery sages decided, that

“If ‘ifs’ and ‘ands’

Were pots and pans,

We should have no need of tinkers.”

—This short sentence may be taken as a summary and judicious criticism on all the books of moral philosophy that ever were written, which are indeed but so many elaborate treatises, on catching birds by putting salt on their tails. Why it should have been said that experience is the wisdom of fools (*experientia stultorum magistra*) I never could understand. Certain it is that fools are the only persons who *never* profit by it; while the wisest allow that the purchase of one ounce of “London particular” experience, is worth a pound of the very best advice that ever was brewed by a tutor or a father. It is on this account, and with a view to the dissemination of juster and more fructiferous notions of morality, that some of the best and most loyal men that England ever knew have set on foot a plan for substituting Sunday papers for sermons, and for superseding the dry musty didactic pages of Tillotson and Taylor, by those fascinating displays of the practical workings of the passions, which enliven the pages of the “John Bull” and the “Age.” Certain individuals who take a pleasure in “railing against the Lord’s anointed,” and demonstrating that whatever is, is wrong, have imagined that the style and matter of these publications but ill accord with the professions of religion and morality, which form so prominent a part of the true Tory creed. These short-sighted critics overlook the deep and recondite meaning, to run their heads against what half an eye might enable them to avoid. What they mistake for illiberal libel, or vulgar abuse, is indeed nothing else than “*philosophy teaching by examples*,”—than a running commentary upon the Whole Duty of Man, illustrating what he ought to be, by the contrast of a perpetual example of what he is. Another splendid instance of this cynical, but impressive mode of tuition, is to be found in that wonderful production which forms a part of the private libraries of all persons—of fashion and of no fashion alike—the *nocturna versata manum versata diurna*” of every boudoir from

Cadogan-place to Ratcliffe-highway,—the “Memoirs of Harriet Wilson.”—“It makes me strange even to the very disposition that I owe,” to observe how egregiously the best judges have erred concerning the scope and tendency of this work. One calls out “*scandalum magnatum* ;” another vociferates “indecent exposure ;” a third cries “abominable extortion ;” a fourth chuckles over the gibbetting of his friends : a fifth is terrified lest himself should become the hero of the tale ; but no one dreams of viewing the production in its true light, as a compendious treatise of morals, illustrating by practical instances, love and life, demonstrating the superior morality of moral England, discovering the pitfalls which beset a life of pleasure, and proving that “the gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to scourge us.” Such a work is to the science of morals, what dissections of living animals are to physiology—painful enough to the victims, but admirably profitable to those who know how to make use of them. Methinks I hear the frail but philosophic teacher exclaiming, with Terentian elegance—

Id vero quod ego puto mihi pulmarium
Me reperisse quomodo adolescentulus
Meretricum injuria et mores possit noscere
Maturè ut cum cognovit perpetuò oderit.

And as “nothing under nobility approaches mistress Kitty,” and it is not every man’s lot to go to Corinth, the utility of such instructions cannot be too highly rated, nor the number of cheap editions too extensively multiplied. Another important lesson which this great moralist teaches is addressed to the spiritual pride of the upper classes of society ; who because, for some reason or other, they are not often hanged or transported, are but too apt to rail against the immorality of the common people, to legislate away their innocent amusements, and lean with severity upon their frailties. This is a crying sin ; and most fortunate is it that we possess so faithful a monitor,—a mirror so true,—a remedy so fitted to purge away the dangerous conceit. If “vice to be hated need but to be seen,” the vices of the aristocracy are in the work in question held up to their contemplation, not only without clothes, but without a skin. Mrs. Pilkington, the wife of that Rev. Mr. Pilkington who figures in Swift’s correspondence, was the first, I believe, who hit off the mode of raising a “Paphian rent,” and at the same time “*victorque virum volitare per ora*,” by threatening to show up her old friends and connexions, and letting them off for a *douceur*, or softening her portraits when the originals came down handsomely. And she may be considered as the founder of the new school of morals. Georgiana Anne Bellamy and Mrs. Baddeley followed in the same track, and many other writers of less celebrity have succeeded, without equaling their great original, until Miss Wilson came, and carried the school at once to perfection. The genius of the happiest inventions have often remained exposed for years to human contemplation, without any one having possessed wit enough to discover their capabilities, and to turn them to account. It will not escape the penetration of the reader, that the gem of these practical codes of morals existed for centuries in the last dying speeches of criminals, who have passed out of this life by the debtor’s door of Newgate ; nor will they fail to be struck at the vast inferiority of the *prima intenzione* to the completed work.

Among the teachers of this school may be reckoned a long list of
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writers of novels, sentimental, amorous, and religious, who have endeavoured to make their imaginations subservient to the propagation of sound morals, by depicting at full length the odious and the absurd. But the Lovelaces, the infidel fathers, and the De Valmonts, like certain anatomical prints, have more nerves and arteries than are to be found in the living subject; and while they are thus overcharged in some particulars, are lamentably deficient in the truth of nature as to others. Invention never yet reached the sublime of real life, nor could imagination ever venture upon such exquisite touches of vice and absurdity as the passions themselves can alone develope. To be convinced of this truth, we need but compare the *nouvelle Héloïse* with the confessions of its author, and decide whether the latter, if they had been amalgamated with the former, and given forth as fictions, would not have been universally decried and run down as false, improbable, and ridiculous. "*Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi.*"—No, gentle reader, there is nothing like auto-biography for showing up "the dignity of human nature," and demonstrating the true dimensions of the heart of man. Among the most successful efforts in this new mode of teaching must be placed the dramatizing of Tom and Jerry, which may be considered as the first public course of lectures given on this branch of philosophy. The spectacle of Tom and Jerry was to the mind, what the new system of gymnastics is to the body; and it was admirably calculated to put a novice on the footing of an old stager, or in the terms of the art to make him "*fly*." The annals of the police-office afford abundant proof of the zeal and industry with which the pupils of this school repeated the experiments on life exhibited by the professors, and like king Solomon, satisfied themselves by "*l'autopsie*" that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. It is in the same laudable spirit of instruction, that numerous writers have crammed their novels, reviews, and articles for all sorts of journals, with real personages and real anecdotes, the whole illustrated by "a key," that no one may doubt the genuineness of the experiment: and it is therefore much to be lamented that the author of "*Vivian Grey*," and he of the "*Sayings and Doings*," should have brought this species of composition into disrepute, by getting themselves a character for personality on false pretences; by affecting to be severe when they are only silly, and shaking their head when "there is nothing in it." We cannot therefore do less than warn the young and the innocent from looking to such false teachers for sound views, and refer them to a much more authentic source of information in the reports of our criminal and civil courts, in which the most ticklish combinations of society, the most striking situations in life, are exposed to the public gaze, without even a fig-leaf to hide out the naked truth. What a course of moral anatomy was the entire history of Thurtell and his associates! What instructive gossipry filled the journals concerning the execution of Fauntleroy! What lessons on conjugal and *cher-ami-ical* duties! What illustrations of Pope's doctrine of the nearness of love and religion in the human heart!!

"Where mixed with God's thy loved idea lies."—*Epistle to Abelard.*

The superior utility of "philosophy teaching by examples," as contrasted with the dogmatic system of sermons and treatises, must by this time have become pretty evident to the reader. To a judicious and discriminating public a word will suffice; but one immediate and most im-

portant benefit that will arise from it I must notice: which lies in the great lesson it will read to that rather numerous herd of *servum pecus* in middle and low life, who are perpetually ruining themselves, by plunging into the mire of crapula and crime, in the vain hope of imitating their superiors. It is impossible to rise from the perusal of any genuine scandalous chronicle, without being convinced that the inimitables are not to be imitated; that the flaws in nature's chinaware are not to be copied in the coarse texture of her crockery; that the supreme *bon-ton* are a class apart, in their vices as well as in their refinements; in short, that in sins and schneiders, in folly and foppery, the aristocracy stand alone, and that "none but themselves can be their parallel." In the place, therefore, of professorships of morality of the old school, and of evening lecturers in our churches,—in the place of "Mr. Joshua Watson, wine and spirit dealer in Mincing-lane," and the rest of Mr. Cobbett's supporters of the church,—I would recommend the subsidizing Mr. Pierce E——, Mr. D'I——, jun., Mr. Th. H——, and a *selected* portion of the writers for the Sunday press, to give weekly demonstrations of practical morality, from such living specimens in high life as their respective resurrection-men may procure: and that Mr. Stockdale should be encouraged to contract with the trade for an annual supply of "Lives" of the most fashionable impures, with all the "*dicenda tacendaque*" of their very faithful memories. I would have an annual Necrology printed, embracing the most conspicuous individuals who have met the gallows, or who have deserved it, of both sexes: and I would place in all our universities female professors in scandal. We have all heard of female professors at Bologna, mouthing out Homer's Greek like thunder; and I doubt not that the Harriets of the new school would by their eloquence, and their intimate knowledge of character, shed an equal glory on the chairs they illustrate. The practice of their art, "*quam equidem ad bene institutæ reipublicæ rationem non solum utilem, sed et necessariam esse plerique sapientissimi* (for this reason doubtless) *arbitrati sunt*,"* bids them to dive into the frailties and caprices of human nature, without a competent knowledge of which they might starve in the streets; and as no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre, still less can he hope to escape the penetration of his mistress, or to hide from the world any peculiarities of disposition which she may choose to communicate to it. If Cicero could praise the purity of Leontium's diction, and if Diogenes studied philosophy under Lais, there would be no derogation in even the heads of houses imbibing practical wisdom at the fountain-head, or in a divine's learning christian charity and tolerance from a female's demonstration of human frailty. In the mean time it is to be hoped that the public will have profited by the lesson which has already been read to them by the new school—a lesson which they will not easily forget: that henceforward we shall hear less of French gallantry and Italian cicisbeos; and that a decent silence will for some time be maintained respecting the vast and inappreciable moral superiority of the vice-suppressing heroes of the fair professor's lucubrations. T.

* Agrippa de Vanitate Scientiarum.

LETTERS FROM THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

No. VI.

General View of Education there.

I HAVE been putting together a multitude of facts, my dear P., concerning the state of education here; and as I know of nothing more likely to interest you in your "search after truth" about America, I shall try to give you the result of my labour in a few words; after which, if there should be room enough left, and I should happen to feel as I do now, about a dozen or two of your popular writers, who have been helping the British public to information about America and the affairs of America, while, to judge by what I see, they are profoundly—inexcusably ignorant of the most public and best-known facts relating to that very part of America with which they are best acquainted—I shall show them up for it. It is high time, I assure you.

You will not care much about order, I hope, in the arrangement of the results which I am to furnish you with: for to throw a multitude of little facts into the shape of a narrative or an essay, or into any other regular shape, would require a great many more words than will be necessary, if you let me have my own way. Statistical tables may answer every purpose, though the reader should see as little connexion in them, as the man did between the first and second volumes of the dictionary that were lent him to kill time with on a voyage to Madras.

I have already told you, or, if not, I intended to tell you, six or eight months ago, that in the six New England or Northern States, and in the three out of the four Middle States, it would be no easy matter to find a person, black or white, between the ages of twelve and forty, unable to read, write, and cipher. The very Indians of the north are taught so much, and have their established schools. I have been a good deal over the country now, and I have never yet seen but three individuals of a proper age, and in the full possession of their faculties, who could not read and write; and of those three, two were of the generations that have gone by: the growth of a period, when the schools of the country were not a fiftieth part so plentiful in proportion to the necessities of the time as they are now. At the south, it is not so; has not been—hitherto, I should say—the whites being wealthy enough to educate their young, either at home, with private instructors, or at the northern colleges, academies, and boarding schools; or too poor, and too proud when poor, to educate them at all; and the blacks being, of course, either incapable or unworthy of learning their alphabet—in the opinion of those who are not black. So it has been hitherto, I say; but a better spirit begins to appear, as you will see by the facts I have gathered for you. And, by the way, speaking of this matter—the capacity of the blacks here, and the prejudice of the whites, a word or two in your ear for the people of the Mother-country. Do you know that you are getting very absurd in your sympathy for the blacks of America; and very outrageous in your indignation at the prejudice that you suppose to be felt here by the whites toward their black brethren? I would read you a lecture on the business, if it were worth while; but, as it is not, I shall give you the substance of a little conversation that I had with two of your greatest

men, while I was with you—one a great man among the greatest men that ever yet lived; the other a scholar, a poet, and a genius—both brimful of philanthropy, wisdom, and liberal hope. They were complaining to me of the unjustifiable behaviour of the whites of America towards the blacks of America. I agreed with them—I considered it unjustifiable and impolitic. They knew that I was perfectly sincere; for they had the proofs before them. The poet kindled with his theme. He had lately met with a well-educated American, who had been chattering with him about the blacks of the United States—"and," said the poet, "I never heard a man talk so unreasonably, so foolishly in my life." I smiled; for I knew that, unreasonable as the Americans were, they were not much more unreasonable than the British—in all that related to the distinctions of society. "Only think," said the poet, "a white American will not be shaved by a barber who shaves black men!" (This he had from a British traveller in America—Fearon.) "Very true," said I, seeing my other antagonist lift up his eyes in amazement, "very true; nor would a white Englishman be shaved by a barber, who is in the habit of shaving other *white* Englishmen of a rank in society as much beneath him, as the blacks of America are beneath the whites of America. You do not know, perhaps, that negroes emit a very offensive odour in a hot climate; that in America they are, to a man, occupied in the lowest drudgery of the lowest labour, and that they are much dirtier, and forty times more disagreeable when they are dirty, than your lowest English labourers. And yet an English barber, who is in the habit of shaving the lowest of your English labourers, I take it, would not have much custom (or patronage) among your British merchants, to say nothing of your British aristocracy." Neither would believe this; and I proceeded: "Your white shop-keepers will not associate with your white footmen, or your white mechanics, I perceive," said I. "You dare not marry a servant, if you are of the gentry; you never get rid of the reproach, if you do, whatever may be the merit of such servant; it will stick to you, no matter how wealthy, no matter how great *you* are, no matter how good, no matter how beautiful *she* is: you will not walk side by side with your servants, nor eat with them, nor suffer them to sit before you; nor would you appear at a public place of entertainment where you were likely to meet them, nor at a ball where they were admitted on equal terms with yourself; nor would your people, I speak of your gentry—and I might speak of your tradesmen—they would not even sit in the same pew with a well-bred white male or female, if either were living, or ever had lived as a servant." Here my adversaries interchanged a look of, I will not say what, for they were both well-bred men; but they pitied me, it was clear, and thought me altogether mistaken. I could proceed no further, of course; but within a week from the day of our dispute, I saw a well-behaved, sensible, modest *white* girl, the daughter of a respectable tenant, whose family had been invited to walk in the grounds belonging to the mansion of the great and good man, the lawgiver and philanthropist, who had been so grieved by the unnatural prejudice of the white men of America toward the black labourers of America. I saw a plan laid, by which this well-behaved, well-dressed, and well-educated *white* girl was to be prevented from walking at a particular time of the day; and having asked the reason, I was told by the great and good man himself, that, if she were permitted to walk there, a female friend of his, a neighbour, a step or two above her in society, would no longer

avail *herself* of the same privilege. What a comment on his incredulity! what a lesson for judges and critics! But enough.—Ranks are established in England, you will say; in America they are not. In England you do not profess to be *all equal*; in America they do: and besides if the English were as absurd as I say, in such matters, that would not make the behaviour of the Americans either right or wise. Very true; but, so long as inequalities do exist in the nature of man, so long inequalities must prevail in society, whatever may be the political equality of each man with every other man of the state; and all that I desire to show is, that, inexcusable as may be the prejudice of a white American toward a brother-black of his country, it is not so very inexcusable, nor so very unreasonable as the majority of the British public are getting to believe. But this comes of your poetry; of your muchspeaking; of Curran's beautiful apostrophe about the "sacred soil of Britain"; of your anti-slavery meetings; of your prodigal charity—and of your undoubted, undoubting ignorance of the true state of the blacks here. It is bad enough—too bad; but not a fortieth part so bad as you suppose. And you—upon my word, you have no idea, I believe, that, for slaves and slavery, the Americans are *altogether indebted to the cupidity of British merchants, and to the short-sighted policy of the British legislature*; and that, from the first to the last, the British colonies of America, now the States of America, have been striving to get rid of that, which, from the first to the last (so long as they were the colonies of the Mother-country), she persisted in forcing upon them—slavery, and the curses of slavery.* What I say is true; and if there should be any body to gainsay it, I will undertake to establish every word of my charge. Be more moderate, I beseech you, therefore, in your outcries about the unnatural behaviour of the whites here toward the blacks here.

But enough on this head: let us now go to the facts which I spoke of. There are supposed to be more than 3,000,000 of children in the United States, of an age suitable to elementary education. Of these, nineteen twentieths, I dare say, have it in their power to be well educated for all the common business of life, at the public expense; while a great proportion of them, throughout New England, may be educated for almost any pursuit in life, either at no expense at all, or at an expense so trifling as to be within the reach of almost every farmer, tradesman, or mechanic. Three years ago, it was computed by Mr. Ingersoll † that more than half a million of these children were actually going through their education at the public expense; for upwards of 40,000 were so, in a small state containing only 275,000 inhabitants; ‡ and perceive now that in the south matters are going on much in the same way; that Maryland, the most southerly of the middle states, has already made provision for the object; that Indiana has followed, and that, in a word, a new spirit appears throughout the whole confederacy. To give you a general idea of the matter, I shall take a return, which appears in the JOURNAL OF

* Very true: some of the colonies of America were the first to abolish the trade in human flesh. The United States were the first, and are yet the only nation who have made it *piracy*; and, in spite of their sins, the people of the United States have done more to put an end to slavery than all the rest of the people of all the rest of the earth.—X. Y. Z.

† In his discourse concerning the INFLUENCE OF AMERICA, a very valuable pamphlet of some fifty pages or so; republished by Miller of London.

‡ CONNECTICUT, we suppose.—X. Y. Z.

EDUCATION (a work of which I have had occasion to speak already).^{*} It is a return or official report from the little state of Maine; by which it appears that "there is annually raised in the said state, nearly one dollar a head (4s. 6d.) for every child between four and twenty-one years, and appropriated for the purposes of education;" that, "averaged upon those who usually attend school, it amounts to *one dollar and thirty-nine cents (6s. 3d.) a-year for each scholar*. But, in addition to the public free-schools, there are twenty-one incorporated academies (for males) in the same state, four of which have been endowed, in addition to funds derived from private sources, by the grant of a township of land, and seventeen by the grant of half a township; six incorporated female academies, two of which only are in operation, with half a township of land each, and one respectable college: that there are but 135,344 children between the ages of four and twenty-one; that of this number 97,237 usually attend school at the public charge; and that the whole state is divided into 2,419 school districts, under the control of inspectors, who are obliged to report on the discipline of their several districts."

Mr. Ingersoll says, too, that, in the year 1823, "there were more than 3,000 under graduates always matriculated at the various colleges and universities of the union authorized to grant academical degrees; not less than 1,200 at the medical schools, several hundred at the theological seminaries, and at least 1,000 students at law; that nearly all of these are under the tuition of professors, without sinecure support, *depending for their livelihood on their capacity and success in the science of instruction*; that in the city of Philadelphia, without counting the private or the charity schools, there are about 5,000 pupils in the commonwealth's seminaries taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, at an expense to the public of little more than *three dollars a-year (13s. 6d.) to each person*."

They are establishing high schools (a sort of college) for girls, too, in several of the states (in New York, and at Boston with great success); agricultural seminaries; agricultural, mechanic, mercantile, and other libraries, for the exclusive use of particular trades and professions. "It is no exaggeration to say (I quote from the Journal of Education here) *that every boy in Boston (the capital of New England), whatever may be the character and condition of his parents, may receive a thorough course of instruction, not only in the lower and more common branches of knowledge, but also in classical literature and the sciences,—in the schools supported at the public expense*."

When the candidates for the high school for girls, at Boston offered themselves for admission, it was found that there were 286, out of which number, after a suitable inquiry, 135 were received, thirteen more than they intended to receive. This noble institution *must* succeed, and before long we shall see women educated here, in America, if we do not see them so educated any where else, for a worthy companionship and a proper equality with man. I do not mean to say that girls are to be made boys of, by this or any other mode of education; but I do mean to say that by this mode they will be fitted for breeding men, for associating with, and for educating men; fitted, in short, for all the

^{*} Miller is the agent for this work, we perceive, and our friend is largely indebted to it.—X. Y. Z.

duties of life, whatever they may be, and whether of heroic or domestic life.

You have made no little noise, one way and another, about the Indians of America, and about their cruel task-masters the whites; and you may therefore be glad to know—for humanity's sake, that you are sadly ignorant of the true state of the case. Take one example: "The government pays 13,500 dollars for the support of schools, &c., at thirty-eight stations among various tribes of Indians. Of the schools sixteen were established by the American Board of Foreign Missions, seven by the Baptists, six by the United Foreign Missionary Society, and two by the Moravians. The society of Jesuits have a Catholic school among the Indians of Missouri, which receives 800 dollars annually. The number of teachers (including their families) at all the schools is 281; number of scholars 1,159 (but four scholars to a teacher, the children of the teachers being teachers); and so in other matters which concern the red people, who, though they are not treated as I would have them treated by the white barbarians of America, are treated more generously than any other conquered people ever were by their conquerors—for the whites are the conquerors of the red men, as you know, and that, after ages of exterminating warfare: but of this hereafter.

You have heard of Mr. Jefferson's great university. It has just gone into operation, with every prospect of success.* It will be a worthy rival yet of the great northern university, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where, up to this hour, all the southern young men who are not sent abroad, or educated at home by tutors, or sent to some other New-England college, are prepared for the higher duties of life. I am glad to see this: for though it would be *better*, if, while the young men of the south are educated at the north, the young men of the north were educated at the south—*better*, because it would promote a feeling of brotherhood among them; still, as that can hardly happen for a great while, and as the jealousy which does already exist between the very blood of the north and that of the south, is rather quickened than allayed, I fear, by the limited and peculiar intercourse which takes place now at Haward, between the students of the south and the people of the north, it may be wiser to keep them apart, until they have grown up and have it in their power to travel, each into the country of the other. When that period arrives, they always behave better and are better received, than while they are at college. Visitors and travellers are very different from collegians, every where.

There are law schools too in different parts of the country; one at Northampton, Massachusetts; one at Litchfield, Connecticut, and one at Baltimore; besides a law professorship in certain of the colleges and universities; and the medical schools of Maryland and Pennsylvania are considered in Europe as among the best of the age. They have no difficulty *here* about bodies—they frequently cost no more than two or three dollars each (9s. to 13s. 6d). And, what is better still, they are beginning to discover that the system of education hitherto in use here is not *American*, but *foreign*; that it is not suited to the age, or the people, nor to the nature of Republican institutions; and that, if a

* The dormitories actually provided can receive 218 students; and about fifty more can be accommodated at Charlottes-ville, a neighbouring village. The university began with forty students; but in a few weeks that number had augmented to 116.

radical change is to be made, *you must begin with educating the teachers.* Having discovered so much, there is little to fear. By the system of mutual instruction, by monitorial aid, as they have it in use now, and by teaching their teachers before they suffer them to teach others, anything—every thing may be done, with a people such as the Americans are.* They have leisure enough, and knowledge enough already, to understand the value of more knowledge to their posterity.

Nor should it stop here. Go to the ends of the earth (in America) and you have the same spirit before you. That sober, practical, and most worthy madman, Robert Owen—a creature who has done forty thousand times more good than ever yet was done by the same quantity of sense without a mixture of headlong enthusiasm—even he has built up a sort of college at New Harmony, in the very heart of the great western wilderness. “Upward of a hundred packages of books, &c. (says the Journal of Education) have just arrived at New Orleans; the most useful and the most splendid that could be procured, on natural history, antiquities, architecture, agriculture, &c. &c.;—and a ship-load of foreign teachers, I dare say, with an extensive collection of paintings and prints.”—The expenses, it would appear, will not now exceed 100 dollars (22*l.* 10*s.*) a year, for each pupil, including board, and the best of education, &c. &c.; and, after matters are properly arranged, it will be reduced one-half, says the projector. Very good.—Now I happen to know this cool-headed, benevolent, imperturbable visionary, and though I have no fear of seeing what he predicted a while ago, the streets of London over-grown with grass before ten years are gone by, or his communities multiplying themselves throughout all Europe, to the overthrow of “princedom, dominations, thrones,” yet I have so much faith in the probity and practical good sense of the man, with so fixed a belief in the superiority of his arrangements for the physical, moral, and intellectual education of youth, my dear P., that if I had a boy of my own, I would pack him off to-morrow, for education at the New Harmony School.

To conclude—more than two hundred years ago the FATHERS AT NEW PLYMOUTH (so called because they were the first English settlers of America) established a perpetual fund for education throughout their territory, by appropriating lands, in every township or district, for the support of schools. Their children have walked in their steps. All the New England states, most of the middle states, and a few of the southern states, with eleven of the last new states, have made a similar provision for schools, academies, colleges and universities. In most of the original states large sums of money are appropriated by the government for education, and taxes are laid for the purpose.—“Reckoning all these contributions, federal and local (that is, by the confederate or federal government, and by the state or local governments), it may be asserted,” says Mr. Ingersoll, to whose work I am indebted for this knowledge, “that *nearly as much as the whole national expenditure of the United States is (in that way) set aside for the instruction of the people.*”

* I say nothing of Pestalozzi the great, or of Hamilton—the quack; the former of whom was a philosopher, whose mode will yet be the mode of men altogether superior to those who have derided or mistaken Pestalozzi; and the latter of whom—quack though he was—did pursue a mode of teaching, whereby more may be learnt in less time, than by any other mode with which men are familiar.

Take a single case from a new state, in confirmation of this. By Governor Ray's message (the governor of Indiana), it appears that for *free-schools*, they have set apart 608,207 acres of land, which, at two dollars an acre (9s.), would produce a fund of 1,216,441 dollars, producing at legal interest an income of 72,986 dollars; and that there are also 40,960 acres of *college-lands* granted by the state.

Nor should we stop here. The public lands yet remaining unsold are estimated by a committee of Congress to amount to somewhere about two hundred millions of acres, and the American Congress have had a bill reported to them by their committee, whereby it is proposed, that from and after the 1st of January 1827, "fifty per centum (one-half, ladies) of the nett proceeds of the monies accruing from the sales and entries of the public lands," shall be applied exclusively for the support of common schools in the several states.

Need I say more to convince you, my dear P., that, in this country, the value of education is properly appreciated? But—I have not yet done. There is yet another sign of the times for you. Are you prepared?—They are going to publish an American dictionary; not a dictionary of mere Americanisms, made of pure yankee, but a sober-sided American Dictionary of the English language, by Noah Webster, which, laughable as it may seem to you—and it may seem very laughable to you, for it did so to me a few weeks ago—will stand a pretty good chance, I do believe now, from what I know of the editor, to rival your mighty Johnson—a book, by the way, that I was never more than half satisfied with, chiefly on account of the etymological derivations, and partly on account of the Doctor's omissions (for he omitted a heap of words in the dictionary, that he used both in writing and in conversation.) Mr. Webster is an able, and very industrious man, with good-sense, wit, and scholarship enough, I am sure, to profit by every dictionary that ever was written. The work is to be in two volumes quarto, and, as usual here, "to be executed in a very *superior* style;" subscription price 20 dollars (£6): *to contain 20,000 additional words (on good authority?) upwards of 5,000 of which are modern scientific terms: precise and technical definitions; additional significations omitted in most other works, and amounting to between 30 and 50,000 new etymological deductions, &c. &c.*

There!—I have done. With all the universities, colleges, academies, high-schools, and every other sort of school, and with a dictionary of their own, there is—what shall I say?—much to be hoped from the new race of sturdy Republicans.

A. B. C.

P. S. I forgot my promise; and, as I should not have had room to score the whole body of your British writers who have blundered about America, I am not sorry for it, now. But hereafter—perhaps in my next, I shall most assuredly give two or three of them, if no more, a rap over the knuckles for their absurdity.

THE CUP OF HONOURS.

It was one of the finest evenings that ever shone on the shore of Naples. The sea lay under the sun-beams like a huge golden plateau, edged with the innumerable buildings of the city and the suburbs, that looked in the distance like incrustations of silver. The echoes of music from the various boating parties, and even the sounds of the city that came up softened and mingled, filled the air with harmony. The eye ranged from Miseno, with its bold purple promontory overshadowing the waters, to Vesuvius, on the opposite side of the most lovely of all bays, sitting like a gigantic guard of this fairy region, crowned with a diadem of cloud and fire. All the heights were filled with travellers enjoying the magnificent landscape in the cool of the sea-breeze; even the peasantry, accustomed as they were to the sight, stopped on their way home up the hills, and exulted in their having a country which the world could not equal.

But in the midst of all this beauty and exultation there sat a man, who seemed neither to see the one nor share in the other. He was evidently young, and as evidently under some heavy misery of mind; for, as he sat on the side of the Solfatara, he was observed to start up frequently and hurry forwards, as if he had forgotten the hazardous height, or had intended to throw himself down the precipices on whose very edge he was treading; he would then lift his eyes to heaven, beat his forehead, and tear his hair, with the violence of Italian passion. Those extraordinary gestures naturally caught the eyes of the strangers on the different points of the mountain; but the difficult spot on which he had fixed his seat repelled the generality, and those who at last reached him received such repelling answers, that they soon left him to himself.

The general eye, too, was now fixed upon a more amusing object; there was a felucca race from the point of Capri. The king's barges were on the water, followed by a large train of the nobility in their boats, and the whole swept and sparkled along like a flight of flying-fish. But as they came towards the centre of the bay, a boat with a single rower suddenly took the lead, beating all the ten and twenty-oared chaloupes, barges, spararoes, every thing. The sea-breeze had now sprung up, all the feluccas hoisted their sails; they were not a foot the nearer, the vigorous rower alone kept them behind, and evidently did not exert half his strength. As he came nigher the shore, the thousand telescopes that were pointed to the water had but one object, the extraordinary boatman. To the general surprise, he seemed scarcely to touch the oars; he sat, throwing an occasional look back at the crowd of gilded vessels that were ploughing the sea into foam far behind, then dipped his oar into the water, and then paused again, while the boat absolutely shot along over the surge.

Night falls rapidly in the south; the scene below had been gradually darkening for some time, and the boatman had scarcely darted in and disappeared under one of the little wooded hills at the foot of Puzzuoli, when the whole royal show sank in shade, and but for the innumerable lamps that twinkled on their tops and rigging, would have been invisible. But they were still at some distance from land, when the cloud that had sat during the day, gathering upon Vesuvius, moved towards Capri, and began to discharge its thunders and lightnings. The rapidity and fierceness

of a Mediterranean storm are proverbial; the breeze had now become a fierce succession of gusts that tore up the bosom of the waters: guns of distress were heard from time to time, but all earthly sounds were speedily extinguished in the incessant roar of the thunder. The only light was from the long flashes that burst round the horizon, throwing a blaze of peculiar and frightful redness over the earth and sea. The young Italian gazed from his height on this conflict of the elements with strange delight: it seemed to have renewed life within him; he stripped his bosom to the rain as it burst round him in torrents; he lifted his arm to the burning and serpent flashes, as if to bid them do their worst; he cried aloud through the roarings of the wind, as if to challenge and defy the storm in his despair. The cloud which had been rolling heavily along the bay, at length sailed towards the Solfatara; the sulphurous vapours of the hill caught fire, a yellow flame rushed round it like a garment; and the last look cast upward by one of those who had fled in terror towards Puzzuoli, showed the Italian sitting calmly in a circle of conflagration, evidently awaiting his catastrophe.

* * * * *

"Ho, friend, will you sleep for ever? Here, take a drink of this, and be a man again." The Italian opened his eyes, and to his astonishment found himself in a low chamber, evidently hewn out of the rock; and his surprise was not diminished, when he saw standing over him the boatman holding wine to his lips! It was evidently to the activity and courage of this bold fellow that he owed his preservation. His last perception had been that of the cloud stooping deeper and heavier round the spot where he sat in gloomy eagerness for death; a broad burst of intolerable light flamed across his eyes, and he fell, smote by the flash, and felt no more! He now attempted to thank his preserver, but was answered roughly, by "Come, come, no words, I have not time for talking now. Here you are safe for a while against every thing but starving. The Douaniers will look twice before they come after their old acquaintance Malatesta." The Italian recognized the name as that of a famous contrabandist, who had either eluded the vigilance or defeated the force of the officers of the customs for many years.

"Malatesta!" repeated he in surprise. "What!" said the boatman, "you know Malatesta then? Do you expect to get the information money for giving me up to the sharks in the king's pay? But, no—though I defy them, the rascals generally contrive to keep clear of me; and when, now and then, we have come athwart each other about the bay, I think I have given them pretty good cause to steer another course in future. I suppose you saw the dance I led them this evening?" The Italian expressed his astonishment, though he acknowledged that he had been too much absorbed in his own griefs to have looked long. "Aye, that," said the boatman, "was a specimen of what I could do any day in the week, the wind on an end, or larboard or starboard, aye, or in the teeth, it is all the same to Malatesta—all the same to Malatesta.—All winds, hours, seas and times, all the same to Malatesta."

The repetition of the name came with a tone of voice which struck the Italian as the most peculiar that he had heard in his life—but in what the peculiarity consisted he was unable to define; it however roused him out of the half slumber into which he was fallen from exhaustion, and made

him look in the man's face. "Malatesta!" said he, "why, can you be that prince of smugglers? Impossible! I have been hearing of him since I was in the cradle, and then they talked of him as a very old man: he must be ninety or a hundred by this time."—The boatman laughed out loud, "Aye, those are Neapolitan stories; give the honest people there enough of sun-shine, macaroni, and nothing to do, and they will find tongue for the world. Look at me, do you take me for ninety or a hundred?"

"Quite the contrary," said the Italian, "you look scarcely as old as myself; but I have had troubles enough to make me old at thirty, and it is ease of mind after all that keeps one young. Yet you are remarkably active, strong-looking, and fresh-coloured."—"Aye, ease of mind," muttered the boatman, and his countenance lost its open expression.—"Words, words, human folly; but this is no talk for us. Come, let us see what provision there is on board." He now pulled down a few stones from the side of the cell, and shewed a rude receptacle of wine-flasks and sea stores. "Here," said he, "is the true receipt for good looks of all kinds. Look at the sallow faces of Naples; the nobles lolling in their coaches, the citizens stuffing themselves with every beast of the earth, fowl of heaven, and fish of the sea, without taking an hour's real labour for it in the four and twenty! Money is not a bad thing in its way, nor title neither; but if men were not three-fourths fools, there would be no physicians in the world. I would not have the gout or the dropsy for all the strings or stars that ever glittered on the Chiaja—no, not for a pile of gold as high as St. Elmo. Drink, friend, and thank your night's work, bad as it was, that you are both hungry and thirsty."

The Italian acknowledged that he had earned at least an appetite; and the wine and salt-fish appeared to him delicious. He remarked the singular pleasure which he felt in this simple fare, and acknowledged that, "hunger and fatigue were the true secrets of enjoyment after all." "Yet said his jovial entertainer, "an hour ago you would have tossed yourself down the side of the Solfatara, or jumped into Vesuvius supperless. You see the advantage of waiting awhile in the worst of times—you would have been a cinder already, but for my luck in seeing you as I stept out of my boat. I had amused myself long enough with the king and his fools—long enough to bring them in the way of the gale—as it happened; and if the gale does not give a handsome account of some of them, it is no fault of mine." He laughed long and loud. "Aye, by to-morrow morning there will be something besides fish to be caught in the bay, and something to be seen in the palace yonder besides bowing knaves covered over with gold lace and rascality. I saw, aye, it was the very last look I gave them; I saw," said he, in a low wild voice, and with one of those strongly derisive gestures peculiar to the Neapolitans, "one royal fool the less in the world." The Italian started and pronounced, "The king lost!"—"Well," said the boatman, "and where's the wonder?—there are heirs enough to follow him. When his time is come, what is to hinder his going, in the way of quiet, like yours,—or mine—" He broke off, and writhed on his seat, as if with an internal pang. "No—not mine! No—never, never!" He buried his forehead in his huge hand, and remained for awhile convulsed, but in silence; then recovering suddenly and completely, he said, with a flashing eye and a reddened cheek, "Come, another flask, brother, and let me hear what brought you on the hill. I found you on my way to this den; the

lightning had, I thought, put an end to your troubles; but I felt motion in you still, and as you seemed pretty much in my own condition, an outcast—though I now and then see good company too, nay, the first of company—I thought you might be the better for a cup of Malatesta's wine. Come, no thanks—but confess who you are at once—spies are not in fashion here.” The Italian hesitated. “Why,” said the boatman, lifting up a heap of clothes that lay in a corner of the cell, and shewing a capuchin's habit, “I have been a confessor myself—nay, within these four and twenty hours—nothing is to be done in our trade without it. The douanier's wife knows more than the douanier all the world over, and what she knows the capuchin knows;—if you doubt me I can tell you more than that: the unlucky king might have been this night safe and sound in his bed, in spite of thunder and lightning, but he had a friend at his elbow who gave him a longer sleep. I confessed, not three hours ago, the wife of the excellent and trustworthy minister who plunged him over the poop. To-morrow the Count Matteo Flores would have been brought to book for robbing the exchequer, and looked through the bars of a dungeon; but to-morrow he will be appointed prime minister to the new king, for reasons best known to each other and the bay of Naples.”

“And you kept this horrid treason to yourself?”—“Why not,” was the reply; I should not have been believed if I had told it; the guards would have kicked me out; the courtiers would have marked me for a fellow not to be trusted in an *emergency*; the king would have never troubled his head about me; Count Matteo would have had me assassinated for half a ducat; and if I escaped his bravos, the Capuchins would have thrown me between four walls, with leave to live as long as I could upon a loaf and pitcher of water. Excellent thanks per Bacco, I should have had of it—and deserved them too, for meddling with matters out of my line. But you see I can keep a secret, at least when there is nothing to be got by telling it, and that is monkish law from Ireland to Indostan. Now for your story.”

The Italian had been startled by the reckless familiarity with which crime was thus talked of. But the customs of the confessional were notorious—the man before him was his preserver, and he himself felt too much out of sorts with life to care about concealment. His story was, in fact, but brief and common. He was an advocate in one of the royal courts of Naples, and in the receipt of a moderate competency for his time of life; but he had been for some years soliciting a superior appointment in the court, and it had been alternately promised to him and given away to others with higher interest. The disappointment had worn out his patience, and with every occasion of its being snatched from him, the place had grown upon his imagination until it was equivalent to death or life. He had at length mustered up all his interest and hope for a final effort; he had actually seen the instrument of the appointment made out for him, and had received on that morning the congratulations of his brother advocates. On returning to his home, a rumour reached him that it was again lost; he soon ascertained that the rumour was true; it had been given to an inferior advocate, whose brother shaved the minister's valet. He felt his brain turn round—he flew furiously to the minister—there he was beaten from the portico, and had a narrow escape of being run through by one of the halberdiers, for his wrath at ministers and mankind. He then rushed up among the mountains,

determined never more to associate with human beings; the storm had seemed to offer him an easy way of escaping from all his anxieties at once, and he availed himself of it with fierce philosophy.

"Well," said the listener with a smile, and stretching his large and finely formed limbs across the cell, "if I were not too sleepy, I think I might put you in a way of getting the place after all; but I take it for granted, you have lost all inclination for it now." He looked inquiringly into the visage of the Italian, which blazed up with sudden passion. "I have a friend or two about the court—for I must contrive to have friends in all kinds of places—who, I think, might in time get you the appointment, if you felt inclined to bestir yourself." The Italian silently clenched his hand. "So," said the boatman, grasping the hand and strongly preventing the Italian's instinctive effort to draw it back from the giant grasp, "I don't know but that may be the best way among a thousand—it is, at all events, the shortest. The stiletto saves an infinity of trouble, and one-half of Naples would eat the other without it; per Bacco it is your true peace-maker. Why not stab the rascal who has tricked you out of your livelihood?"

The Italian obviously shrank, and was wrapt in thought. "No," murmured he, almost unconscious that he was not alone, "I cannot commit murder."—"Ha! ha!" burst out the boatman, "you are a rare Neapolitan; yet you are an honest fellow at bottom. No, you must not commit murder; leave that to the nobles and the friars. We, though we cut up the king's customs a little now and then, never do any thing of the kind; all is fair fight, and as little of that on both sides as we can. The officers are shy of us, for we give them nothing but the best Leghorn powder and ball; and we have no liking for loosing our time when we should be landing our cargo. But here, sorrow calls for a bumper, whenever it is to be got; and I have not yet let you taste my 'friar's wine.'"

He brought out a large golden cup, magnificently chased, and sparkling with jewels. It flashed a sudden light through the cave as he took it from its case: to the Italian it seemed an altar cup, and he felt reluctance at drinking from what might have been sacrilegious spoil. The boatman held it closer to the light. "What offence is there in my cup?" said he, laughing; "it does not come from Loretto." The Italian had no answer to make—the chasing, which had at a distance seemed to represent sacred subjects, was obviously, on the nearer view, taken from Ovid; and what had appeared crosses, and virgins in the clouds, had been banquetings, huntings, and dances of nymphs. But the sculpture was incomparable; and the Italian, a man of native taste, broke out into loud admiration of its beauty. "Well, then, since you like my cup," said the boatman, "you shall taste my wine. I tell you, however, before I draw it, that it is heady; and with some people, of weak brains and idle consciences, has played strange tricks; but you have no fears of that kind." The Italian had already taken more wine than was usual with his temperate countrymen, and he felt no reluctance to further hospitality. In a kind of frolic of acquiescence, he raised the empty goblet to his lips: casting his glance into the bottom, he saw it, to his astonishment, covered with sculptures resembling an incantation; a young figure, naked, was kneeling in the centre of a circle of fearful forms, and above him stood a colossal shape with its lower extremities covered with a cloud—a fiery crown was on its forehead, whose flashes seemed pointing

down to consume the victim. The flashes were so vivid, that the Italian thought that he saw them actually blaze, and felt their heat—he set down the cup with a trembling hand. “Why, friend, what is the matter now? you look as white as my main-sail. Come, try my wine.” He held up a large golden flaggon. “The cup, the cup!” muttered the Italian; “I dare not touch it—look in the inside.” “Folly!” said the bold boatman, “you have not had wine enough to bring back your senses yet. My cup, what could you see in it but the reflection of your own frightened face? its inside is as smooth as the queen’s hand—look again!” The Italian still drew back, but the strong hand of his entertainer was suddenly pressed upon his forehead, and he was forced to glance in. The inside was, to his wonder, perfectly smooth—there were absolutely no sculptures or figures of any kind to be seen. While he was still gazing, a dash of rich Burgundy-coloured wine was flung into it from the flaggon held above his head, and the cup was all but forced upon him. He swallowed some drops—the flavour struck him as incomparable. “This is no native wine,” said the Italian, almost breathless; “but, wherever it has been grown, it is the finest I have tasted in the whole course of my life. Where does it come from? what is its name? or where can any more of it be had for love or money? By San Januario, for colour, fragrance and flavour, I never saw its equal.” He now drank deep and delighted.

“Why, Mr. Advocate, since you have found the use of your tongue at last, I will treat you as a friend. and tell you, that where this flaggon came from is a profound secret. But don’t take me for a churl about a bottle of wine. You have only to give me your address in Naples, to have a little consignment of it sent to you whenever you want it. The truth is, that the wine is first-rate, and first-rate we have always found it for our business. Malatesta’s vintage is as well known in the court of Naples as the king’s countenance, and, between ourselves, I have known them go together. Now, for a health to all your hopes and mine, and let us talk of business.” They drank to each other. “I must drink no more,” said the Italian, “it gets into both head and heart. I feel myself fit for any thing now. That wine is absolute temptation.”—“I don’t know that if we were thinking a hundred years, we could find a better name for it,” said Malatesta, in a half whisper. “But to your affairs. This fellow who has supplanted you—”

“He is deputy-treasurer of the first Royal Tribunal.”

“And of course, as in Naples the principal never does any thing, the deputy is the acting man. A cheat, too, we may fairly presume.”

“No; I believe, honest, as the world goes.”

“Well, but if he was supposed to filch the tribunal money, the lawyers seldom like to have the tables turned upon them, and be under apprehension of being robbed. Now a little insinuation to that effect—nothing direct—but a mere hint, a look, a gesture, has done good service before our time; and besides, ten to one but the fellow is, from his trade,—I beg your pardon, Mr. Advocate,—not remarkably clean-handed already. Now listen to me. I happen to know the very man. I know him to have fingered the public money; and we may be pretty safe in saying, that when once a man begins with that, he is a long time before he tires of the amusement. Denounce him to the minister, and you are sure of his place.”

The Italian’s countenance flushed with the thought, and he lifted his

eye to Malatesta's, which he found fixed on him with a strange intensity. Under his dark brows it looked like a fire-ball from the skirt of a cloud.

"It will be disingenuous, nay, may be thought dishonourable in me, of all men, to turn his accuser."—He hesitated. "Besides, I have no proof," said the Italian.

"Proof! folly. Suspicion is enough where the public purse is concerned. The fellow is too cunning to leave proofs to be picked up in the streets against him. I take an interest in you. You have been atrociously treated in this business. Leave it to me to find proofs. In the mean time, all you will have to do will be to write a note—anonymous, if you like—to the Minister, warning him of the rascal he has to deal with. Leave the rest to me, and now for a health to his successor." The cup was filled again—

* * * * *

Five years after, the Italian was sitting at twilight in his cabinet, surrounded by books and papers, when he heard a low knock at the door, and a stranger entered, who seated himself, and addressed him by his name. He was altogether unconscious of the acquaintance. "Do you forget your old friend Malatesta?" said the stranger.

"You Malatesta! impossible. I had certain intelligence of his being taken up by the Inquisition and dying in his dungeon. Besides, friend, you are at least fifty years older; he was in the prime of life, but you—"

"I am what I say, and I am not what I look. Five years of hard weather and tossing about in the world, sometimes half starving, and sometimes half burned to death under a tropical sun, would be enough to make some alteration in a man's outside. Why, I don't think that even you look much the better for your staying at home; you don't seem to have recovered that night on the Solfatara yet."

The Italian started at the name. It let him at once into the full conviction that the decrepit being before him was the boatman. But how changed! His black and curling hair was thin and white as snow; his florid complexion was jaundiced and wrinkled; he walked with extreme difficulty; the athletic limb was shrunk, the whole noble figure was dwindled and diminished into that of one on the very verge of the grave.

"Accursed be the memory of that night," exclaimed the Italian: "better I had died. From that moment I have been a miserable man."

"But you got the deputy-treasurership, and have it still, I think?"

"Aye: that letter, that you persuaded me to write in drink and madness, did the business. I was never asked for proofs: but I might as well have stabbed him at once—the suspicion was enough—he was turned out of his office, and in despair—"

"Went up the Solfatara," said Malatesta, with a low laugh.

The Italian shuddered, and, with his eyes cast on the ground, said, "the unfortunate man died by his own hand, even in this very room." There was silence for a while; he then resumed: "you may have heard the rest—or if not—the place was given to me without any solicitation. I had even shrank from what I must look on as the price of blood; but refusal would have been suspicious and fatal. I soon after married. The emoluments of my new situation were considerable. I launched out

into life, as is expected from every man in office. My wife had her expenses too, and I became embarrassed."

"But the public funds were in your hands; you might have relieved your difficulties, and replaced the money at your leisure."

"Dreadful expedient! I need conceal nothing from you—you have some strange power over my confidence. I have been in the habit of employing that expedient; and till now all has been safe: but this very day I have received an order to pay up my balances to the minister, who is fitting out an expedition against the Algerines! I am not at this hour master of a zechin. Matteo Flores is a villain; but he is rigid to inferior villains—and I am undone."

"Matteo Flores! My old enemy, and yours too, my dear friend. Oh for an ounce of opium in his soup to-night: it would be but justice to you, to me, to all mankind! I swear it by the majesty of evil," exclaimed the old man, springing up from his seat with the vigour of manhood; "have you thought of nothing to save yourself? I know Matteo well; he is corrupt to the very bottom of his soul—but he is vindictive, unprincipled, merciless. Ah, my young friend, how soon, if he were in your situation, he would extinguish all his fears: the tiger would have your blood before he laid his head upon the pillow to-night."

"And yet Flores, said the Italian, is not wise in being too hard upon me; I know some of his proceedings that might ruin him. We have had private transactions—for he has been constantly in want of money; and, if I am not altogether mistaken, he is at this moment engaged in a desperate design. I am even convinced, that nothing but the urgency of this enterprize could make him press me now for the money, which he must know I cannot raise, if I were to search the world."

"Then why not inform the king of it at once? You thereby save yourself, and extinguish his credit at a blow. You may remember, Matteo Flores has had the life of one king to answer for already. Smite him, and get yourself the name of a patriot—it is the most thriving trade going; and if you then want to have the handling of the public gold, you may have it to your heart's content, and have all the honour and glory that the rabble can give besides."

"I have thought of it. But all access to the king has been of late impossible. Flores has had him surrounded by his creatures. The result of discovery on my part, would be an order for my hanging within four and twenty hours. I am inevitably a ruined man."

Malatesta had cast his eye upon a case of pistols, hidden, on his entrance, among a mass of papers. He took up one of them, and pointed it significantly to his forehead. The Italian faintly smiled. "I see that I must have no secrets with you," said he. "Those things are sometimes good friends: they pass a man's accounts when nothing else can—you and I agree at last." He took up the fellow pistol and began to examine the priming. Malatesta sat gazing at him as his eye glanced into the barrel. "One touch of this trigger," murmured the Italian, "and all is over."

"Madman!" exclaimed his visitor, seizing it, "shoot your enemy, your destroyer, the public enemy, the regicide, if you will, or if you have a sense of common duty about you; but as to shooting yourself"—he sank back in his chair, with a laugh—"would you make yourself the sneer of all Naples, only to oblige him? Now, listen to me with all

your ears. I have, from particular circumstances, a strong hope of bringing that villain to justice."

"Justice!" exclaimed the Italian: "it is now you that are the mad-man. Justice in Naples! Justice with a bigotted government, a besotted people, and every soul in the tribunals bribed, or bribable, from the lowest huissier up to the supreme judge! No: the only chance for me is his instant death. Are there no fevers, no pestilences under heaven!" He rose and walked restlessly about the room. Malatesta followed him with his eyes. "Are there no opium draughts, no *aqua-tofana* drops? Is there no doctor in the whole length of the toledo?" the old man pronounced: those are rather more to the purpose—shall I inquire?"

The Italian heard him—but returned no answer: he continued pacing the room. A loud knocking was suddenly heard at the outer-door. He glanced out of the window; and, starting back, flung himself on the floor in agony. "They are come," said he, "the officers of the tribunal, to take me before the minister—my disgrace will be public: I am beggared, outcast—crushed to the dust for ever." He writhed upon the floor.

"At all events, you must not be left in the hands of those hang-dogs," said the old man, attempting to lift him. "One word for all—give me *carte-blanche*, and let me save you; there is but one way." The wretched treasurer, still upon the ground, paused in his agony, and threw up a melancholy look of doubt on his preserver. "What I say I can do," whispered Malatesta: "but Flores must die. I have sworn it long ago—my own injuries, and not your's, call for it—but I also desire to save my friend. Have I your consent to my at least making the trial?" The knocking was redoubled. "All—any thing," said the shuddering Italian: "do what you please!" The old man absolutely sprang from the ground with a cry of exultation, waved his withered arm with a gesture of wild triumph over the head of the unfortunate being still stretched beneath him, and was in an instant gone.

* * * * *

The fleet of the King of the two Sicilies was coming into the Bay of Naples after a successful co-operation with the imperial forces against Venice. The city was all in an uproar of exultation. The whole range of the magnificent houses on the Chiaja were illuminated; and fêtes of the most costly description were going on in the mansions of all the principal courtiers. But the most costly was that celebrated in the palazzo of the Count of Manfredonia, first minister, and a man of the most distinguished abilities and success in his administration. The Spanish alliance had been negociated by him in the face of difficulties innumerable; and the late conquest of the Venetian terra firma was due not less to his diplomatic sagacity than to his personal enterprize.

But he was more respected than popular. His life of anxiety and occupation had given him secluded habits; and on this evening he had soon retired to his cabinet, leaving all the pomp and vanities of almost royal feasting to the crowd that filled his superb apartments. He was sitting, wearied and head-ached, in a small study that looked out upon the waters; and where the slight sound of the sea-air, and the subsiding waves, were the only music. He had been for some days waiting for despatches from the imperial governor of Milan; and their delay had

increased his habitual irritability. A page announced their arrival. The courier was an officer of rank, in the uniform of the Hungarian guard. He delivered a personal letter from the imperial court, announcing him as in its entire confidence, and empowered, under the name of a bearer of despatches, to negotiate in the fullest manner with the minister.

Manfredonia seized the despatches, and read them with evident and eager satisfaction. "All is as it should be," said he: "but why was this delay? The business was on the point of discovery; and half an hour more might have been fatal."

"The delay was inevitable," pronounced the officer firmly: "precautions were necessary—they take time—and the court was to be put off its guard: but now we must proceed to execution. The archduke is actually within three hours' march of Naples, with a strong column of cavalry; the Genoese fleet are only waiting for a rocket from your roof to come round Miseno, and by this time to-morrow the fools that now fill the throne will be on their passage to Africa; and you prince and governor of the Calabrias, for yourself and your posterity. You may depend on the archduke's honour."

"Honour!" repeated Manfredonia, with a bitter smile: "well, so be it. The king has insulted and injured me beyond human forgiveness. Nay, I have certain intelligence, that I have grown too important in the public eye to be endured by the low jealousy of the race that infest the court, and that before this night was over I was to have been arrested; and probably sacrificed in my dungeon"—He turned away.—"Accursed ambition! would that I never knew you—sin of the fallen angels! it is still their deadliest temptation to miserable man:" he bowed his head on the casement, and even wept.

The officer made no observation: but a tumult outside now attracted the Hungarian to the casement. The glare of the torches first led Manfredonia's eye to the figure before him. He was a remarkably handsome man, tall, and noble-looking; and the rich costume of the imperial guard, covered with orders, gave the Hungarian a most conspicuous and brilliant appearance. Yet in the handsome countenance, bright with manly beauty and intelligence, he recognized some traits with which he was familiar. There was a glance of deep fire, at times, in the eye, to which he had never seen the equal but in one man. "I think, Sir," said he, "we must have met somewhere before; at least, you have the most striking likeness to a person whom I have not seen these five years. Yet his excessive age—a Neapolitan—obscure, besides—impossible."

"I am the Count de Rantzau," said the stranger, proudly drawing himself up, and laying his hand on the diamond-studded hilt of his sabre; "none but Hungarian blood, and that of the noblest rank, can wear this uniform. But we waste time: is all ready?" He took up the firework which had been agreed on as the signal to the Genoese; and planted it on the edge of the casement. Manfredonia felt the sudden sickness of heart that has been so often experienced by the most powerful minds, when the blow is to be struck that makes or mars them. He swallowed some wine; and the thought flashed across him, that its taste strongly resembled that strange draught of the Solfatara, which had never left his recollection. The Hungarian was now about to apply the match to the signal, when he paused, and turning, said: "In five

minutes after this is seen the Genoese will answer it ; and there may be some alarm about the palace. If there should be resistance, we must be prepared for all results :—the royal family—” He half drew his sabre, and held it suspended. The gesture was not to be misunderstood.

“ You would not let slaughter, indiscriminate slaughter, loose in the palace ?” said Manfredonia, shuddering.

“ They or we,” pronounced the Hungarian fiercely. “ How can it be helped ? If they are mad enough to court their fate ;—consent to this. It may not be necessary : but, at all events, I must have your authority for using my discretion in the business ; or I leave you to—aye, to the scaffold.” He pronounced the word sternly—and dashed the sabre into the sheath with a look of supreme scorn.

“ Is there no alternative ! They or I—an ignominious death—or—!” The minister’s voice died away.

“ Or safety, honour, wealth unbounded—prince of the Calabrias”—was the quick reply. Manfredonia could not speak : his throat was filled : but stooping his cold brow upon the marble of the casement, which was not colder, he gave a token of acquiescence with his hand. The rocket flew into the air, and it was instantly answered by a shower of fireworks that illuminated the whole horizon. “ They come,” exclaimed the Hungarian : “ I knew they would not fail.” The sound seemed repeated from earth and air. Manfredonia cast one look towards the bay, on which a huge crescent of ships of war, with lamps in their bows and rigging, were advancing, like a host of new-fallen stars. At that moment the door was burst open behind him—he was grasped by the neck—and the king and a crowd of armed men stood in the room.

* * * * *

It was in the month of November ; the weather was stormy ; and the chillness of a Neapolitan winter night is often such as to try the feelings of men accustomed to the coldest climates : yet, through that entire night, the Chiaja was filled with the thousands and ten thousands of the Neapolitan multitude, to see the preparations for an illustrious execution. A scaffold was raised in front of the mansion of the celebrated and unfortunate Count of Manfredonia. He had been tried in secret, and consigned to the dungeons under St. Elmo. His crime was not distinctly divulged : but he was charged with some strange offences that apparently belonged to the tribunals of the church, as well as of the state. Traitor and magician were a fearful combination ; and the city was in a state of boundless confusion. The bells of the citadel roused Manfredonia from a broken slumber, and a few minutes before day break the governor of the castle entered his cell, with the confessor, to give him notice that his time was come.

The confessor remained with him for confession. “ Holy father,” said the miserable man, “ I have but one sin to confess : but that one is the mother of all—ambition.” He then disclosed the singular succession of events which had led him on from obscurity to rank, and at each step with its accompanying crime. “ But had you no adviser, no accomplice in those acts of guilt—no tempter ?”—said the confessor. The word struck on the unhappy man’s ear. “ Aye—too surely I had. But my chief tempter was my own hatred of obscure competence, of the superiority of others, the mad passion for being first in all things.—Yet,

and his voice died away, "evil was the day I first met thee, Malatesta." He sank upon his knee in prayer.

"Would you desire to see that tempter again, or have you forsworn all connexion with him?" said the confessor.

"From the bottom of my soul I have forsworn"—was the answer of the penitent.

"Then, more fool you," exclaimed the confessor, throwing back his cloak: "once more—and your life is saved. Make that prayer to me."

The miserable Count looked up in astonishment. Malatesta stood before him: but with his former handsome countenance darkened into gloomy rage. "Hear me, fool; that look of horror is absurd. I can save you:—nay, you can save yourself." He took a lamp from his bosom, and opened a small trap-door in the pavement. "Under this stone," said he, "is the powder magazine. The king and his nobles are now in the fort waiting to see you set out for the scaffold. I have a key to every door of the prison: we can escape in a moment, and the next moment may see the fort and all that it contains blown into the air. Vengeance, my friend,—glorious, complete, magnificent vengeance. But command me, to lay this lamp upon the train. Nay more, the extinction of your enemies would leave the world clear for you—from a dungeon you might be in a palace—from a scaffold you might mount a throne. One word—! The monk waved the lamp before his eyes, and the sudden thought of vengeance and mighty retribution, the whole filling of the whole of human ambition, smote through him like lightning. The conflict was fierce: he grasped the lamp, and felt that he had the fates of a dynasty in his hand. But an inward voice, such as he had not heard for many a year, seemed suddenly to awake him. He flung the lamp on the ground: "No more blood—no more blood!"—was all that he could utter, as, faint and half-blind, he took up a goblet in which some wine had remained, and hastily put it to his parched lip. He saw it suddenly covered with sculptures of the same strange character that had startled him in the cave of the Solfatara. "Leave me, Malatesta," said he, as he dropped the cup on the table. "I deserve to die: life is distasteful to me. Yet I would have avoided the shame of a public execution."

"Then drink," said the capuchin, pouring wine into the cup: "shame will never reach the man that drinks this liquor." The perfume of it filled the cell.

"Never out of that cup—that cup of crime!" groaned the victim.

"Worship me, slave,!" echoed in thunder through the air.

"Leave me, fiend," was the scarcely audible sound from Manfredonia's lips.

"Then die."—The form snatched up the cup, and dashed the wine on the Count's forehead, as he knelt in remorse and agonizing prayer. He felt it like a gush of fire—uttered a cry, and was dead!


* * * * *

The storm of that morning is still remembered in Naples. The wind unroofed a number of the principal mansions along the shore, tore the scaffold into a thousand fragments, and dispersed the multitude. The sea rising, committed great damage among the more exposed buildings, and swept away all the smaller vessels, and every thing that is generally

loose about a beach. The scaffold was gone totally into the Mediterranean. In the burst of the hurricane on St. Elmo, the first care had been to secure the ammunition and other important stores of the fortress. The illustrious criminal was partially forgotten. When at length the governor and the guard entered his cell, they found him alone. He was still kneeling, with his hands fixed as in prayer—but utterly dead. The countenance was calm: but on lifting the cloak that had fallen over his forehead, they found a deep red impression of a cross burned through to the brain. His death was attributed to the lightning!

THE LAST MEETING.

We parted—but not in anger—
We parted—without a tear;
Our meeting was made in danger—
Our parting was made in fear.
The dread of loving thee longer
Through sorrow and through distress,
Came o'er my lone heart the stronger,
As I struggled to love thee less.
It was not through truth decaying
I parted without a sigh—
Oh! no—I was still delaying
That moment as it drew nigh.
It was not a wish to leave thee,
I could not be so untrue—
The thought that such change would grieve thee,
Would grieve me as deeply too.
I felt that my spirit was broken,
And sorrow was in my heart—
I loved thee—our shame's the token—
But felt that we soon should part.
I was calm when thou wert speaking,
And calmly I cried, adieu!
That moment my heart was breaking,
And *thy* heart was breaking too!
Who loved thee like him whose madness
Burned in a desolate frame?
Oh! none—for through joy and sadness
To him thou wert still the same!
The world could promise no treasure
Like that I resigned in thee—
And—oh! could it offer pleasure
Like that thou hast lavished on me?
I cannot so soon forget thee,
I would not so soon forget—
'Tis joy even thus to regret thee,
And think that thou feelest regret.
Go, lovely one!—go; if ever
We meet, may it be in a time
When true hearts no longer sever—
But meet without tear or crime!
Go, go—but I'll still watch o'er thee—
I'll hover around thee still—
My love shall be still before thee—
Go—lovely one!—go where you will!



PUNCH AND JUDY.

A Philosophical Poem, in Two Cantos;

With a Commentary in Verse, by Bougersdickius.

CANTO II.

"Ludibria seriis permiscere solitus."—*Tacitus.*

We parted for a time, my Punchinello,
 For friends *must* part,—and often part in pain—
 And thee, dear Judy, like a shabby fellow,
 I left just in the middle of my strain :—
 But now, at evening's twilight soft and mellow,
 I take my idle verse up once again,
 Where I was saying, life has few employments
 Higher than your's, and still more few enjoyments.

As for myself, I know but little better
 That I can do—and I *have* done much worse—
 Than thus attend to tricks, which leave no fetter
 Upon the heart, or vacuum in the purse,
 Nor bid me feel—as I *have* felt, a debtor
 E'en to myself—that sure yet bitter curse
 Imposed on wasted time—powers misemployed,
 And energies ill governed, or destroyed !

I feel no calm in academic bower ;
 I live in crowds, and seldom hear the bee hum,
 As swift he flies, from living flower to flower ;
 I am no licensed guest at the Museum,
 Nor visit Murray's at the learned hour ;
 I am no member of the Athenæum,
 Or companies for commerce, or for piety,
 Or any philosophical society.

And therefore, Punch, I turn to thee, and smile
 At many a graver folly, richly gilt,
 Which charmed my earlier fancy :—the tall pile
 Of hopes that vanish now, like water spilt ;—
 The paper-plans, a fair and goodly file ;—
 The airy domes by young ambition built—
 The visions and wild acts, which, day by day,
 Half dreamt, half dissipated, life away !

But what am I ? why, nothing to my story ;—
 Yet when we make ourselves the subject-matter
 Of our discourse, alike the young and hoary,
 Severe or gay, can eloquently chatter ;
 And find an ear attuned to their vain glory,
 And meet no frowns, all grossly though they flatter.
 Thou, Punch, to others only art a study :
 Nor flattery soothes the dull cold ear of Judy.

Where Kemble once with his majestic tread,
 "The last of Romans" played a hero's part ;—
 Where Siddons awed, or melted ; as she led
 Our passions captive with transcendant art ;
 Or sweet O'Neil her softer magic shed,
 And struck the waters from the stony heart, —
 Few moons have waned, since thousands rushed to see,
 Oh, Punch ! how well Mazurier mimics thee !

'Twere better far to look on thee, than gaze
 At all the tinsel splendours of the stage,
 While either patent puppet-show displays
 Such monstrous births to our degenerate age:—
 Thou better claim'st the eye, that fondly strays
 O'er Harriette's or her Julia's wanton page,
 Filled with known names, that boys may shew the book
 As the best answer to a sire's rebuke.

Thou hast more satisfaction for the mind
 Than wordy volumes of philosophy,—
 That fountain filled with doubts of every kind,
 While all its springs of certain truth are dry;—
 And if the reader fail this fact to find,
 In politics or ethics, let them try
 Æsthetics, metaphysics, or phrenology,
 Or any other alogy or ology.

Punch! thou art fairly worth the three professions
 (We leave the Church), War, Physic and the Bar.
 To place renown in those sublime transgressions,
 Rape, murder, pillage, is the work of War;
 To prostitute the mind in court, or sessions,
 Is what must raise the Lawyer above par;
 And where's the Physic, that long life ensures,
 Nor kills at least as many as it cures?

And truly, Punch, it doth appear to me,
 Though the remark may savour of ill-nature,—
 That there's more wit and pleasantry in thee,
 Than in nine-tenths of modern literature!
 Not but, though Byron sleeps, our land may see
 Some giants yet in intellectual stature:—
 But what, alas! are they among so many?—
 Yet none I name, and therefore hurt not any.

For literary warfare is, Heaven knows,
 A savage thing, and borrows from the stews
 Weapons, whose filthy wounds are worse than blows,
 And sadly shame the votaries of the muse:
 Besides, its front when my next epic shews,
 I wish it to be puffed in the Reviews.
 Wherefore, in general, of the writing tribe
 Myself the humble servant I subscribe.

The Gallery of the Commons I've frequented,
 And heard long speeches—loudly cheered ones, too;—
 I have withdrawn me—somewhat discontented—
 From Halls and public meetings not a few.
 And now, my Punch, between ourselves be vented
 The rash conclusion which at last I drew,
 That many a weightier object may usurp us,
 That is, our time—to quite as little purpose!

Again, I have been squeezed in a hot room—
 As Wordsworth has it, in a parlour crammed—
 Amid a mass of feathers and perfume,
 Bright gems, and rustling satins, fairly jammed
 Till I have felt the fulness of that doom,
 (What words, oh Wordsworth,) “silent and all damn'd:”
 While flowed around the common pretty prattle,
 As some would say—or others, “tittle-tattle.”

I've walked where jewels formed a starry way,
 And heard, near some flirtation-corner straying,
 Some fop, some walking suit of fine clothes, say
 The very things I might have just been saying—
 Remarks on Almack's, Opera, park, or play,
 Trite and unvaried as more vulgar braying,
 And then—oh, then—the feats of Punch came o'er me,
 And then the charms of Judy flashed before me.

Punch! I have lounged through many an Exhibition,
 Praising the Painter's and the Sculptor's art,
 Where by the magic of some modern Titian
 Fair forms from out the canvas seemed to start;
 Or, wrought by embryo Academician,
 Some shell-borne Venus stole upon my heart:
 And I have heard the cognoscenti speak
 In raptures of the classic and antique:

Yet, by mine honour, if I must confess it, I
 Believe, that half the admirers of *vertù*,
 Still chattering on, with, or without, necessity,
 Of Raphaël's grace, and Rubens' glowing hue,
 And all Corregio's corregiescity,
 Lovelier than nature, yet to nature true,
 More feel, more understand thy grand grimaces,
 Than nobler things, mere pegs for common-places.

Nor will I add the insult of comparing
 Thee with the Fives-Court, and the mob within it;
 Nor with that pit, where Billy the unsparing
 Slays at his ease some twenty rats a minute:
 As heroes, who their fame are fond of wearing,
 Rush through the blood of meaner things to win it!—
 Thine are the bloodless triumphs of broad humour,
 Which never cause a death, nor e'en a tumour.

Go, Punch, to court, and shame the polish'd rogues
 Who live by lies supplanting one another:
 The scandal, which their envy disembogues,
 In the full tide of thy gay fancies smother!
 To Congress go, where kings speak epilogues
 To that stern drama, when man slew his brother,
 Through Europe's many nations, and entreat them,
 Much as they love such plays, not to repeat them,

Go, Punch, again to country town or village;
 Go, and amuse the pests, whose tongues, like sabres,
 Hack and destroy; who love fair fame to pillage,
 Half grubs, half hornets, in their deadly labours!
 Many I know, who reap from such a tillage
 Full crops of libel 'mid their friends and neighbours:
 But through the muse to fame they shall not clamber—
 Who would preserve such gnats as these in amber?

And thus I might proceed, and like a Turk
 All grades, all trades, all sorts, in turn bespatter;
 But men might in my lay see venom lurk,
 And deem this poem a malicious satire—
 Instead of, as it is, a serious work,
 Replete with moral and didactic matter;
 The rest, then, I pass over in a bunch,
 Nor make comparisons 'twixt them and Punch.

Yes ! politicians, jobbers, quacks, projectors
 (I too am one) of grand associations ;
 Attorneys to the same, and rich Directors—
 All gamblers with your high denominations—
 Geographers of mind, or brain dissectors,
 I leave you in your several occupations,
 To float, or sink, or struggle in the stream,
 While I return to Punch, a better theme !

I've said that to the fair Italian clime,
 Florence, or Naples, or the Eternal City,
 Punch bears us, and to that old merrier time,
 Fraught with gay jest, or love-recording ditty,
 Unlike our calculating age sublime,
 Dull ;—sage, and money-getting, more's the pity ;—
 For should we lose them, who shall look again
 Upon the like of that immortal twain ?

Back, too, he bears us to the lovely morn
 Of life, ere life's true value has been found :
 When joy from no external cause is born,
 But springs within us, rather than around ;—
 All happy, as the bird upon the thorn,
 Or colt, that frolics o'er the grassy ground ;
 Or little fish, that leaps in stream or bay,
 At noon, or evening, of a sultry day.

At least for me these peerless pranks restore—
 The very hour, when first my boyish feet
 Trod London's stones ;—when wondering more and more
 I paced each long interminable street,
 Yet still untired, unsated, could explore
 From dawn to dusk ; and deemed time's wing too fleet,
 Amid those thousand marvels of that time,
 Beasts, panoramas, wax-work, pantomime.

With more, through which the eye delighted ranged,
 And thee, illustrious Punch, among the rest.
 And though dark intervening years have changed
 Most of the thoughts and feelings then impressed,
 From these my heart cannot be all estranged,
 More than from him, who made a child his guest—
 His friend, yet scarcely will remember yet
 Those kindnesses, which I can ne'er forget.

For they to him were as habitual things,
 Done often and unvalued ;—but I glowed
 With life's first warmth, when every arrow wings
 Its way into the heart, and finds abode
 With all the grief or joy, whiche'er it brings.—
 Should I forget the favours thus bestowed,
 Should I not love the man who loved me then,
 Methinks I were unfit to herd with men !—

Yet, though our nature bids such feelings dwell
 Long in the heart with undiminished pow'r ;
 Though lightest things have oft a potent spell
 To raise the spirits of each vanished hour :—
 Perchance, these deeper thoughts accord not well
 With antics and wild whims, that haunt the tower
 Whence Punch, the great magician, seen on high,
 Instils the laughter, and dispels the sigh.

Yet not all laugh : and thus this merry game
 Calls up in me the philosophic mood,
 Shewing how objects in themselves the same
 Are different still, as differently viewed ;
 And seem, according to the mental frame,
 Delightful or repulsive, bad or good ;
 And wake, as feelings vary with man's years,
 The fountains of his mirth, or of his tears.

For 'tis the teeming mind that doth create
 More than the half of things it dwells upon :—
 Their qualities, like colours not innate,
 Have only with a false existence shone ;
 Where now the hues are brilliant, now sedate—
 Now flash effulgent forth, and now are gone ;
 E'en as the rays of intellectual light
 Come and depart, and make them dark or bright.

Thus look at Punch : his pranks appear to *these*
 A source of laughter most legitimate ;
These marvel how such fooleries e'er can please,
 And hold themselves erect in awful state.
 And e'en ourselves, in health or in disease,
 Busy or idle, care-worn or elate,
 Now stop and gaze, with joyous satisfaction,
 Now hurry by in silence and distraction.*

The child with feelings fresh and gushing o'er,
 Feels sure, ere half the witty feats are done,
 There never *could* have been a Punch before
 So full of frolic and resistless fun :
 But grey beholders, who where gay of yore,
 Deem this poor Punch a most degenerate one,
 And seek, as in grave matters, to be told
 Why modern times thus lag behind the old.

- * Here I consider Punch to be a test
 Of human character, as good as any :—
 He who with too much wonderment and zest,
 Admires " consumedly," will prove a zany ;—
 He who affects to scorn so light a jest,
 But a grave fool, and such fools there are many :—
 But just to look and smile, and soon depart,
 Speaks the sound head and the well-tempered heart.

All men of wit and genius, I conjecture,
 Lov'd Punch : and Spurzheim I would ask forgiveness
 For former doubtings, and at thy next lecture,
 Believe at once in all and every " iveness,"
 If you can only shew, by bust or picture,
 That Shakespeare's skull had Punch-and-Judy-tiveness.
 Prince Hal, methinks too, looked at Punch mid quaffing,
 And Falstaff shook his jolly sides with laughing.

Voltaire, in France, must have pronounced Punch " good :"
 Here Sheridan and Scott the " myriad-minded,"
 And Byron also in his happier mood :
 Of Southey I'm not sure—he may be blinded
 By Lakes and Laureateships—but humbly should
 Suppose *our* king liked Punch (for some, I find, did)
 And of the Statesmen, placed to guard our weal,
 Fox more than Pitt, and Canning more than Peel.

Bougersdickius.

But whether, as such folks will have it, thou,
 Oh Punch, hast dwindled since thine earlier day,
 Not having lived then too, as well as now,
 I cannot take upon myself to say :
 And the same rule shall follow, I avow,
 In other things I have not seen, nor may,
 As once they were ; nor therefore can compare,
 Save by some faint false light, with what they are.

Dogs, horses, men, we're told by bard and proser,
 From bad to worse have always been declining.
 But if 'twere so, the question seems a pozer,
 How mid *our* darkness could one ray be shining?
 Must not the world, like some old nerveless dozer,
 With dotage and infirmities be pining ?—
 But does it pine ?—I think not, nor at any rate
 Shall swell the stupid cry about "degenerate."

I, in my time, have seen some revolutions ;
 And in my time may still see hundreds more—
 Subverted thrones—new-fangled constitutions—
 Though age not yet my brow has silvered o'er :
 For frequent as a Mussulman's ablutions
 Have moral earthquakes shaken many a shore,
 And stars, that seemed designed for countless years,
 To meteors turned, and tumbled from their spheres.

Punch is unchanged, unmenaced.—I have known
 Men lifted by a nation's loud applause
 Almost to Heaven,—and ere a year was flown
 Reviled and hated for as little cause.
 Abroad—at home—might specimens be shown—
 But I love not to break decorum's laws.
They were but followed while they were a rarity,
 But Punch enjoys a deathless popularity.

My soul flies back rapt in a "frenzy fine ;"
 And with imagination's kindling eye
 Proud kings and nobles,* who in armour shine,
 And courtly dames in splendour's richest dye,
 Plantagenets, and Tudors, and the line
 Of the unhappy Stuarts, floating by,
 Elizabeth—and Scotland's lovely queen,
 Who was too much a woman—all are seen :

And all are gone : yea, dynasties have set
 Like suns declining in the fiery west,
 Never to rise :—but thou remainest yet,
 Thou king of nonsense, thou eternal jest !
 Thee all have known, and none, who know, forget,
 Recalling still with pleasure unrepent ;—
 Thou happiest ape, and emblem of humanity,
 Thou standing satire on ambition's vanity.

* Perchance, the poet, in his vein historical
 Requires not truth exactly for his pages :—
 But with so much of hist'ry allegorical,
 Or dark, could he clear up the mist of ages ?
 Could he pretend to be a perfect oracle
 For solving doubts which have perplexed the sages ?—
 He only knows, that nought the heart inflames,
 More than a string of old heroic names.

Once cried a king, whose joys began to pall
 Proud Xerxes, or the soft Sardanapalus—
 The half my realm to that man's share shall fall
 Who finds out a new pleasure to regale us."
 What had he said to Punch, why "There is *all*,
 Thou best enchanter, when our griefs assail us:
 Accept those treasures, freely I forsake them!"
 But Punch had ne'er been fool enough to take them.

Yet tell me Punch, belong'st thou to the class
 Of Whigs or Tories, and in what degree?
 In short, what are thy politics?—Alas,
Us may their dulness fret, but never thee,
 Heedless what bills the Lords or Commons pass,
 So they but leave thy trade in laughter free!
 Thou wilt not take old Solon for thy tutor,
 Who said, "in civil strife let none be neuter."

Thou art, indeed, the shadow of a shade,
 The mockery of poor man, creation's mock;—
 But life, and life's mishaps, thou hast arrayed
 In shapes and hues which neither grieve nor shock,
 And thus array'st them still: while round thee fade
 The glories of the buskin and the sock.
 Like life, thou art a jest:—but not so mad a one—
 Like life, thou art a farce;—but not so sad a one.

Whether, like Hamlet speaking his "to be,"
 And meditating upon life's hereafter,
 Thou strik'st thy brow:—or sunk at Judy's knee,
 Declar'st how in thy heart thou didst engraft her:
 Or in full inspiration of thy glee,
 Movest the many with contagious laughter;
 Still art thou loved "and memorable long,
 If there be force in folly, or in song."

Thee still, oh Punch, the pleasing task employs
 To strew thy wild flow'rs o'er the wilderness
 Of streets;—to haunt remembrance—(while the toys
 Of added years grow stale and valueless)
 Mix'd with its first—best—unforgotten joys;—
 To dissipate awhile the mind's distress:—
 And (for thou can'st) allure bright Beauty's eye,
 And wake her dormant smiles, when thou art nigh.

For, three springs back, young Ernest, having been
 To Music's proud Italian fane one night,
 Beheld a maiden of transcendent mien
 With plume, and gems, but more with beauty bright:
 Then looked no longer on the mimic scene,
 Too fondly gazing at that lovelier sight.
 He saw but her—his ears were deaf as stone,
 For all his senses were locked up in one.

No more he heard the lengthened shake and swell
 Of the De Begnis or sweet Caradori;
 Nor marked he how the ballet's group could tell
 With arms and heels some most pathetic story.
 Noblet! thy fairy foot unheeded fell!
 Paul! unadmired was thy aerian glory:
 So deeply that fair she, who sat above,
 Could fill and fascinate his heart with love!

The rustic damsel is full fair to view,
Far from the town in some sweet valley bred;
Whose eye, like summer's heav'n, is clear and blue,
Whose cheeks arrayed in nature's white and red:
Whom morning welcomes fresh as its own dew,
Free as its gale that plays around her head;
Health on her brow, and truth within her heart,
And gaiety that knows not to depart.

Yet lovely too, even lovelier, perchance,
The polish, the refinement, and the grace
Of courtlier womanhood—the speaking glance,
The mind, the soul, which animate the face;
The thousand added witcheries, which enhance
Nature's best work, yet not her charms erase;
The conscious elegance, th' habitual ease,
All beauty's aids, which more than beauty please.

Such aids were her's whom Ernest now survey'd,
As in the box she stood erect and tall;
While one, whose mien bespoke him of war's trade,
O'er her smooth marble shoulders threw a shawl;
Then ('twas her father) early led the maid
From where she shone the brightest amidst all.
And Ernest following, reached them just before
Their carriage vanished from the entrance-door.

Swiftly the wheels were whirled through street and square,
And fast did Ernest, as he might, pursue,
Yet found it hard, in spite of speed and care,
To keep the carriage and its lamps in view;
Till as a street he entered, broad and fair,
Full loudly his ill-fortune did he rue,
For there, whatever had been, nothing was,
Save one old watchman, and the lights of gas.

That watchman much he questioned; who replied,
That but few moments back a carriage came
(He knew not whose), and drawing on one side,
Stopped at some house (but *which* he could not name);
That persons thence descending he had spied;
But truly could not say they were the same
Whom Ernest sought—the carriage had been gone
An instant, ere the youth rushed breathless on.

Careless he spoke, and oh, 'tis hard to bear,
Anxious ourselves, another's carelessness;
To ask with warmth, and meet a vacant stare,
Or short cool answer mocking our distress.
Much, therefore, that old drone's dull drowzy air
Aroused our lover's wrath, as you may guess;
But farther question or reproach was vain;—
He knew no more, and wished to doze again.

Yet here the street was which his gem possessed,
Although her name and house were both unknown,
And disappointed, Ernest thought it best
To turn him homeward—where retired, alone,
He with his pillow might some plan digest
To make that fair incognita his own.
There doubts and troubles held him long awake,
Full many a scheme to frame and to forsake.

Yet there was hope—for she who caused his sighs,
Shining beneath the lamps with brighter blaze,
Had marked with blended pleasure and surprise
His fixed and fervent, yet respectful gaze.

For ladies love that homage of the eyes,
Tribute deserved, which youth to beauty pays.
His hair, height, dress, her mind had noted down
Besides, nor thought him ugly nor a clown.

He sought the Opera oftener than before;
He searched the parks again and yet again;
And Kensington's fair garden traversed o'er,
With every haunt most likely to contain
What fashion styles the world; and many a score
Of visits paid to Regent Street in vain;
Till, like the luckless lover of Miss Bailey,
He lost his stomach, and grew thinner daily.

At last—for love will well reward at last
The faithful hearts that own his high command,
Adding rich recompense for torments past—
As Ernest took his now accustomed stand,
Punch came, and sudden hope was o'er him cast,
While, as by some enchanter's potent wand,
Flocked round a motley, laughter-loving crew,
Who wondered still at what so well they knew.

The lover heard and saw; and came like light
Th' intoxicating thought, that by the aid
Of Punch and his good spouse, perchance he might
Draw forth the hidden fair; he therefore bade
The chief magician of that sound and sight—
With largess at the moment duly paid,—
Move slowly on, and shew his feats before
The windows of each house and every door.

Himself too followed with the merry train,
And looked with love's keen glance on either side,
Till, at a plate-glass window, standing plain,
The form so stamped upon his heart he spied.
Excess of joy caused doubt—he looked again,
And certainty brought rapture's fuller tide;
For there, with playful smile and kindling eye,
That maiden viewed the matchless drollery.

Not with more transport did the Greeks of old,
The brave ten thousand of the famed retreat,
Worn with their long and perilous march, behold
The boundless ocean foaming at their feet;
Not with more transport, after toils untold,
The western world did stout Columbus greet,
Than that delighted lover, then and there,
Viewed the long-lost and late-discovered fair.

She gazed on Punch, and saw her lover too,
And blushing recognized; then soon her name,
Lineage, and spotless worth, young Ernest knew,
And, brought to her acquaintance, urged his claim
In moments sweet; which sweeter moments drew,
And soft confession of a mutual flame,
Which e'en a parent's prudence could approve—
Thus Punchinello served the cause of love!

ON THE CHEERFULNESS OF SEXTONS.

THE duty of a sexton has now become a profession, and in some places a lucrative one. He stands between the dead and the living, and no power changes his fiat but that of the archangel and the resurrection-man. When the sexton's business is done, he cares but little which of those two authorities has the precedence.

There was something exquisitely sacred in the old custom of sepulchre in the private garden, or other chosen spot of the deceased, or under his own hearth-stone—the scene of many of his joys and sorrows;—but all these habits, so grateful to the kindlier feelings of humanity, have given way, and their flight has brought amongst us a cheerful set of men, whose business it is to keep and till God's field, or *God's-aker*, as the old Germans used to denominate a church-yard.

I never knew a sexton who was not a cheerful man. Some are, of course, born with cheerful minds; some become cheerful by conversation with cheerful people; but for the most part they are cheerful by reason of their occupation. The church-yard is a cheerful place; the earth-worm, by his movement, seems to be a cheerful animal; the flowers and verdure are objects and motives to cheerfulness; the epitaphs and emblems are inducements to gentle reflection; hope waves her pinions over the whole spot and its associations, brightening the present and glorifying the future.

Our ancestors understood and felt these things much better than we do. Old *Weever*, in his "*Discourse on Funerall Monuments*," observes, "they accustomed yearely to garnishe, decke, and adorne the tombes or graues of the dead with poesies, crownes, and garlandes of all sorts of flowers. Husbands were wont to strew, spread, or scatter ouer and upon the graues and sepulchres of their deare wiues, violets, roses, hyacinths and diuers simple flowers; by the which uxorious office they did mitigate and lessen the grieffe of their heartes, conceiued by the losse of their louing beddefellowes. The like expression of mutual loue the wiues shewed to their buried husbandes. The antient Ethnicks did hold the springinge of flowers from the graue of a deceased friend an argument of his happiness, and it was their vniuersal wish that the tombe-stones of their dead friends might be light unto them; and that a perpetual springe-tide of all kindes of fragrant flowers might incircle their verdant graues."

Although much of this peculiar feeling and practice is now gone by, yet in country-places remote from populous towns the same spirit is still somewhat alive; and instead of church-yards being gloomy and neglected places, they are often trimly decked: even the lowliest graves are bound over with willows and osiers, and the whole scene looks like a place of enduring and eternal repose, where affection wanders to feed on hope, and memory revels in enjoyment of the past.

The sexton is the gardener who cultivates and cherishes the fairest flowers—for what fairer flowers can there be than the memories of the wise and good, and gentle and amiable? They are amaranthine flowers, and breathe of spring and summer-tide all the year round. The fancy gardener plumes himself upon this fine tulip, or that delicate ranunculus, and exultingly explains to his auditors the qualities of each—the nicety of its culture, and the rarity of the stock. The gardener of the graves luxuriates equally amidst his descriptions of his garden's pride, and

seems to make a private property of their virtues which bloom above ground. The gentle maid, on whose grave the first violets of the year are blooming, calls from his heart its warmest sympathy; he remembers her tender infancy, her budding womanhood—the fell disease which numbered her amongst the sleepers: he sees her in his mind's eye shining amid the cherubim, and smiles with inward joy as he tells her story. He rejoices that she was snatched from a wicked and ensnaring world, and knows that nothing can assail her now, and gently builds for her his hopes in heaven. He points to the graves of grey-haired elders, and in the contemplation of their peaceful end, cheerfully looks forward to his own, when he himself shall also lie flower-bound amongst those remains which he has so kindly garnished.

To the reflective mind, death with all his attendments is a cheerful personage; he comes not really with a frown, but with a welcome wafture to a shore where the billows roll not, and where their roar is hushed. The sexton is his servitor and body attendant—he and the undertaker together garnish the dishes that their master prepares. The sexton stands amidst his duty as a privileged being—he takes his chirping cup, and drinks to the present. His chief wish is that he and the sun may stand still together.

“Get thee to Yaughan and fetch me a stoup of liquor,” saith Shakespeare's sexton, and falls to his work with a merry old chaunt; while the philosophic prince, surprised at what he witnesses, asks his friend Horatio: “hath this fellow no feeling that he sings at grave-making?”—Yes, my Lord Hamlet, he hath feeling—and yet he sings—sings because he hath feeling, and having feeling, he cannot choose but sing—

In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet—

And this chaunt he sings while making the grave of her who died—not for love—but who died while she loved, with her young heart and all its wild and throbbing emotions warm about her. It wanders into Love's paradise, while he prepares the resting-place of her who was worthy to be the queen of that paradise. Can he choose but sing of love? And is not love a cheerful theme? And can he be less than cheerful, or cheat himself into the melting mood, when he tunes his old husky pipe to a cheerful strain? To him, death and the grave are abstractedly nothing, if not boon companions—they and their attendants are all he cares for.

Does the old wag recollect aught that bears a gloomy aspect, or rake the storehouse of his memory for bye-gones that have not the character of cheerfulness about them? “A pestilence on him for a mad rogue” (Yorick) saith he, “he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once.” Chirping old soul—wouldst thou be always in thy cups—wouldst always have thy head and beard streaming with Rhenish? Verily, thou wouldst rouse Yorick from his repose, to crack his jests anew, while thou shouldst again crack thy sides with laughter. Away—away, rogue! Scatter thy moulds less slovenly—lay all the bones in order—be grave, if thou canst, for a moment. Yorick seems to have infected thee: the wit and Rhenish seem to have been flowing on, while thy locks have been hourly turning from their early brown to their present sexagenarian silver.

And has the wing of time swept thee away, thou hoary-headed

chronicle, old Robert L——? Thou who art mingled with the purest recollections of my childhood, and who returnest often and often to my memory, but oftenest when I walk across a fair, well-garnished church-yard. I fancy I see thee now, in the little distant church-yard of W——, with thy coat of faded sky-blue, and thy long silver locks, bending as thou wert amidst the weight of years. I never remember thee otherwise than I now describe thee:—that self-same coat—almost a part of thee: but thy cheerful face, thy cheerful heart, thy cheerful voice and spirits, and that warm, mild eye—how do I remember these! How often have I followed thee to thy domestic haunts, and teased thee amidst thine unsextonlike occupation of making wooden rakes for the hay-harvesters—played with thy tools in mock labour, and then hid them from thee: and how often have I seen thee with thy notable dame chirping thy joyous thoughts beside thy chimney-hearth, beneath that roof which my benevolent father gave thee for thy life. In these—in all thy occupations, thou wert the same: thou hadst a benison and a smile for all; and I was happy to have thy hard hand stroking down my flaxen locks, gently chucking me under the chin, and filling my pockets with fine swan-egg pears, from the high tree opposite the door of thy quiet dwelling.

I have frequently observed that sextons generally possess good memories, not only of persons, but also of things and circumstances. I do not mean to insist that their occupation confers this quality—but that it affords inducement towards it there can be no doubt, and this in their situation is an ample source of cheerfulness. To the sexton, death is so familiar—he frequently overleaps its physical effects in his contemplations. He goes with you from this grave to that—for every grave he hath an anecdote:—and if its tenant ever uttered a jest, the rogue remembers it, and repeats it, with as much glee as if it had been the child of his own fancy, when in truth it has been only a foundling and nurse-child. He is a great relater of incidents, and therefore generally prattles—and your prattle is a glorious provocative to one kind of cheerfulness. In his mind, the dead and the living may be said to be both living: he is the master of the ceremonies—the major-domo, and introduces them to social intercourse; and, what is more, he equalizes all. Your living peer and your dead peasant have a sympathy through his gossip: and the proud peer listens with real interest to the history of the departed peasant, whom in life he would have passed by unheeded. Can there be a kindlier office, or a more cheering and cheerful one, than that of such a go-between? How importantly he conducts you through the labyrinths of his territory; he is the repository of the secrets of the dead, as to where they have hid themselves, except when the ostentatious tomb-stone blabs the secret. He attends you with as much ceremony as a connoisseur would assume in conducting you through the rarities of his gallery or museum. No one knows half so much as he does: he smiles at his conscious knowledge of the information you wish to obtain—he smiles more (at your ignorance or his triumph) when he has satisfied your interrogations—but oh what a smile is the last, when your half-crown tickles his hard palm; for then the dreams of the warm chimney-corner, and the foaming cup, and anon, drinks five fathom deep, in his chosen potation, to the health of curious strangers and inquisitive stragglers.

——“Your humble servant, Sir,” said a sexton to me, as I passed

through the church-yard of B——, and, with a smile, the old man paused, and rested on the brink of a grave in which he had been busily employed, and wiped the dew from his brow. “Your humble servant, Sir,” said he again—apparently wishing to court conversation. I suppose he took me for a dead-hunter, and fancied I wished to pry into the secrets of his tenantry. There was a sedate foolery about his manner, which on second-thoughts invited me to make his acquaintance: he seemed to be a grave humorist—an obtuse jester.—“You are no servant of mine, though you may be humble,” said I; “I want none such. My time is not come. I am sweet, wholesome, locomotive, and still likely to remain so. Go to your earth-worms, and to them you may bend, cap in hand, and say, ‘your humble servant’—for you spread their banquet, and art a brave seneschal to their luxurious supper—old Life-in-death!” “Ha! Ha! Life in death—’faith that’s good. Life in death, quotha”—said the old man, tickled by the epithet, to which he had unwittingly given the cue. We were on terms immediately; he was my chosen friend—my equal:—no more my humble servant.

How doth a smack of good-humour open the heart! The old fellow jumped on his hobby-horse of “graves, and tombs, and epitaphs”—(many a waggish rhyme he gabbled over to me)—and no improvisatore, with all his fire, ever gave more eloquent effusions than this old chronicler did in his way. I remember one of his epitaphs, on three children buried in one grave:—

Under this stone lie babies three,
That God Almighty sent to me;
But they were seized by ague fits,
And here they lie as dead as nits!

“You see, your honour,” said he, “I am a bit of a wag.”

“Heigho!—the days are gone—the days are gone.”

Between a sigh and a chuckle, the rogue continued—“I am but a boy yet—I am but eighty-six,—I have had five wives, and they were all of them good ones. There was Margery the first—I mean my first wife’s name was Margery—not that she was the first of Margeries:—oh! poor Margery! bless her blue eyes! there she lies with the violets and cowslips over her head. Then I had Joan:—ah! Joan was a rare good’un. I liked her better, ’cause she kept Margery more in my mind, and I seemed to have two wives at once (and not against the law either). There she lies—there she lies; and there I thought I should have lain too, ’til once on a time I saw Dorothy—and Dorothy won my heart, as I saw her milking the old red cow in the pasture, one fine May evening. In a week after I saw Dorothy, she and I became one. I was always an attractive one to the sweet sex—Heigho! heigho! We spent many happy days together; but she, like the rest, one day gave me the slip, and—bless her black eyes, there she lies amongst the others with a handsome head and footstone. Then there was—let me see—who was the last I told your honour of? Margery, Joan, Dorothy, and—oh! Dorothy was the last I mentioned. Then there was Peggy and Bridget:—Bridget was the last of the flock: ah! bless ’em all—bless ’em all: there they are, all in a row; and I never let one grave have more violets than the other, though they spring the freshest over Margery, and so I am often transplanting from her to give to the rest. They were all of them good ones—all—all. Pray, your honour, how many wives have you had?”—This home question struck me at the

moment in a very odd way, not having at that period of my life been able to boast even of one-fifth part of the old man's late possessions.

It seemed to be a trick of the old man's calling to dwell on matters of this kind; and I almost fancied he married five wives for the chance of seeing their five violet-covered graves, ranged in neat and becoming order in the chosen spot of all his contemplations. I indulged in a little further parley with this humorous rogue, and then bade him farewell; but not before he had gathered me a violet off each of the five graves, and placed them firmly in my button-hole.

There was old Tom P——, a merry old rogue, who not only dug graves and composed the dead, but also peeped at Parnassus, and composed epitaphs—composed *to order*. Besides this, he always used to keep a stock on hand, containing tributes to more virtues than any man, woman, or child ever possessed, and sold them at two-pence per line. Tom was a very mighty man in his way, and all the wit of the village flowed either from his tongue or his inkstand. If John Milton had been half so celebrated as a poet during his life, it would have well nigh turned his brain, or any other brain a degree weaker than that of the village poet.

Tom had never dreamt of Lindley Murray's two tomes of English grammar, and had never heard of the existence of the science which they taught: I cannot therefore say he set them at defiance; certain it is he never cherished that branch of human attainment.

I was sitting in his chimney corner one day, enjoying his sharp uncouth humour, when, after a slight knock at the door, a widow-like looking personage, dressed in deep mourning, lifted the latch and made her appearance amongst us. Tom was in full expectation of a job, and after bowing a most reverential and obsequious bow, and handing the lady a chair, he sat quietly turning up the whites of his eyes in steady anticipation of his orders.

"Mr. P——," said the widow in a whining, tremulous tone, "I want an epitaph to the memory of my poor dear man:—you know he was a tender kind-hearted lamb to me,"—"He was a tiger," muttered Tom.) "and I want something that will explain the character,"—"He had none that will bear explanation," said he in a whisper,) "You know Mr. P——," proceeded the lady; "he was charitable, affectionate, sober, religious—in short, he was"—here she managed to squeeze out her first tear.

"I'll fit him immediately ma'am," interrupted Tom: "in the mean time, ma'am, please to run your eye over these patterns," handing her a greasy dogs-eared MS. volume, "and if none of those will do—I will make him a stave on purpose." The widow turned and turned again—read and re-read—but there was nothing amongst the sample that answered the throbbing of her sensitive heart; at length she closed the volume in despair, and begged of Tom to execute a *bran* new one in his best style.

The poet-sexton held consultation with the ceiling, as other knowing persons sometimes do, in the fulness of deep thought and reflection, then fixed his rolling eyes upon a well-smoked flitch just swinging above him, rubbed his hands, raked together the embers of his fire, and sat with pen in hand and spectacles on nose, and, as the poet Collins says of melancholy,

"Like one inspired."—

At length the liquid lines were penned, and after a few expressive ahems! Tom read as follow:—

“ Under this stone
Lies Mister Bone :
He lying lived, and lying died,
For, dying or living, he always lied :—”

“ Oh! Mr. P——,” interrupted the widow, “ the poor soul always told the truth to the best of his ability.”—“ Yes, ma’am, to the best of his *ability*, I know he did; but you know, ma’am, he had been bed-ridden for many years,” replied Tom, “ and therefore he lived lying, and died lying.” The rogue turned round and gave me a knowing wink, expressive of his high sense of his own ingenuity. The widow’s silence shewed her scruples were at an end, and the author proceeded in the recitation of his production :

“ His virtues under a bushel were hid,”

(“ I mean under a bushel of vices,” said Tom, in a half audible whisper to me ;)

“ But he did as he liked, and liked what he did,”

(“ He was drunk every day,” muttered Tom aside.)

“ And I his survivor and widow dear,
Come here every day with a sigh and a tear ;
And I says to all husbands, ‘ take copy from he,
And make ready to follow him like unto me.’ ”

“ Thank you—oh! thank you, Mr. P——! you are a clever man! Oh! if the poor dear departed lamb could but hear how nicely you have spoken of him! Pray, Mr. P——, how much am I to pay you?” “ Twenty-pence, if you please ma’am—two-pence a line—long and short together : the long ones ought to be two-pence half-penny, but I had rather give than take.” The widow forthwith paid her pence; and having pocketed what might have been called an affront, but which she took for an epitaph, she made her curtsy in apparent delight; and it was a fine thing to see the face Tom made when he had shut the door upon her. *Munden* is the only man who could give an idea of that extraordinary phiz.

“ What a dottrel that old woman is!” said he. “ That rascal of a husband led her the life of a *nigger-slave*, and she was spaniel enough to like him the better. However, twenty-pence is well earned : those who understand the king’s English will see I have given the knave his due, and the widow goes home pleased withal—for ‘ a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.’ ”

I have not space to copy more of Tom’s choice morsels, but they were all smart in their way, or, as I should rather say, in *his* way. I could give twenty other instances of the cheerfulness of sextons, but I have indulged in my rambling gossip long enough, and I am sure my readers can support my few observations from their own experience.

To conclude this desultory subject:—there is a moral beauty in cheerfulness wherever it exists: it becomes every person, and every period of life; but a cheerful old age is the choicest of earthly blessings. When I see the gray-haired sexton smiling and chirping amidst the labour of his vocation, I think of the spreading ivy on the ruin that flourishes the freshest and greenest amidst the scenes of desolation and decay.

G. F.

LETTER UPON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL, FROM A GENTLEMAN IN LONDON TO A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

THIS is the first month of Autumn, when, by common consent, the being seen in town is a waver of all pretensions to gentility; and even the swindlers who starve and comb their whiskers in the King's Bench, bless their stars that they are not in the Fleet—they shall not be known to pass their *September* in London! General news now is rather scarce, and consists chiefly of rural notices from the country papers; extraordinary quantities of "game" bagged; "cucumbers" brought to uncommon perfection; old women caught (where they have no business) "in man traps," and plough-boys sent to the Treadmill for bastardy. The Post managed a little variety three mornings a week,—till Vauxhall closed,—about "the warring elements," and "bright Luna," and so forth, on the over night; but they are brought down now regularly to the forlorn hope, the "*Haut ton* patronage," and—"fantastic toe," &c.—in "Letters" from Reporters, *on leave*, at Margate, Brighton, or Cheltenham. Home politics may be summed up into a pretty considerable continuance of distress in the manufacturing districts; and a most absurd pamphlet about Corn and Currency, published by Sir James Graham, and gloriously cut up by Cobbett. In foreign affairs, the production of the account-current between the "Struggling Greeks" and the London "Committee" for their "Independence," makes the most entertaining feature. The general result of the disclosure (as far as it goes) seems to be—that the people in Greece must by this time have found out what it is to borrow money in England: and I dare say that, in due time, the people of England will have their turn, and find out *what it is to get it back again*. Meantime Greek bonds continue at $13\frac{1}{2}$ —and I wish much satisfaction to the holders of them.

"Letters from Smyrna," to the 14th of July, state that Mahomet the II^d. continues his "Reform;" and that "the same compulsory measures enforced in Constantinople for the sale of provisions had been adopted in the city of Smyrna. Meat was thus reduced from thirty-six paras the pound to twenty-eight; bread from twenty-eight to eighteen; and oil from sixty-five to forty. *The rapacious dealers* are the only murmerers. *The inhabitants* bless the *paternal care* of the Sultan, and the *attention* shewn to *public tranquillity*." Notwithstanding this "paternal attention," it seems to me that Mahomet's tenure of life and throne is problematical. It is easier to cut off the head of one man than to change the habits of twenty millions.

I see that a Jew, according to the Paris papers, has just been burned at Valentia, "for the salvation of his soul." Or perhaps—as the French Editor observes—"because the people in Valentia wanted the spectacle of an *auto da fé*." I am sure it would be the saving of a thousand souls (Christian)—if cursing be a sin—every year, if we might burn a Jew in this country—by way of example to the rest—I mean one of those villains who sell "old clothes" in Russell-court, or Holywell-street in the Strand. There is literally no getting through any of the streets that these people infest, without either consenting to purchase a new wardrobe, or leaving part of one's own—torn off one's back—behind one! And I am sure it is quite time that they were persecuted again: for their numbers are frightful—they run in and out of the courts about Lyon's-Inn like rabbits in a warren. N. B. In case we should have to hang

any—Philip the IVth of France, who had a great many Jews, and hanged them very freely, always hanged his with a *dog*, (by way of accompaniment) on each side of them. Now I don't like this, because I hate wanton cruelty: I should recommend hanging our's with an old pair of breeches on each side of them.

Irish affairs have exhibited a glimmering of improvement. Earl Fitzwilliam, in a late speech at a Catholic Meeting, adverting to the real state of what they call the existing "Political restrictions in Ireland," avowed broadly, that "*all the privileges which could be granted to the lower classes, had been granted. The lower orders of the people had every power which they could possess.*" Now there is nothing new in any of this to reasonable people; but still—it does seem a pity that Earl Fitzwilliam should not have endeavoured to promulgate the same truth in Ireland before? Because we all know—though perhaps his Lordship himself will scarcely credit it—there *have been* persons, using the authority of his name and party, trying to persuade these very *amply gifted* "lower classes," that they were degraded, powerless, trodden upon, slaves; and that the "Emancipation" which they were exhorted to seek through crime and wretchedness, and riot, was not a question of double fees to a handful of barristers, or seats in parliament to some twenty gentlemen who wish to perpetuate speeches in the House of Commons; but a question of "powers," of "privileges," nay, of *Political existence*, between themselves and their *English oppressors*.

After this declaration from Earl Fitzwilliam, Mr. O'Connell made a speech, as usual, about "hills," and "streams," and "feelings," and the "rights of Ireland," and other not very material or original, poetical topics. But there are meetings taking place upon the subject of introducing *Poor laws* into Ireland; a project which I hope to see persevered in; and which may have a chance to secure to the inhabitants of that country, a *meat and drink* existence—convenient at least in the way of preparation for a "political" one. "Emancipation," if it were carried to-morrow, would not give the peasant of Ireland—who, with all his "privileges," is the real sufferer—a single additional potatoe. The poor law system, with all its evils, *will* do this. Let those who hold property in Ireland, and who now make speeches for her prosperity, find that property actually taxable for the support of those of her population that are starving; and they will then find an *interest*, and if any thing can impel them, interest will, in keeping the peasantry of that country, (instead of talking to them about "Emancipation") as far as possible, from tumult and distress.

The *Hereford Journal* says, on the subject of "horse stealing:"—"We understand that *fifteen* stolen horses have been regained by their owners in consequence of a recent discovery at Stroud. The greater part of them were discovered in the possession of little farmers in the vicinity of Stroud, who accounted for such possession by stating that they purchased them; but the prices which they gave, and the characters they dealt with, attach considerable suspicion to many of them, and we should hope the affair will not be suffered to rest here. From one person, his whole team of *four* horses was taken, which had been stolen; and which he had bought under these questionable circumstances."

I shall take occasion, shortly, to say a few words upon the very considerable extent to which this sort of half felonious receiving is carried on.

People in general have very little conception of the mass of stolen property which is bought every year, by persons who do not *live* by unlawful courses, but are content to accept a *bargain*, where they think it may be taken with safety.

"Many actresses, it is known, sport their carriages. On a recent wet evening, when the daughters of Thalia were retiring from the Haymarket Theatre, the lobby of the stage door resounded with "Madame Vestris's carriage!"—"Miss Love's carriage!"—"Mrs. Waylett's." and others of equal note. Poole, the dramatist, being in conversation with a married actress, whose character as a wife and a mother exempts her from any imputation, significantly observed, "Have you no carriage?"—"Ah, no," said she, "I am *draggle-tailed Chastity*, doomed to walk through the rain and dirt."—*Evening paper.*

It is pity we are not told *which* actress is the last here alluded to. But "Poole, the *dramatist*," gets rather troublesomely obtrusive. There are one or two farces not worth a farthing a piece, that I see, never can be acted at the Haymarket Theatre, without the "permission," in large letters in the bills, of J. POOLE, Esq.!!!

The King has sent twenty-five pounds to the new "Poor's box" at Bow-street, intended, under the control of the magistrates, for the relief of those unfortunate persons, whom necessity more than vice brings occasionally into the hands of the police. This is an excellent charity; and one to which every body who can afford so much indulgence ought to contribute. No one who reads the newspapers but must see that it has long been wanted. Donations to the fund ought to be *advertized* half-yearly, and an account regularly kept of the money disbursed; and care should also be taken that extreme cases only are attended to. The charity will then have this peculiar advantage—arising out of the system of "Police Reporting" (which I have before taken occasion to commend), that its administration will go on, from day to day, before the eyes of the whole country.

Speaking of "Police offices," I observe that there has been a fight in the matter of the "Welsh Iron Company;" and that the new solicitor, M. Verbeke, has been trying to take up the old solicitor, Mr. John Wilks, for a felony. This M. Verbeke, if I don't mistake, was Mr. Wilks's late partner. There is a proverb, that "when a *certain* description of persons *fall out*, another *certain* description of persons *come by their own*."

There is a writer on Parisian manners, in the New Monthly Magazine, whose last letter gives a most extraordinary account of the *intelligence* of French society. He assures us that "a man who mixes in *fashionable* life in Paris, generally knows *all* the facts recorded in *all* the journals *twenty-four hours before they appear in print*!" Now this is an admirable extent of knowledge, as regards the members "of fashionable life;" but what a state, as regards information, does it leave the poor people that belong to the "journals" in!

"On Tuesday the 5th instant, the Stratford and Moreton railway was opened to the public," says a daily paper; "and it was estimated *by competent judges*, that not less than 20,000 persons were present." Now there is more meant here than meets the eye! I should not have a notion myself of what *constitutes* a "competent judge" to know in a mob exactly how many persons are "present." But some people have the faculty—both as regards numbers and distance: an example of it appears two hundred years ago, in Shakespear's Henry the Fifth:—

Officer (entering to the King)—“My Lord, the French troops lie within a hundred paces of your tent.”

King.—Who has *measured* the ground?

Officer.—The lord Grandprée.

King.—A most *valiant* and *expert* gentleman!”

Privileged persons. The political economists are asses—that, by this time, every body knows. We must legislate for *times* and for *emergencies*, though we send “fixed principles” four times a week to the devil. Thus, we laugh at the Pacha of Smyrna, and his *maximum* for meat, of eighteen paras a pound; all the while valiantly maintaining a law ourselves which fixes a *maximum* for the hire of money at five per cent. Moreover, we hold—here is a choke-pear for “fixed principle!”—that the Jew who lends on the *worst* security shall be punished if he take more than five per cent. for his money, though freely offered; and yet allow the pawnbroker, who lends only upon the *best* security, to demand from twenty to fifteen. But, in fact—the Benthamites affect to treat the law of usury as an exception from our general free commercial policy;—there is not a more ridiculous humbug than to assert that, in England, every man is *free* to ask *his own* price for the commodity in which he deals. There is a constant vigilance in the law—but that custom prevents us from observing it—to take care that no one man (even in trifles) shall have power to take advantage of the *sudden necessities* of another. Barristers, in ordinary cases, have no power, when retained, to make their own bargain; but, by the rules of their profession, with the *accustomed* fee, *must* take a brief. What should we say of a physician, who, being sent for, and finding a patient in immediate danger, were to stop short, and demand two guineas instead of one, before he prescribed? How are the charges of attornies regulated—and God help us, if they were not so regulated!—but *by law*? How is it that “victuallers,” if all trades but that in money are free,—are *compelled* to furnish meat and drink to travellers at reasonable prices? Why, are we not going to pull down half the people’s houses in the Strand—and turn the very wild beasts at Exeter Change out of their homes—because it suits the public convenience! and, shall we agree to let *these dealers* make *their own demand*, I wonder, or refer them to a jury to settle that which is *fair* compensation? And even for fear people should be overcharged, when they want to get home on a rainy night from Vauxhall!—even for fear of such a little inconvenience as this,—do not we—not merely most tyrannically fix the price of a hackney-coach for every mile’s riding; but absolutely compel the owner of the vehicle, willy nilly,—in spite of wind, weather, or better offers elsewhere—inexorably to sell the ministry of himself and horses to the *first* applicant who demands it of him?

And this very law about the “hackney-coaches” it is—as the subject of a lady’s letter is to be found always in the postscript—which has been the cause of inflicting the above long paragraph upon the public! Only that, now I am upon the subject, I *must* have a word with these wise men of Westminster—who, if they were sent to Erebus, would be for finding fault with the waters of the Styx,—and, who—if they will utter follies in St. James’s Park—content! for it is at their own expense;—but, if they succeed to whistle off law, and make their fortunes by usury—for the rogues are cunning—that would be at the expense of the public

Money, the economists say, stands in commerce in the same condi-

tion with every other commodity; and he who possesses it is entitled to make the best market of it that he can. Now this proposition is quite unfounded in fact; for money is not "like any other commodity;" but, on the contrary, differs most curiously and essentially from every other commodity. It is *not* (as we are told day after day), like "cloth for a coat," or "silk for a handkerchief;" because he who wants these things will *wait* for them, if the terms be very unreasonable on which he is to purchase them. But for *money*, when he *wants* it, five times in six, he *cannot*—or, what is *practically* the same thing—he *will not*—wait.

Money *can* stand in the same relative condition with *no* commodity, except it were a commodity which should be an absolute and indispensable *necessary of life*; and by a wonderful felicity in the arrangement of human affairs, there is scarcely any *absolute necessary* of life which is not so *perishable in its quality*, as to give the *seller* a common interest in its ready disposal with the *buyer*. The baker, who has baked his shop full of loaves, *must* sell them within twenty-four hours, or their value is materially decreased. The butcher who has filled his shop full of meat, *must* sell it within two days, or it becomes *unsaleable* altogether. Even if we take a broader view of the subject than this—apart from those considerations which depend upon forms of existing or casual detail. Corn wastes in weight, and loses in quality, by *warehouseing*. Moreover, it eats up money in room-rent, for it is a bulky, as well as a perishable article. Cattle, again, every day that they live, after they are once in a state fit for the market, are eating up so much of the profit which should eventually be gained upon them. There is *no* commodity, of which the need of him who *wants* it is likely to be vitally pressing, which can be *held* back with so much convenience by him who *has* it as money. The only approach to the same power which the *capitalist* would have without the usury laws, is in the power which the *land-owners* now hold by the aid of the corn laws. And—here is the *proof* that such a power cannot continue to be borne. The landlords *must not have their own prices*—the corn laws are the first curse that we shall get rid of.

So, now to return to the "Hackney coachmen," who are most mercilessly dealt with!—being restrained, not only in the use which they shall make of their coaches, but also of their tongues.—(Not but that these economists, I believe, would persuade us, every one of them, that they have seen the sun take "coach," and could distinguish the colour of his horses!)—But Mr. Alderman Wood made a perquisition the other day into the quantity of liberty which hackney-coachmen had left to them; and I think that the public, as well as the parties themselves, ought to be advertised of the result. The worthy Alderman carried the conductor of No. 1135 to Bow-street, upon a charge of having driven furiously against himself, and some other gentlemen, in the street; calling them "tailors," &c. very impudently, and desiring them to "get out of the way." Upon inquiry into which, it turned out that the Jehu in question could not be punished for his mis-doings, as the Act of Parliament against hackney-coachmen's insolence only applied to the vituperation of their "fares."—"A word to the *whips* is enough."

Miracles are not quite hopeless even in the year 1826. The Morning Post of this day (12th of September) contains the following extraordinary notice of a "removal."—"The *plot of ground* allotted for the

scholars to play, in the centre of Dean-yard, Westminster Abbey, *has been removed*, and a handsome iron pallisade is now forming round the same, from five to six feet high!" This is "the mountain coming to Mahomed" with a vengeance! Nobody can doubt the authority of the Post; but there are Journals which might have stated such a fact, and hardly been believed.

But there is an infinite deal in a "manner of speaking," as Master Matthew says, when he terms the cudgelling that Downright threatens to give him "the bastinado." "Mr. Richardson's *Theatres*," I see by the Times of this morning are advertised for sale. Now, even with the name of "Richardson" to help me, I read on to the end of the advertisement, before I discovered that these "*Theatres*," meant the *booths and caravans of Mr. Richardson who shows at Bartholomew fair*. The "*Scenery*" is declared to be of "first-rate order," executed by "Greenwood and Andrews in their best manner." The *wardrobe* is necessarily of the best description; inasmuch as the performances being more frequently in the *day-time*, renders it imperative that it should be of such a superior class as *to bear the light!*" Of course this sale is by "George Robins," and it is said that Mr. Peter Moore has made proposals for becoming the purchaser.

Mr. E. G. Wakefield means (according to the Manchester Guardian) "to move for a writ of Habeas Corpus immediately, to bring up his wife [Miss Turner] to the Court of King's Bench, in order that she may be delivered to him." Mr. E. G. Wakefield had the lady in his possession ten days, and, at the end of that time all she desired was to get away from him. I think—after an exposition like that—Mr. E. G. Wakefield should give up making fortunes by marrying ladies; and try some other trade better suited to his (apparent) capacity.

The two winter theatres have opened for the season; Drury-lane with the comedy of *The Wonder*, and Covent-garden with *Pizarro*. My firm belief is, that it was this last play that killed the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands; and not the pork sausages that they ate at supper afterwards, as has been currently reported. At all events, it was the last play they ever saw; and they never were well afterwards: a result, which, judging from my own feelings under the same visitation, I cannot say I am at all surprised at.

An ingenious person who mends the appearances of sparrows, hen linnets, and other homely feathered birds, by *painting* them up into cock bull-finches, and Java orioles, has had his occupation murdered by a stretch of arbitrary power. He sold some brickdust adulterating chandler a "CARPOON" (name and all), for eighteen pence, which turned out to be a tom-tit touched with minium and yellow ochre. They sent this improver of nature's works to the House of Correction, which seems to me a sentence very questionable. It would have been far more just to have sent the *purchasers* of "CARPOONS," at eighteen pence a piece, to Bedlam.

The Bishop of Calcutta is dead; which, as the Bombay Courier observes, is an event "highly afflicting." But, he died of apoplexy—as a dignitary should do—in which there is some consolation.

Poor Lord Gifford, too, has died since my last: an event which touches me more nearly, because I used to meet him every day, hardly a week since, in the full enjoyment of health, fortune, and never dreaming, I dare say, that he should die at all. He died—second judge

of the kingdom—at the age of eight and forty. It was the wig that killed him, and the sight of so much parchment; “so young, so wise,” as King Richard says, “do seldom live long.” For myself, my mind is made up: “I shall *not* die a victim to “Viner’s Abridgment;” but—as that admirable moral philosopher, Walter Mapes, expresses it,

“I’ll in a tavern end my days, ’mid boon companions merry,
Place to my lips a lusty flask, replete with sparkling sherry;
That hovering angels round may cry, when I lie dead as door-nail,
‘Rise, genial deacon, rise, and drink, of the well of life eternal!’”*

I spoke a little way back about the advantage that would arise in London from hanging *one* Jew—one of those who sell clothes in Holywell-street—hanging him by way of example to the rest. On consideration, I think it would be much better to destroy the whole race there altogether. And that might be easily done, by first bricking up the end of the street, next the New Church in the Strand, and then setting fire to the other end. I think that the public feeling will go along with me in this proposition.

Letters from Boulogne Sur Mer inform us that “a sort of *jail delivery* has lately taken place there of English prisoners for debt, from a conviction of the uselessness of keeping the parties confined any longer. The places of the emancipated however (continues the writer) are filling fast, and, improvident as these persons have been, it is impossible not to feel for their condition; for the worst prison in England is a palace compared with the “*Hotel d’Angleterre*,” as it is called, at Boulogne.

Compassion is a sentiment which, under any circumstances, commands respect; but the epithet “improvident” is a little misapplied in this paragraph. The persons alluded to are not “improvident,” but “fraudulent;” *common robbers*, for the most part, who *live* by a system of plunder, which is morally just as felonious as shop-lifting or forgery, although it is not punishable by law precisely in the same manner. Men may be “improvident” as to the disposal of their own means (where they have any means); or they may be unwise speculators, and so, to a certain point involve the means of others; but it is not “improvidence” to elect systematically to live in idleness; and to obtain credit for luxuries by misrepresentation, where we *know* that we can have no means to pay for them. I take no objection to the provisions of the Insolvent Act, because locking pennyless knaves up in prison only keeps them pennyless, and no way benefits their creditors; but my assent to the operation of that law, arises out of no jot of feeling for what are called the sufferings of the great mass of those people, who are assisted by it. If the records of the Insolvent Court were published, it “would go near to be thought,” I doubt, as Dogberry says, very generally, that three-fourths of the persons who annually take their six weeks’ residence in the King’s Bench, are just as perfect scoundrels as five in six of those who take their trials at the Old Bailey.

Now I am on “fashionable affairs,” there comes an advertisement in

* “Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant, cum venerint Angelorum chori,
‘Deus sit propitius huic potatori!’”

the Morning Post, every day, from a wig-maker.—“J. Dimond recommends to the *Nobility*”—(this preference of the higher classes ought always to be observed by tradesmen)—“his fashionable PERRUQUES,”—“*particularly to those who wear false hair.*”—Now who the devil others should he recommend them to?

The Globe of the 19th inst. states, as an instance of the extraordinary effects of “competition by steam,” that persons may now “get from *Bristol to Cork* for one shilling and sixpence.” The worst of it is, that for the same money they may get from *Cork to Bristol*.

I am particularly fond of a good advertisement; and there is an excellent one in the Chronicle of to-day.—“A married man, with little incumbrance, wishes for a situation as gardener, &c.”—“Perfectly understands green-house, forcing, framing,” &c. Also a *general* knowledge of agriculture and *breeding of stock*; likewise *the wife is calculated to take her part in the same.*

No man in England will read without horror and commiseration the trash which was uttered a few days since about the Duke of York in a “Catholic Meeting” at Mullingar. What the tastes and habits of those persons must be, who could attempt to make the serious and painful illness of a kind-hearted and benevolent man the subject of “*loud laughter*,” it cannot be necessary for me to declare. But of this I am *certain*—the “Catholic cause” already “stinks in the nostril” of three-fourths of the people of Great Britain; and those who wish well to it, have no chance but in *separating* themselves *finally* from its present *soi-disant* leaders, to save it from hopeless and incurable ruin.

The new farce called *Before Breakfast*, which Mathews plays in at the Lyceum, is a lively, laughable affair—almost the only good thing that has been produced at any of the small theatres all the summer. And I am the more pleased to say a good word of it, because it is done by Mr. Peake, on to some of whose productions I have laid, in my time, rather unmercifully. In fact, he wrote one piece that had a “charity boy” in it, a part that was very much applauded, but used to make me sick. And another that had a man with a hump-back in it, which made me still sicker. And then his puns! They put one’s stomach out of court altogether. But the *Jonathan Doubikins* farce was of a better order than these; and I like *Before Breakfast* better still. There is some clever management about the “business” of Mathews’ part; and a notion rather of character in the beginning of it. And Bartley’s, too—the man of “impulses,”—is good. And Keeley makes something of a discharged foot-boy. And the Major of broken phrases is very comical. It is an excellent manner of speaking, that; and has been under-rated. I heard a barrister on the Midland Circuit do a case in it, and it struck me as better a hundred times than a Philippean oration. I will describe it some day when I have time, but I am too much pressed now.

An agreeable ‘bout at give-and-take fell out the other day in the neighbourhood of Brussels. An Englishman passing along the road on the top of the *Hirondelle* diligence, saw a Frenchman shooting in the fields, and made faces at him. The latter immediately put up his piece, fired at the offender, and wounded several persons on the coach. The illustration of national character, on both sides, here is admirable. One sees so clearly that an Englishman would make the faces; but, as clearly—

that he would *not* have fired the gun. I like the French taste the best; but it is *not* the best to get on with. The Paris paper which records this fact, announces it as an "unpleasant incident."

A meeting of the electors of Sudbury, at a public-house in White-chapel, on Tuesday last, furnishes a pleasant commentary upon what is meant by a "triumphant reception" of a candidate, as applied to the welcome at an election for a borough-town. This "meeting" seems to have been called by some persons of Sudbury, who voted lately for Mr. Wilks, in order to abuse him for declining (after he was returned) to defray *contest expenses*; and after proving, at great length, that Mr. Wilks is a most fraudulent and censurable character, perfectly unworthy to sit in the House of Commons, the precious assembly resolves—

"That the warm and affectionate manner of Mr. Wilks's reception by the electors of Sudbury, and the triumphant manner in which he was placed at the head of the poll," ought to have induced him, &c., to pay his charges in a different manner. I hope he will sit, with all my soul, and never pay them sixpence.

The Examiner, of the 17th September, contains the following editorial paragraph.

"At the Middlesex Sessions, last week, two fellows were convicted of a most indecent and brutal assault on a woman, the particulars of which are so obscene as not to allow of mention. After the jury had returned a verdict of guilty on the savages, the Chairman recommended an arrangement between the prosecutrix and defendants, observing, that it might induce the court to pronounce a *mitigated* sentence; but in default of this arrangement, it must pass a *severe* one, *however reluctantly*, on persons in the situation of life of the delinquents. The arrangement being very properly declined by the prosecutor, the Chairman passed sentence of *one month's imprisonment* in the House of Correction; this being the *severe* sentence he had contemplated for an assault of singular brutality." The court has to learn that justice does not acknowledge a particular tenderness for particular causes, though the Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions does.

These persons in a "*situation of life*" were two shop-boys at a ticket linen-draper's in Holborn; and one feels at a loss to understand how Mr. Const could have used the words imputed to him, or why he should be "*reluctant*" to send two knaves to the House of Correction, who very richly deserved to be sent there. But the system of permitting *compromises* to take place between prosecutors and defendants, which has already been carried to a most improper length at the police offices, ought to be resisted through thick and thin, when we find it making its way into our courts of justice. A proposition like that of Mr. Const, changes the whole *character* of the tribunal at which he sits; and converts it from a court of criminal indictment, into—that which is provided elsewhere—a court of civil action for damages.

The fact is, it is an insult to justice, and a mockery, the permitting any offender to choose whether he will pay in his purse or suffer in his person. The power of *property* is strong enough already, without any attempts of this covert and illegal character to extend it. It is trash to talk of the liberty of the subject, under any other *régime*, than that there should be the same law for the wealthiest man in the state and for the common labourer. Our civil justice has become gross job enough; a poor man has little more than the choice to forfeit his right, or be ruined, ten times over, in the expense of a suit

to obtain it. But our criminal law *was* pure. It was cheap, and attainable. An injured party could go to work himself, without being compelled to employ either counsel or attorney: he could tell his own tale plainly to a jury, and receive the justice which was due to him, shortly, from a judge. But, though Mr. Const executes the general duties of his office very fairly and humanely—*that I know*—and the fault is not peculiarly in him—yet in this case, he recognizes a system, which has a tendency to *creep on*, and which is offensive and unbearable. It is perfectly *impossible* upon a scheme of pecuniary penalties ever to do justice between man and man. Such a *principle* is perfectly monstrous. It amounts just to a *sale of indulgencies* to commit temporal offence, in the same way as the Catholic Church sells indulgencies for those crimes which are moral and spiritual. But, beyond this, there is not, nor can there be any *justice*—any *equality*—in it. It enables one man to commit grievous offences constantly, without encountering the smallest *real* consequent inconvenience or suffering, while another shall be visited most heavily, and ruinously, for the commission but of a single and a slight one. It sends one man to gaol—himself, to disgrace and privation, and his family to the workhouse or to beggary—for *precisely* the same act which another answers by writing his name on a slip of paper. The payment of a hundred pounds, in the way of bribe, or fine, would be a penalty *entirely unfelt* by thousands of persons who possess property, which they hold only to squander; and yet *this is all* which such individuals are to suffer for the same crime, that a carpenter would have to expiate by six weeks imprisonment in the tread-mill or in Bridewell. It is an insolence, and an abomination to talk of converting our criminal courts into *shops* where a poor needy creature may be *tempted* to forget that he is a FREEMAN, and to sell his injuries for a bargained price. The equality of any kind of *money arrangement* in such cases is trash. The mere payment of the *fees* levied in this very Court of Session upon one man's ACQUITTAL, becomes a heavier calamity to him often, and entails more subsequent privation and suffering, than a thousand pounds fine inflicted, upon CONVICTION, produces to another. Mr. Const has gone a step too far, even for policy, on this occasion. The declaration from a judge in open court, that there is *any class of society* upon the individuals of which he is more unwilling to inflict punishment than upon another, is a declaration which Englishmen deserve to be insulted if they tolerate. There is no difference, nor can we, in this country ever admit any, between the blackguard who drives a cart, and the blackguard who drives a curricule. Mr. Const's observation was inadvertent, at least though it formed part of a *growing* system, I feel convinced that he did not perceive to what extent it went. But I should be inclined very much to doubt, whether, even formally, and in the eye of the law, a sentence delivered by a magistrate subject to such a declaration, would not be sufficient to form the ground of a proceeding against that very magistrate himself for *corrupt motive*.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Journal of a Third Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; performed in the Years 1824-25, in the Hecla and Fury, under the Orders of Capt. W. E. Parry; 1826.—Though less successful than either of Capt. Parry's preceding voyages, this is by no means the most discouraging. The failure was the consequence of an accident not at all out of the course of calculation. Such are the perils of the icy seas, that scarcely could the most confiding speculator, or the most skilful and dauntless navigator, anticipate safety three successive voyages. Every fresh attempt, however, adds to the chances of safety, and to the probabilities of finally succeeding, or at least of ascertaining the non-existence of a passage, by adding to our experience, and thus teaching us to guard more and more against the effects of recurring perils.

Those perils are now better understood than ever; though we cannot help, with Capt. Parry, expressing our admiration, accompanied with some little wonder, at the successful daring of our old navigators two centuries ago. In vessels of five-and-twenty tons, of an ordinary construction, with no specific provision and no particular precaution, Davies, Baffin and Hudson encountered these seas, and surveyed these coasts, with an accuracy, which does not indeed put our adventurers and our surveys to shame, but which may well check the strong bent of the times to boast of the superiorities of modern science and of modern intelligence. Were these seas less perilous in their days than in ours? They might be so. Seasons occur of extraordinary severity, where even in lower latitudes the ice of the winter is not melted by the warmth of the ensuing summer, and what accumulations may not the successive severities of many seasons in the course of two centuries have occasioned? We incline to the belief that these difficulties have augmented; if not, either our superiorities are imaginary, or our seamen have degenerated: and we are unwilling to concede either alternative, though doubtless we think too much of ourselves.

Capt. Parry, in this third voyage, has not at all progressed towards the grand object of his labours. The summer of 1824 appears to have been unusually short and severe, and the season was lost, or rather spent, in straining the vessels through the ice of Baffin's Bay, and most extraordinary exertions, and machinery of extraordinary power, were employed for that purpose. They had only time to work into Prince Regent's Inlet, when they were obliged to establish themselves for the winter in Port Bowen, lat. 73° and long. 89°. In the following summer, 1825, the vessels did not get afloat till the 20th July; after sailing a

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few miles back along the eastern coast of the inlet, they crossed over to the western about forty miles, and then ran down—if running it can be called—where they had to struggle with piles of old ice, and the congelings of new, almost every inch of the way—about seventy or eighty miles—when, on the 1st of August, the *Fury* finally stranded. The floating ice pressed upon her, as she lay upon the unyielding bottom, and squeezed her till her timbers cracked; and nothing but the extraordinary diagonal strengthenings of the vessel could have resisted the enormous pressure for a moment. The whole of August, or at least till the 26th, was consumed in lightening the ship, and attempting to 'heave her down,' that is, in plain language, we suppose, to turn up her keel for the purpose of examining and repairing. Such, however, was the extent of the damage she had received, that Capt. Parry was finally obliged to abandon her; and as well from the lateness of the season, as because his own ship was burdened with a double crew, he deemed it his wisest course to return to England, which he reached in safety the following October.

The narrative is of a plain and respectable character, but unusually meagre of incident. He has little to tell, save the wreck of the vessel, which he has not told before. The scenes are the same—novelty is at an end. The mode of spending the winter was the great object of curiosity in the first narrative, and the intercourse with the Esquimaux of the second. Of the first we have nothing new to learn—monthly masquerades were the leading amusements—and Capt. Parry has judiciously avoided repeating new details of an old character; and of the Esquimaux he saw nothing.

The health of the crews was wonderfully good, greatly to the credit of Capt. Parry and of all concerned. They lost only two men during the eighteen months, one of a scrofulous disorder, and the other by an accident—a random fellow, we suppose, who seems to have had two narrow escapes.

Capt. Parry will go out again, it is understood, in the next spring, but by what route is unknown; he himself is still in favour of Prince Regent's Inlet, to the south-west of the spot where the *Fury* was wrecked—clear water was observed as far as the eye could reach.

Notes of a Journey through France and Italy; 1826.—These Notes have already appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*. The opinion entertained of them by the readers of that respectable print, 'suggested the idea,' according to the preface, 'of the present work; and, indeed, with a circulation so contracted, at least so limited to a particular party, as is that of the *Morning Chronicle*, the republication of any thing

of value is any thing but superfluous, and we may recommend the book as fresh, to the greater part of readers. 'My object has been,' says the writer—that is, Mr. Hazlitt—(what affectation is this, by the way, of concealing the name?)

To give the reader some notion of what he might expect to find in travelling the same road. There is little of history or antiquities or statistics; nor do I regret the want of them, as it may be abundantly supplied from other sources. The only thing I could have wished to expatiate upon more at large is the manners of the country: but to do justice to this, a greater length of time, and a more intimate acquaintance with society and the language would be necessary. Perhaps, at some future opportunity, this defect may be remedied.

The tour is the very common one by Dieppe, Rouen, Paris, Lyons, Chambery, Turin, Bologna, Florence, Rome, and back again by Venice, Ferrara, Milan, the Simplon, Geneva, down the Rhine, through Holland, home. Adventures, there are none; novelty of object, there is none; he has an eye mainly for pictures—picture after picture is inflicted upon us, without measure or mercy—but a reflection for any thing and every thing. Saving the pictures, the book is full of remark, more or less lively, sometimes sagacious, but oftener fantastic—in the writer's usual rambling, but still agreeable manner—governed by no law of association that ever was heard of before, though never forgetting his contempt for Sir W. Scott, his abhorrence of Croker and the Quarterly, or a smile at the charlatannerie of our classical Foreign Minister. Let nobody be repulsed by the introductory letter, full of *niaiserie* as it is; they will find compensation for a little perseverance. We will give a specimen. Speaking of the French theatres, and of Racine, and the well-known line of poetry—why it is called poetry, we do not know—

Craignez Dieu, mon cher Abner, et ne craignez que Dieu;

It is certain (says he) that a thousand such lines would have no effect upon an English audience but to set them to sleep like a sermon, or to make them commence a disturbance to avoid it. Yet, though the declamation of the French stage is as monotonous as the dialogue, the French listen to it with the tears in their eyes, holding in their breath, beating time to the cadence of the verse, and following the actors with a book in their hands for hours together. The English most assuredly do not pay the same attention to a play of Shakspeare's, or to any thing but a cock-fight, or a sparring-match. This is no great compliment to them; but it makes for the gravity of the French, who have mistaken didactic for dramatic poetry; who can sit out a play with the greatest patience and complacency, that an Englishman would hoot off the stage, or yawn over from beginning to end for its want of striking images and lively effect, and with whom Saturn is a God no less than Mercury! I am inclined to suspect the genius of their religion may have something to do with the genius of their poetry. The first absorbs in a manner their powers of imagination, their love of the romantic and the marvellous, and leaves the last in possession of their sober reason and moral sense. Their

hieroglyphic obscurity and quaint devices; and when they come to the tangible ground of human affairs, they are willing to repose alike from ornament and extravagance, in plain language and intelligible ideas. They go to mass in the morning to dazzle their senses, and bewilder their imagination, and inflame their enthusiasm; and they resort to the theatre in the evening to seek relief from superstitious intoxication in the prose of poetry, and from Gothic mysteries and gloom, in classic elegance and costume.—

The theatre, in short, is the throne of the French character, where it is mounted on its pedestal of pride, and seen to every advantage. I like to contemplate it there, for it reconciles me to them and to myself. It is a common and amicable ground on which we meet. Their tears are such as others shed—their interest in what happened three thousand years ago is not exclusively French. They are no longer a distinct race or *caste*, but human beings. To feel towards others as of a different species, is not the way to increase our respect for ourselves or human nature. Their defects and peculiarities, we may be almost sure, have corresponding opposite vices in us—the excellencies are confined pretty much to what there is in common.

The ordinary prejudice entertained on this subject in England is, that the French are little better than grown children—

"Pleas'd with a feather—tickled with a straw—"

full of grimace and noise and shew, lively and pert, but with no turn or capacity for serious thought or continued attention of any kind, and hardly deserving the name of rational beings, any more than apes or jackdaws. They may laugh and talk more than the English; but they read, and, I suspect, think more, taking them as a people. You see an apple-girl in Paris, sitting at a stall with her feet over a stove in the coldest weather, or defended from the sun by an umbrella, reading Racine or Voltaire. Who ever saw such a thing in London, as a barrow-woman reading Shakspeare or Fielding? You see a handsome smart *grisette* at the back of every little shop or counter in Paris, if she is not at work, reading perhaps one of Marmontel's Tales, with all the absorption and delicate interest of a heroine of romance. Yet we make doleful complaints of the want of education among the common people; and of the want of reflection in the female character in France. There is something of the same turn for reading in Scotland; but then where is the gaiety or the grace? They are more sour and formal even than the English. The book-stalls all over Paris present a very delightful appearance; they contain neatly-bound, cheap, and portable editions of all their standard authors, which, of itself, refutes the charge of a want of the knowledge or taste for books. The French read with avidity whenever they can snatch the opportunity; they read, standing in the open air, into which they are driven by the want of air at home; they read in garrets and in cellars; they read at one end of a counter, when a person is hammering a lock or a piece of cabinet-work at the other, without taking their eye from the book, or picking a quarrel with the person who is making the noise. Society is the school of education in France; there is a transparency in their intellects as in their atmosphere, which makes the communication of thought or sound more rapid and general. The *farina* of knowledge floats in the air, and circulates at random. Alas! it "quicken, even with blowing." A perriwig-maker is an orator; a fish-woman churches are theatres; their theatres are like churches. Their fancies are satiated with the mummeries and pageantry of the Catholic faith, with

is a moralist; a woman of fashion is a metaphysician, armed with all the topics; a pretty woman in Paris, who was not also a *blue-stocking*, would make little figure in the circles. It would be in vain for her to know how to dispose a knot of ribands or a bunch of flowers in her hair, unless she could arrange a critical and analytical argument in all the forms. It is nothing against her, if she excels in personal and mental accomplishments at the same time. This turn for literary or scientific topics in the women may indeed be accounted for in part from the modes of social intercourse in France; but what does this very circumstance prove, but that an interchange of ideas is considered as one great charm in the society between men and women, and that the thirst of knowledge is not banished by a grosser passion? Knowledge and reason, however, descend; and where the women are philosophers, the men are not quite blockheads or *petit-maitres*. They are far from being the ignorant smatterers that we pretend; they are not backward at asking for reasons, nor slow in giving them.

The Story of Isabel; by the Author of the Favourite of Nature. 1826.—We suppose this must be called an evangelical novel: for under a plentiful acquaintance with worldly principles, an easy delineation of general manners, and no mean knowledge of all the avenues by which fascination finds its way to man, a spirit of straitest intolerance, combined with all the usually associated doctrines of that party, erects its unyielding neck perpetually—catching our eye, and meeting our steps, and disappointing our hopes in the midst of scenes and conversations, which but for this ingredient would irresistibly chain the interest, and compel the admiration of the reader.

Reasoning,—by which we understand a debate upon some unascertained question by opponents, who rest on mutually acknowledged axioms, is entirely set at nought, and made foolishness of, by a sect, who will allow of no test of worth and ability, but the profession of a certain set of notions.

"I have but one standard," says Miss Delmond—the author's main organ, in reply to a young lady, who was endeavouring to vindicate another from the charge of utter worthlessness—"I have but one standard against all that can be urged, touching the fascinations of Miss Stanley—is she a Christian?" We consider the tone of despotic contempt, with which occasionally a churchman thinks to hurl a man's character down to all that is sordid, vulgar, loathsome, when he says, "He is a rank Methodist," is rather the least revolting of the two specimens of exclusiveness.

Miss Melville, an orphan, resides in the country with an indulgent uncle and aunt, on whom, at the same time, she is entirely dependent. She is a person of somewhat unusual talents and attainments: but of ungovernable temper, and constantly falling, from the impetuosity of her feelings, into very reprehensible deviations from the proprieties of life. She felt, as we suppose

all such characters do feel, the daily inconvenience, the occasional misery, and inward uproar attendant upon the want of self-discipline—having advanced to the age of eighteen or nineteen, without employing any attempt, or meeting with any aid, toward abating this wild dominion of the passions.

Suddenly she falls in love; and for a considerable time, the accession of stimulus afforded by that state of existence (clogged as it is with its own peculiar vicissitudes) gives an impulse to her faculties which lulls her into a temporary elysium. No wonder that uncle and aunt's deliberate disapproval of the object of her affection—a Mr. Leslie—was utterly contemned, and the connexion persisted in. Alas! this most enchanting of delusions partook of the clay. An uncle and aunt's delicate anxieties for her welfare might be wounded without compunction; but she was tremblingly alive in another quarter, and in that quarter she experiences neglect. He goes away—his absence unexplained. In the meanwhile a rumour reaches her of another attachment, more ancient than her own, and lately renewed! And now, indeed, a cloud of dense misery, far and wide stretching itself, and urging its threatening way over her, calls up terror and dismay from every corner of her heart. Alone, occupied with apprehension, and conjecture, and vague resolves, her moments are expanded into ages, and her bosom-friend and confidante—a Miss Russel—finds her affection sorely tasked by Isabel's importuning anxiety. When agonizing uncertainty had reached its ultimatum, Leslie comes again, and offers explanation. Rolls away now the desolating tempest;—the sun-beams play again, but—for one moment only. The rumour was true; he *had* been engaged before he knew her; his heart is now her's alone; although the precarious state of the lady's health, who was nearly falling a victim to his inconstancy, had greatly embarrassed his plans. He throws himself upon Isabel's mercy—avowing a finally settled determination not to marry the other, and urging his devotion to herself.

We have spoken of Isabel as a being of wayward impulses. Her generosity equalled the less amiable points of her character; and she could not accept Leslie on these terms; she could not sign another's death-warrant by an act—the relinquishment of which act was still too much for her own strength. In this mental conflict, glimpses of religious resources dart over her soul. Maddened by each contending persuasion of mere impulse; alarmed and shocked at the conviction, that this internal chaos had no seeds of order, which might hereafter mature into a wise resolve; and goaded by the necessity for action, she flies to a religious lady—a maiden, not a young, lady of the neighbourhood,—expressly to open her soul, and seek a remedy

for its distresses. A great deal of edifying discourse is exchanged between these ladies; and Isabel is so influenced by her adviser, (Miss Delmond's) representations, who assures her that to accept Mr. Leslie under present circumstances would be an absolute breach of the commandment, that, sore against her heart's persuasions, she renounces him,—hopelessly, decidedly—and never after, for one moment, ceases to repent of the renunciation.

Miss Delmond has a nephew—an evangelical clergyman of the establishment—beautiful, eloquent, and—a saint. Him at this conjuncture, when Isabel's thwarted emotions were, as Miss Delmond fondly imagined, most susceptible of a new impression, she introduces to her young friend: and a rapid intimacy follows. The youth, head and ears in love—with her soul—labours incessantly after its conversion;—she, cool as a melon all the time, but rather pleased by his assiduities. She tires, however, at last, and escapes from both Miss Delmond and her nephew, contrary to their joint warnings, by a London visit; plunges into society—meets with Leslie again—but finds him evidently no longer her's; and in addition to this withering truth, sees him pursued by a scheming mother and daughter, who at the same time pursue herself with relentless malice.

Desperate beneath her unreduced passion, jealousy, and disappointment, she is suddenly recalled home by her uncle's death; and naturally falls anew into the ever-extended arms of the evangelicals. The nephew makes a successful move for himself at this period of Isabel's renewed conflicts, and is accepted. They are on the point of marriage; when he discovers, through Isabel's own precipitancy, that she is actually the writer of a successful tragedy, now in the full flow of nightly representation. To his remonstrances she pours back contempt: to his arguments she retorts arguments, whetted by exultation at her own success, and pique, and suspicion, and indignation at his disapproval. They separate;—he flies to Africa, to preach and die—she to London, to fame, wealth, and adulation. She marries; and is thrown again into Leslie's society: but not before her thorough conviction of his want of principle had quenched the last spark of love in her breast. The world, however, had not forgotten old times and follies—had not forgotten the persevering manner, in which she once had exhibited her predilection for him; nor had he forgotten her former and more early renunciation of himself—revenge, in its own good time, he had no objection to take, and become the instrument of her abasement hereafter. They were one morning accidentally alone—he had been renewing advances, occasionally made before—he had taken her hand—and while she was preparing a sentence calcu-

lated to stifle his expectation for ever, a Lady Barrymore, a very dear friend of Isabel's, enters—confusion and awkwardness ensue, and Isabel's character is *done up* for life! Her husband, although he says he gives entire credence to her declarations of innocence, thinks they had better separate for the present—her best friends write word how grieved they are, but they lie under their husbands' commands not to visit her until some explanation has taken place, and kindly remind her of her own former intolerance towards others.

Back, for the last time, she posts to the country. Bereft of all interest in life from the annihilation of her worldly hopes, she gives herself up to religion—much to Miss Delmond's joy: who thinks that now alone, by the extinction of every other prospect, is she in a safe way to the throne of Omnipotence.

Truth, a Novel, 3 vols. 8vo. 1826.—We have been deluged of late with evangelical and orthodox novels. We like neither one nor the other. Here we have, as might be expected, an infidel one, inculcating the doctrines of deism, which we dislike as much as the other, and on the same principle. It is not giving our judgment fair play; it is treacherously entrapping our assents. These are subjects for the understanding merely; but in tales of this kind, the individual whose opinions are to be recommended and enforced, must be invested with every attribute that can charm the imagination and win our approbation; our affections are thus at once enlisted blindly on the side of the seductive champion. We do not say, that the most agreeable and valuable qualities are incompatible with eccentric, or even dangerous sentiments; but the aim and object should not be to beguile us into assent, but to permit us to examine the soundness of opinions, and those opinions therefore should not be sedulously associated with what inevitably seizes upon the heart, and biasses and for ever binds us to its convictions. Now here is a lady—we know her from childhood—young and beautiful, modest and ingenuous, firm and faithful, with an affectionate heart and a powerful intellect—cultivated and accomplished—qualities, on which we all fondly dwell, and which naturally prepossess; and reading novels, as most of us habitually do, with little activity of vigilance, we readily chime in with opinions, which, when more on our guard, would be sure to startle us; and find ourselves insensibly assenting to conclusions, without discussing very narrowly the premises. Unhappily, her mother's Cameronian severities early disgust her; psalms and whippings, prayings and fastings and restrictions, are indissolubly associated in her infant mind; indignation excites her reasoning powers prematurely; the bible describes cruelties, and cruelties imposed

by the Creator of all; this is revolting to her sense of humanity; he is represented as the God of the Jews—as if he were not the God of the Gentiles—this is offensive to her feelings of justice. The want of universality in the communication, and in the results, of Christianity, confounds her understanding; and she precipitately, but irrecoverably, concludes against revelation altogether. She loses, by means of which we never hear any thing but in novels, a magnificent estate: recoverable, however, on subscribing to her mother's creed. She scorns the truckling condition, and betakes herself to *governessing*. Though scrupulous of giving expression to her opinions, from place to place is she driven, as hints of those opinions spread among her employers—till finally, she perishes in a shipwreck before she is twenty; the author, apparently, not knowing very well what to do with her—she is above his hand. He has not made the most of his subject as matter of interest. His heroine is persecuted, and persecuted for the sincere entertainment of opinions injurious to herself. He had it in his power to make persecution odious, and he has done little more than make it contemptible. That any man or woman should suffer for opinions merely, is itself an outrageous insult to common-sense; and that opinions should ever be made the test of conduct by the professors of Christianity, is a mockery of their profession—of this mockery there is too much among us. We are amenable to our fellows for acts, and not for sentiments. God, who alone can see the heart, is alone the judge of its sincerity.

The English in Italy; 1826.—Is it possible that 'the English in Italy' goes off but slowly from the publisher's hands? That scarcely any periodical has been enough on the alert to throw in a mite of praise? We will endeavour to do a brief and tardy justice to it. A very large class of habitual readers are too lazy—not to use a less flattering term—to choose books for themselves; they trust to the Reviewers, or to their acquaintance, to point out the few *élite* publications among the many deservedly left for another fate every season; hence the duty of a conscientious judgment, which Reviewers owe to merit on the one hand, and to confiding expectation on the other.

The English in Italy consists of an irregular collection of sketches—many of them relative to living English individuals, to whom Italy has been the theatre of some remarkable event, striking enough to furnish the basis of a story or anecdote, which the author lengthens or abbreviates, apparently, just as his materials or his mood invite him—possessing resources of fact and observation, too ample to force him to dwell and dilate upon circumstances, which naturally find their own compact arrangement in the reader's mind. The narratives

are told with pith and earnestness—a sort of serious sarcasm, in the turn of reflection always predominating. When he pauses in the story, it is not the dreaded pause of languor, but to relieve himself of an impatient surplus of strong moral or political truths, which his pen must fling away, before he can proceed leisurely again. In describing scenery, the same nervous overflowing power is apparent—his vision bounding from point to point of beauty on the landscape, and then encompassing the whole in one coup-d'œil of magnificent winding-up. We follow, out of breath, from alp to plain—sea, sky, city, till he has extracted the whole honey of the prospect; and then away to something else—ancient remembrances perhaps—perhaps to—what he likes most of all, and what novel-readers like least of all—or less than private scandal—politics.

For these tales, common gossip appears to be the source of information. We cannot judge of the accuracy of his likenesses, or of his facts; and, admiring as we do, his luminous, rapid, exhaustless, fearless style, and the, at least, verisimilitude of the portraits—of their acts, thoughts, conversations, situations—we must confess, the nearer they do approach to realities, the further must he be wandering, with respect to several individuals, and indeed, the mass collectively, from the precept of 'do as you would be done by.'

His countrymen—our countrymen and countrywomen—make too ludicrous a figure upon the stage on which he represents them. They seem, even those of superior rank, to carry abroad, and especially into Italy, all the boastful assumption which, at home, is the very synonym of vulgar descent, as if the blood of true gentility could not harbour it. A foreign land seems to elicit, in those we should deem least susceptible of the corruption, this most offensive blot in the character of John Bull. Perhaps the real superior cannot preserve the true gradation of superiority by the side of assuming compatriots without some strong degree of ostentation; and so the magnifying process extends from highest to lowest in the scale—preserving, with a keen sense of private rights, the mutual and original proportions. Thus the British raise their importance in the mass with respect to surrounding nations, tacitly conspiring for the purpose, and religiously forbearing, on their return home, to expose a weakness of which every one is conscious that he has exhibited an ample share—until this obliging gentleman, who doubtless has trodden his path too cautiously to leave vengeance an opening, lets out the secret, both in a general shape, and with most amusing illustrations.

'Il Amorofo' is the best of the long pieces, piquant and interesting. The volume entitled 'Zingari' is the next in flavour. 'Il Sbarbuto,' and lastly 'Il Politico' sum up the work;—and all are good.

Solitary Hours, by the Authoress of Ellen Fitzarthur, and The Widow's Tale.

The present volume will amply sustain the reputation which the writer acquired by her two previous performances. Indeed, consisting chiefly of shorter pieces, it may on that account be considered as more suitable to her genius; for her lyric effusions, and particularly the more meditative ones, greatly excel her attempts at narrative. Moral musings, where they are called forth by something familiar, and more especially by something domestic, flow from her pen with all the ease of an impromptu; and her poems of this cast evince by their originality, their vivid picturing, their expressive plaintiveness, and occasional energy, that a naturally poetic mind has unforcedly given vent in them to bosom feelings. Circumstances have evidently cast a melancholy shade over a spirit light by nature, and joyous and alive to fancy and humour; and yet this spirit has not been quite depressed by great vicissitudes of fortune, or even by severe inroads of personal sickness: for to those visitations the book bears witness that its writer has been exposed.

Of her cheerful views of nature, take the following specimen:

A fair place and pleasant, this same world of ours!
 Who says there are serpents 'mongst all the sweet flowers?
 Who says, every blossom we pluck has its thorn?
 Pho! pho! laugh those musty old sayings to scorn.
 If you roam to the tropics for flower's rich and rare,
 No doubt there are serpents, and deadly ones, there—
 If none but the rose will content ye, 'tis true,
 You may get sundry scratches, and ugly ones too.
 But prithee look there—could a serpent find room,
 In that close-woven moss, where those violets bloom?
 And reach me that woodbine (you'll get it with ease)
 Now, wisacre! where are the thorns, if you please?
 I say there are angels in every spot,
 Though our dim earthly vision discerneth them not;
 That they're guardians assigned to the least of us all,
 By Him who takes note if a sparrow but fall;
 That they're aye flitting near us, around us, above,
 On missions of kindness, compassion, and love—
 That they're glad when we're happy, disturbed at our tears,
 Distressed at our weaknesses, failings, and fears;
 That they care for the least of our innocent joys,
 Though we're cozened like children with trifles and toys;
 And can lead us to bloom-beds, and lovely ones too,
 Where snake never harbour'd, and thorn never grew.

Without losing sight of poetic interest, she can ascend to religious themes—a difficulty which few comparatively overcome.

"It is not death—it is not death
 From which I shrink with coward fear;
 It is, that I must leave behind
 All I love here.

It is not wealth—it is not wealth
 That I am loth to leave behind;
 Small store to me (yet all I crave)
 Hath fate assigned.

It is not fame—it is not fame
 From which it will be pain to part;
 Observe my lot,—but mine was still
 An humble heart.

It is not health—it is not health
 That makes me fain to linger here;
 For I have languish'd on in pain
 This many a year.

It is not hope—it is not hope
 From which I cannot turn away;
 Oh, earthly hope has cheated me
 This many a day.

But there are friends—but there are friends
 To whom I could not say, farewell
 Without a pang more hard to bear
 Than tongue can tell.

But there's a thought—but there's a thought
 Will arm me with that pang to cope;
 Thank God! we shall not part like those
 Who have no hope.

And some are gone—and some are gone
 Methinks they chide my long delay,—
 With whom, it seemed my very life
 Went half away.

But we shall meet—but we shall meet
 Where parting tears shall never flow;
 And, when I think thereon, almost
 I long to go.

The Saviour wept—the Saviour wept
 O'er him he loved—corrupting clay!
 But then he spake the word, and death
 Gave up his prey!

A little while—a little while
 And the dark graves shall yield its trust;
 Yea, render every atom up
 Of human dust.

What matters then—what matters then
 Who earliest lays him down to rest;
 Nay, "to depart and be with Christ,"
 Is surely best.

If this reminds any one of Montgomery, it is that their instruments are pitched to the same note; there is no imitation of any individual production of his. It bears resemblance to some pathetic breathings of the late Mrs. Tighe, but no farther than from the similarity of topics in the two. We can only find further space for these three stanzas, which will wake an echo in every heart which has felt affection and attachment.

I never cast a flower away,
 The gift of one who cared for me,—
 A little flower, a faded flower,—
 But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu
 To things familiar, but my heart
 Shrank with a feeling, almost pain,
 E'er from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word, "farewell,"
 But with an utterance faint and broken;
 An earth-sick longing for the time
 When it shall never more be spoken.

There are a few prose compositions in the book, which do not discredit the poetic part; they are lively and spirited, and show great command of language.

History of the Crusades against the Albigenes in the 13th Century, from the French of J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi, with an

introductory Essay by the Translator. 1826.

—Than the indefatigable Sismondi, whom all the world knows, and indeed respects, no man was ever more solicitous not to suffer himself to be lost sight of, or to be forgotten. We have him on every side of us—the most hic-at-ubique person we ever encountered, physically and *literally*—we were thinking of literature. Go to Geneva, you find him of course; return to Paris, it is his domicile; or come to London, and visit the hustings of Covent Garden, to re-elect the ‘glories of Westminster,’ and lo! there he is again; and as to the faculty of scribbling, scarcely emerging from laboriously disentangling the chaos of the Italian Republics, and analyzing the masses of Southern literature, he plunges into the depths of French history, and, while actually throwing up countless volumes of it, ever and anon, like a flying-fish, springing upwards in short flights to breathe a fresh air, we see him flinging before him and around him his lighter artillery—now rattling tirades against our blessed India Company for their oppressions, and at the Government for its connivance; and now discharging congraves at every nation of Europe, for deserting the virtuous Greek, and shrinking from a crusade; which, successful or unsuccessful, must furnish materials for a new history, and compel the exciting Quixote, in his softer character of historian, by-and-bye, in common consistency, to brand the follies and principles which prompted the fool’s errand. What magazine, again, is not fattening on the produce of his brain? What review, French, English, or Italian, shares not the redundancy of his fertilizing ink?

*Qui gurgis, aut quæ flumina lugubris
Ignara styli?*

The translator presents us with a preface of some length, in which he is manifestly alarmed about the re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy, and all its obsolete authority, not only in Ireland, but in England: he may be assured that no such danger is to be apprehended; if the Protestant church in England fall, it will fall, not by the efforts of the Catholic, nor will the Catholic replace it. The tendencies of the times are rather to the abolition of ecclesiastical establishments altogether; and the right point of alarm is not against Catholics, but against Deists.

Of Sismondi’s *History of the Crusades* little need be said. The story is well known; the subject is one of little interest now, nor is it susceptible of becoming so—we cannot apprehend a recurrence of like enormities. Sismondi’s narrative-power is most felicitous, generally, but the flow of the history of the Crusades is comparatively languid.

Aphorisms, Opinions and Reflections of the late Dr. Parr, with a Sketch of his Life. 1826.—A collaborateur of ours has very significantly suggested that there must be some

mistake about these aphorisms, and that, unexceptionable though they be, they must rather have been *old Parr’s* than *Dr. Parr’s*; and the truth is, that, with the exception of three or four characters, dissected with all the Doctor’s well-known skill and dexterity in this species of anatomy, never did there appear a more pitiful collection of ‘good things,’ where such collection was made for the very purpose of exhibiting proofs of extraordinary power, both of thought and expression. These aphorisms consist of extracts from the Spital Sermon, a Discourse on Education, and the Warburtonian Tracts, and very faithfully condense whatever could be found stale, flat, and even unprofitable, in those learned and laboured performances.

By the way, what are the Doctor’s biographers about? Afraid of each other? The Magazines are anticipating them all, and fairly exhausting the interest of the subject. They will be, or rather already are, forestalled, and their tardy publications will drop, as Hume said of his history, dead-born—which means, we suppose, unheeded—from the press. Is the Warwick preacher, all this while, elaborating proofs of Unitarianism? Is the Queen’s chaplain cutting down the sacerdotal robes into the philosopher’s kirtle? Is the smotherer of Henry Stephens shewing him up a miracle of discretion and gossiping? If so, it is reserved, we trust, for Dr. J. Johnson, with his ample materials, and the zealous aid of some of the Doctor’s warmest and ablest friends, to give us a fair and unprejudiced representation of a man whose heart—we speak with some knowledge of the excellent individual—was better than his head; whose benevolence surpassed his sagacity; whose power and facility of acquiring, extraordinary as they were, were outstripped by his force and felicity of communicating; but whose judgment was the sport of his passions, whose wit was at least a match for his prudence, and whose powers of benefiting mankind were frittered away by an amiable but weak compliance with the importunities of puny correspondents.

Twentieth Report of the Directors of the African Institution, read 19th May 1826.

—It has been asked, of what use is this society? What does it do, or what does it hope to do? Much; it collects and embodies intelligence respecting the trade; it keeps the subject alive; it stimulates the Government, who, unstimulated, would do nothing to urge other governments, and thus every way spreads materially and widely the sense of the intolerable iniquity of this intolerable traffic.

The present report has no strong and striking facts to produce, as irresistible evidence of the success of its labours: but the spirit and agency of the society are silently working; and they have the satisfaction of feeling, that all which has been

done, and is doing, is the effect, directly or indirectly, of their exertions.

The report embraces the existing state of the slave-trade laws, in the different countries which are, or have been, interested in the trade; the actual condition of the trade itself; and some few particulars relative to Sierra-Leone.

With respect to the existing state of the slave-trade law, *South America* has annihilated slavery itself—the only mode of annihilating the trade; *North America* has long ago declared the trade piracy, but still refuses to accede to the offer of mutual search; *England* has also declared the trade piracy, and till of late the law of England seemed complete and competent; but a doubt has arisen about the permanent emancipation of slaves, and that doubt has been acted upon to the prejudice of negroes. On their return to our colonies, after being in England, where of course they became free, and, as every body believed, free for ever, many of them have actually been re-enslaved; numbers have suffered through this piece of legal chicanery, and at this moment there are twenty-five at Antigua, waiting the decision of the Colonial court, which will, almost of course, decide in favour of the colonists. A specific enactment is thus demanded, which surely will not be delayed one instant on the meeting of Parliament. But, to return to our enumeration—the *Netherlands* have not pronounced the trade piratical, but they have prohibited it under severe penalties, and on the 23d December 1824 augmented materially, and more effectively, the severity of the penalties; *France* and *Spain* have, in like manner, prohibited the trade, but under inferior and inadequate penalties; and *Portugal* and *Brazil* have alone refused hitherto to brand the trade with illegality, and have done nothing, but restrict the trade to the supply of their own settlements, and to the south of the line. Brazil proposes, *by and bye*, to make the trade piracy at the end of a certain number of years; and Portugal has talked of doing the same forthwith, should she separate from Brazil. *Nous verrons*.

Such is the state of the law. What is the execution of it? Alas, with respect to several of these countries, any thing but consolatory, or rather any thing but sincere. Of England and America, and now of the Netherlands, there is little, nay, perhaps nothing, to complain; as to France and Spain, the trade might as well, or doubtless better, be protected as prohibited; and Portugal and Brazil appear to make no attempt whatever to enforce their own very insignificant restrictions.

The expense of watching the trade on the African seas falls mainly on England. America does something; the Netherlands do something; but the French squadron is frequently absent, and always inadequate; and Spain does not affect to send a single vessel for the purpose.

The trade on the western shores of Africa is almost wholly in the hands of French and Spaniards. Nantes is the great source of the trade. There are at least eighty vessels at that port notoriously engaged in the traffic. In January last the government laid an embargo on no less than forty, on suspicion of their being destined for the trade. How long they were detained we know not; but there is reason to believe that no single ship was finally turned out its purpose. The last report of the minister of marine stated that 364 vessels had been detained on the African seas, against 160 of which there had been no ground for any charge at all (a very likely story), sixty-eight were acquitted, and sixty-one condemned. These facts will give some notion of the magnitude of the French trade. To give the French ministry credit for sincerity is, in their own native phrase, impossible; why not accede to the proposal made by our Government of mutual search? *C'est impossible*; and not only 'impossible,' but the officers, it seems, are indisposed to carry the orders of the Government into effect.—Precious excuses!

Of the slave-trade in the Indian seas the report gives but little information; it waits the result of the parliamentary inquiry commenced last session. The numbers taken into the Isle de Bourbon are very considerable; 16,500 in 1823 were torn away from Mozambique for Brazil, and that enormous exportation, Capt. Owen assures us, in August 1825 was not diminished.

Of Sierra Leone also we have little, but confiding auguries of future good—may they be realized. The public may shortly expect the report of the commissioners, the substance of which we shall take care to lay before our readers as soon as it appears.

The report concludes with lamenting the deficiency of the funds. That deficiency amounts, it seems, to eight or nine hundred pounds; for the supply of which the directors make an earnest, and even a dolorous, appeal to the public, which will not, we trust, be made in vain. But so long, and so splendid is the list of vice-presidents and directors, that without meaning to insinuate any backwardness in them to open their own purse-strings, we could not but observe that ten or twelve pounds a-head would have covered the deficiency, and spared the somewhat unworthy appeal. Between two and three hundred pounds have been expended in protecting and supporting the five slaves who were taken out of the wreck at St. Ives some time ago, and in finally shipping off the three survivors for Sierra Leone. Surely this burden ought not to have fallen on a private society.

Παραδειγματα Ρωμαϊκῆς Ποιτικῆς.
Specimens of Romaic Lyric Poetry, with a Translation into English. By Paul Maria Leopold Joss. 1826.—These translations are no doubt faithfully rendered, as far as

regards the very slender portion of strength they contain; but if aught of energy, or smoothness, or melody, exists in the Roman—of which we will not pretend to judge—that has not been transfused. We never looked at more miserable namby-pamby, and can scarcely imagine the book either saleable or readable. The name of Greek poetry did just stir our curiosity to ascertain whether the boiling spirit of awakened heroism would impart genuine intensity to the conceptions—not the intensity of a pot-valiant bully, who breathes of freedom only by his threats, but of bold and vigorous thoughts evoked by stern resolves. We have no right, however, to expect good poetry during so mortal a struggle; the sound heads of the land have, or ought to have, a higher calling, a more imperious duty. The crescent must fade; freedom, safety, leisure—the first bright leisure that comes in delicious contrast with ages of dark destinies—the leisure that falls upon hearts, still full-nerved from recent exertions to taste the delights of the new condition, must dwell awhile beneath the ‘long, long summer day;’ and the children of Greece must have a land to sing for, before they will give utterance to their sweetest notes, or any notes fit for civilized Europe to listen to—not these sorts of tap-room strains—‘strike, strike’—‘down with the foe’—‘Greeks, rise and assert yourselves’—‘conquer or die’—‘down with the Moslem’—‘death or freedom’—with heartless school-boy allusions to Miltiades, Aristides, &c. &c.

Plain Advice to the Public, to Facilitate the Making of their own Wills, &c. By the Author of Plain Instructions to Executors and Administrators. 1826.—Any thing is welcome, in this lawyer-ridden country, which cuts off the necessity for employing the tribe. We have here a good manual, with the aid of which, unless in extraordinary and complicated cases, any one may himself safely and intelligibly bequeath, to whom and where he likes, whatever he may be able to scrape together. Here we learn first what a will is—somewhat superfluous; then who may and who may not make a will—nearly as much so; then comes, what is of real importance, the laws relative to the disposal of personal property, and of lands; to the publication of wills, of republication, of codicils, alterations, and witnesses; and finally follows a list of expedients for bequeathing property to the best advantage, which are neither more nor less than so many suggestions for evading stamp and legacy duties; and disapproving as we do of all such paltry and vexatious expedients for raising the public revenue, we are not sorry to give publicity to expedients which in any way tend to render them abortive. The suggestions are mainly these—leave no debts for executors to pay, because such debts must be included in the probate, and though a return of probate—*M.M. New Series.*—VOL. II. No. 10.

duty may be demanded, yet such are the difficulties thrown in the way, by the proofs required, that it is frequently better worth while to sit down content with the loss. Make a will by all means, for you save fifty per cent. on the probate-duty. If you want to leave a friend twenty pounds, leave him nineteen pounds nineteen shillings, and no ring, remember, or you will raise the value of the whole above twenty pounds, and the legacy-duty snaps you up; provide for natural children by land, freehold or copyhold, for that pays no duty, (oh the legislators!) and bequests of personalty to natural children—not to legitimate children, pay ten per cent. Thus the law punishes the child for the offence of the parent; for the penalty, we see, is such as the parent can readily evade; but if he neglect his advantage, that penalty falls irresistibly upon the child. How is this benefitting public morals?

Some sound formulæ are appended, to cut off all pretence from the testator for employing a lawyer. Let him remember the lawyer must be paid, and that payment deducts from the property.

Duke of York's Speech.—Mr. Walter Paton has published a copper-plate engraving of the Duke of York's speech in the House of Lords on the Catholic question, embellished with an admirable portrait in miniature (by Jackson) of his Royal Highness. As a specimen of ornamental penmanship, it is a work of very great merit; and, by rather an unusual combination of talent, with the exception only of the portrait, the whole piece is engraved, as well as written by Mr. Paton himself.

FOREIGN.

Bug-Jargal, par l'auteur de Han d'Islande. 1826.—This is an animated description of an incident in the first revolt of the slaves at St. Domingo in 1791. In a less perfect state, a few copies were printed and distributed among the writer's friends, five or six years ago, at a time when the affairs of Hayti excited but little interest. The recent discussions of those affairs in Paris, have induced the writer to work it up into its present finished state—with what particular view is not very obvious. The butcheries, callidities and cruelties of the negroes are described almost invividiously, but on the other hand he has put into the mouths of the leading negroes the most forcible representations of their wrongs and provocations; and the principal character of the tale is a very paladin, and qualified, in form and fashion, to figure among the heroes of any of the Miss Porter's romances. The story is vigorously told; it has all the air of a real event. The writer is a man of no common power.

Capt. D'Auverney is the favourite nephew of an opulent planter, and betrothed to his cousin, the daughter of the said opulent planter. The marriage is appointed

to take place on the 22d August—the day on which he comes of age. A few weeks before the consummation appear symptoms of a rival; the flowers with which he decks the favourite bower of Maria are removed, and replaced with others, by whom nobody knows; by-and-bye soft music is occasionally heard in the environs of the bower, and soon follow songs of a plaintive and amatory cast. D'Auverney resolves to watch the intruder; he places himself in ambuscade, and on the first sounds of the guitar, he rushes forward, and is himself suddenly flung to the earth by a powerful arm, a poignard glances at his breast, a double row of white teeth grins and gleams in the darkness, and a voice exclaims—'now I have you.' The purpose of the tall athletic form, that is just plunging the dagger in his breast, is suddenly suspended by the appearance of Maria at the window—'no, she would weep too much,' and forthwith he quits his victim. Again, in a day or two, the same music, and a new song, in which the singer speaks of himself as a negro, a king, a slave—still no discovery. A few days, and Maria is surprised in her bower by the approach of an enormous crocodile, and is rescued from his opening jaws by the interposition of a fine, powerful black, who is himself luckily preserved from destruction by the timely arrival of D'Auverney, who shoots the crocodile on the spot. Why did you kill him, exclaims the black, and instantly disappears, and nobody knows any thing about him. Search is made for him, to reward him with freedom, but all in vain. In a day or two, the old proprietor goes round his grounds, and finding one of his negroes sleeping, and pressing upon a rosebush, prepares to lay his whip about him, when his arm is arrested with some violence by the very black, who had recently rescued his daughter. In vain is the old man informed of that eminent service; in vain are all entreaties; the crime of lifting up an arm against an European is not to be forgiven; he is plunged into a dungeon. D'Auverney, with his bride, makes every effort to save the negro; he visits him privately in the prison. The negro proves to be his rival, and of royal blood; he carries himself resolutely, haughtily, mysteriously; he speaks like one having authority; he hints at his power of protection; bids him not defer the marriage till the 22d, and finally he and D'Auverney become sworn brothers. D'Auverney and his bride at last soften the old man, and the negro is released. The 22d of August comes, the marriage-ceremony passes; and as midnight approaches, sounds of alarm are heard, and the plantations are on fire, and the negroes on every side are in open revolt—Bug-Jargal at the head of it. D'Auverney, as an officer of militia, flies to his post, and on his return with assistance to protect his family, finds his uncle

butchered, the house in flames, and through the gleaming fires he sees his friend and brother, the colossal negro, bearing away Maria in his arms. Paralyzed at the sight, and exhausted with fatigue, he is unable to overtake him; Maria seems lost to him for ever. In a few days, he is taken prisoner in a skirmish, and carried before Biasson, a negro-chief, but subordinate to Bug-Jargal; he remains in the tent for some hours, and witnesses the conduct of that callous and crafty chieftain. An Obi, who has an overpowering influence with Biasson, demands the death of D'Auverney; and at the very moment when death seems inevitable, the mysterious negro, D'Auverney's treacherous friend, who proves to be Bug-Jargal himself, presents himself; all bend before him, and Biasson himself affects the extremest deference. A stormy scene of violence on the part of D'Auverney, and of forbearance on that of Bug-Jargal, follows. No explanation can be extorted from him of the fate of Maria; it is not the place for such explanation, and he declines giving it for the present. He demands of Biasson the release of D'Auverney, who is prevailed upon to go with Bug-Jargal to a distance for the sake of explanation. Within an hour they arrive at a cave, where D'Auverney finds Maria, with her nurse and an infant brother, placed there, and protected there, amidst the surrounding devastation, by Bug-Jargal, and treated by him with the utmost respect—D'Auverney is satisfied. But, unluckily, he had privately given Biasson his word of honour to return two hours before sun-set, and in spite of all the remonstrances of Bug-Jargal, and the implorings of Maria, he resolves to redeem his pledge. He resigns Maria to the noble negro, and returns to Biasson's camp, where the Obi is still as inflexible as ever in demanding his death; a discovery ensues—his persevering malevolence is explained—the Obi proves to have been a favorite dwarf of his uncle, who had played the part of buffoon for years, and had been treated with extraordinary indulgence, but who had cherished and fed a deadly hatred against him and his family for the degradation; he murdered with his own hand the uncle, and now thirsted for the blood of the nephew. Again, at the very moment when escape seems impossible, Bug-Jargal presents himself, and commands him to be released. A trial of power—of the regal and spiritual—follows between the chief and the Obi. The chief prevails and the Obi withdraws; but quickly returns, and watching the absence of Bug-Jargal, he rushes upon D'Auverney with a dagger, and missing his blow, falls down a precipice, but luckily catches and clings to a tree in his descent. From this perilous position he shrieks to D'Auverney for assistance, and by his entreaties and urgencies, and assurance of eternal gratitude, he prevails on him to

stretch out his hand to raise him. Suddenly the malignant demon seizes that hand in his grasp, and instead of attempting to save himself, he endeavours, with all his might, to pull down D'Auverney with him, who is critically rescued by the return of Bug-Jargal and his dog (who, by the way, plays a conspicuous part through the whole piece) at the very moment when the Obi, by his desperate struggles, had loosened

the tree by which he clung, and fell headlong down the precipice. All this while Bug-Jargal is a prisoner on parole, or on hostage. He had outstayed his time, and hastens to return to the French camp, where he finds his ten hostages on the point of being shot; and in the confusion that follows on his arrival, designedly or undesignedly, the noble negro himself is shot, and the scene closes.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REVIEW.

THE winter theatres have at length opened, and both are full of, at least, showy promises for the time to come. Both exhibited their claims by a previous list of performers, and in this tactique it must be allowed that Drury-Lane obtained the mastery. We find, in the Covent-Garden list, no new performers of note but Young and Sapio, while we perceive the loss of some valuable ones. Braham is gone, and Mrs. Glover and Miss Love have disappeared with him; the former lady certainly a most excellent actress in her particular lines of vulgar fashion and citizen shrewishness; and the latter a very pleasant specimen of *espèglerie*, and becoming every season a more dexterous performer; however, the muster-roll contains some very valuable names—Young and Charles Kemble, Jones and Farren, all public favourites, will fight the battles of the house with spirit, and we hope with success.

Since the recess, a change has taken place in the immediate management; the non-theatrical managers have retired, and the kingdom of Covent-Garden is now governed by a triumvirate: Charles Kemble, Fawcett, and Sir George Smart. But a divided government is not often the best contrivance for securing unity of action, and any one of the three would have probably been better than the three together. It has been announced that some of Shakspeare's tragedies are to be brought forward with peculiar splendour. So let it be; let Shakspeare be honoured in the highest place; but it should be remembered, that this is the very system by which the embarrassments of this stately theatre have been created in a principal degree. The late John Kemble's passion for magnificence, and his real homage for Shakspeare, of whose finest characters he was the finest representative that we shall probably ever see, exhausted the resources of the house on decorating the stage. He produced splendid shows, but left an exhausted treasury. In the same soaring spirit, he built a Grecian temple when he should have built an English theatre, and the burthen of this showy expenditure has left the proprietorship crushed under its inextricable oppression. We fully think, that the idea of expecting anything from regilding the banners, and re-

arming the lamp-lighters of the theatre, to astonish us by the worn-out majesty of Roman processions, is but a waste of time, money, and even of lamp-lighters. What can Covent-Garden do with the tragedies of Shakspeare without a tragic actress—and what can the tragedies of Shakspeare do with a town surfeited with even their excellence? Novelty is the very food, the life, the essence of theatrical success. The stupid Latin motto over the stage should be blotted out, and "NOVELTY" written in its place. It would be well for managers if they burned every book in their library older than the last half-dozen years, and determined to have something new, at whatever cost, risk, or trouble. Nay this system of having something new, let it be what it might, had been tried within memory, and found prodigiously successful. The very men are alive by whom it was supported: and though they are now worked out, still they are evidences of what could be done, and done without a miracle. Morton, Reynolds, and Colman are in the land of the living still; and though the one is nursing his gout, the other legalizing and licensing, and the third rearing turkeys and Swedish turnips—though they may never write anything endurable again—and though they were, in their general efforts, as far from true comedy as any five-act-farce writers on the face of creation, yet they kept up the ball; they enlivened the town, and, as the grand result of all, filled the treasury!

Morton is announced as writing a comedy for Covent-Garden; his generation are past, and we may not have many tears to weep over their extinction. His comedy will of course be an overstrained exhibition of overstrained character; nature upon the rack, and pelted with dry jokes, antiquated puns, and duplicate *double-entendres*. But it will have some peculiarities worth a laugh; unless (and the caveat is a necessary one, in his case), Morton should plunder from the French in his usual style. Literary robbery is, of course, not amenable to the Old Bailey, but if it were a crime punishable, even by fine and imprisonment, what would have become of Morton's personal liberty or purse during these last forty years. Impunity encourages crime, and we believe that there has been no

more unhesitating squeezers of a dozen French comedies into one English, or from three to six French *dramas* into one farce, than this clever compressor, in the memory of Parnassian petty-larceny. And as practice has made him more adroit, so has time made him more remorseless. It has been computed by experienced calculators, that his melo-drame of *Henri Quatre* cost the lives of from a dozen to twenty French pieces on the same eternal subject: and as to the butchery of harmless fictions, the actual "Massacre of the Innocents," that preceded the "Slave," independently of his plunder of all the speeches about "liberty and my country," that ever were spouted at the Crown and Anchor, the number was beyond all arithmetic. Kenny has a great name too in this line, and may be looked on as a very vigorous specimen of what can be done by "spoiling the Egyptians." Poole has no blushes on the subject, manfully scorns the pretence of smuggling, and carries his goods through the Dover Custom-House with the dignity of a licensed dealer. Still those are all clever fellows; they all have pleasantry, more or less; they all know the stage, even to the depth of the lowest trap, and the remoteness of the farthest back-scene; and they all have produced very amusing performances. Why is not every soul of them put in requisition, and compelled to exert the utmost of their plunders, to put their most ancient common-place books in desperate requisition, to fish up the wrecks of foundered plots from the bottom of their brains, and give the public something that will compensate them for facing the winter nights, and shivering within the walls of the Covent-garden "Coliseum."

Drury-lane has been active, though its new manager is playing the part of a second Columbus, and making discoveries along the east coast of America. He is the general exporter of theatrical live stock; and we shall probably see, in the course or a few years, the perfection of Mr. Gurney's steam-boat that goes without fire, water, or steam; and by the mere force of *instinct*, the Drury-Lane company transported *en masse* back and forwards every "spring and fall," between Bridges Street and the banks of the Hudson. Little Miss Povey, who used to play occasional Cupids, but whose forte was "cinder-wenches," and all the other sentimental parts of culinary life, has

just been spirited away to the "land of liberty." Macready, the very lord of lungs, and monarch of mouthing, had gone just before; having made the whole commercial tenderness of Liverpool dissolve in tears, by a speech, in which he told them that he "read Greek" to make him understand Shakspeare! an achievement which all his Greek has not yet achieved for this learned Theban. What other theatrical calamities may be in store to shake our souls, we can only conjecture; but we fear for the loss of Mr. Claremont by the next packet, and are already taught to shudder at the probable departure of Mr. West, alive as he is to "the infinite value of his reputation." But whoever has managed for the American manager, Drury-lane begins vigorously. It has engaged Braham, unrivalled as he still is; it has got Paul Pry, who once went by the name of Linton; and Miss Stephens; and an interesting acquisition in a Miss Tree, an actress of the higher comedy, and likely to be a fine performer. She has a striking stage face, a showy figure, and an animated expression. A multitude of new performances are promised, and the manager's portfolio is understood to be in a more plethoric state than has been known since the days of Thespis. Tragedy upon tragedy struggling to burst their paper bonds; comedies absolutely suffocating from mutual pressure, and several most excellent farces already stifled and slain; yet it is a bird of ill omen with us to see the first display a translation of a French melodrame translated from an English novel, itself translated from a black-letter romance. This child of many fathers, the "Dame Blanche," or "White Maid of Avenel," is unfortunately the first stake that Drury-lane flings down on the great dramatic hazard-table. We can wish it no success on this principle of the game: until a Frenchman has more brains than an Englishman, and French nature is more natural than English; or grimace, rant, and gun-powder are better than grace, force, and genius, we shall desire to see English plays on an English stage. It would be unfair to Stanfield to forget his fine work the "drop scene," a classic portico with a distant landscape: it is perfectly beautiful; we have seen nothing like it since Louthenbourg's day.

NEW MUSIC.

The Banquet, a collection of Songs, published for the purpose of contributing to the relief of the suffering Manufacturers of Glasgow. Music by H. C.—With such a praise-worthy motive for publication, we consider it as our duty to lend a helping hand, by introducing this little work to the notice of the London muse. This little book

consists of two songs, a waltz and a German duett. The first song, in F minor, is plaintive and pleasing; the waltz mediocre, the second little ballad, in 6-8 time, is common-place; the duett is the best composition in the volume; but what could induce H. C. to write to German words? a certain bar to the sale of the work.

"When the Birds are sleeping," *Cavatina*, sung by Mr. T. Cooke, composed by Aug. Meves. 2s. Willis and Co.—The opening of this song is as light and elegant a morsel of melody as any we recollect; and the return to it, at each point of the rondo, is extremely sweet: it is altogether a more beautiful ballad than we generally meet with; and we think will soon be very popular.

"Of all the Flocks the Fairest," composed by C. H. Wood, Small, and Co., Edinburgh.—"Stay, my Charmer," Do. Do.—"While the Breeze of the Morning," sung by Miss Noel. Do.—We should presume from the style of these songs, from the initials, and the manner in which we received them, that the composer is an amateur; if so they are highly creditable to him. The first is particularly light and pleasing, and worthy of better poetry—"Stay my charmer" is not equal to the former, either in melody or accompaniment. We should presume that the bundle of notes in the bass of the second bar is a misprint; the C, at the least, must be obliterated. The third song is undoubtedly the best concocted composition, and, in our opinion, the most elegant melody; but the first two bars and a half are, note for note, Horn's ballad of Burlington Bay, and a strong similarity runs through other parts of the air.

"Put round the bright Wine," sung by Mr. Pyne at the City Festivals, composed by Esther Elizabeth Fleet. 1s. 6d. Monro and May.—We regret that it is not in our power to pay Miss Fleet the compliments we would wish on the merits of this song; we do not doubt that it might meet the supreme approbation of the worshipful the cheese-mongers, or any other company, but it does not shew to advantage in black and white. Imprimis the style is completely *passé*; and secondly, which is a more serious charge, there are scarce any two bars which we cannot trace as old acquaintances; we do not mean to impute to the lady any intentional plagiarism, they were most probably remiscences floating in her brain of which she was herself unaware; a couple of instances will be more convincing than any other observation we can make. "And love," &c. bottom of page 2, vide T. Cooke's Old Adam. "Then a-far in dim shades," vide "Boy bring me wine," et passim vide Dibdin.

Piano Forte.

Fantasia on Airs in Winter's Sacrifice Interrompu, with Flute ad lib. J. B. Cramer. 4s. Cramer and Co.—The airs on which Mr. Cramer has founded this *Fantasia*, are so well known and so justly admired, from the introduction of the *Opferfest* in an English garb, that any observations on their beauty would be completely *de trop*. The selection it is almost unnecessary to say is made with judgment, and the arrangement simple and natural; indeed it is scarcely possible, without a perfect acquaintance with the opera, to distinguish the original music from Mr. C.'s additions, so perfect is the similarity of style. The lesson is easy of execution, and the flute accompaniment such as any amateur would with facility accomplish.

Brilliant Variations for the Piano Forte, on the favourite cavatina "Aurora che sorgerai." H. Hertz Opera 17. 5s. Willis and Co.—These very splendid variations exhibit almost as much originality as variations are capable of, with great brilliancy, and no small share of difficulty. Some of the passages are highly energetic and novel in effect, but they require a previous apprenticeship to the studi of this composer to give any moderate performer a chance of executing them. The introduction is in a more simple style than we should have expected from the general tenor of the composition. The variations are seven in number with a long coda; but it would be impossible to give any thing like an analysis within our compass. We think we have seen a foreign copy of this work, but if our publishers always make an equally good selection from the stores of our continental neighbours, they are entitled to as much credit as if they confined themselves to copyright productions.

Thirty-three Studies, or short Introductions for the Piano-forte, by E. Sims. jun. 5s. Goulding and Co.—It is unfortunate that Mr. Sims should have designated this work as studies, a term which certainly does not apply to them in the least, and may lead to disappointment in the purchaser; as preludes they are many of them excellent, and as a whole the work may compete with any that are published. The composer has given us abundant variety; one or two are quite in the organ style, and the modulations are sufficiently various to suit even a German ear.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Morley's Explosive Engine.—Very great interest having been excited in this country regarding a new explosive engine, generating a power that may be substituted for that of the steam engine, invented by Samuel Morley, of Oxford, New-Hampshire, the following letter, addressed by that gentleman to Professor Silliman, will, we trust, be found acceptable to our readers.

"DEAR Sir:—Having accidentally discovered that the vapour of water and that of spirit of turpentine, when mixed with a very great proportion of atmospheric air, were highly explosive, I have been endeavouring to produce therefrom a useful mechanical power, and embrace the earliest convenient opportunity to send you an account, and the result of some experi-

ments. I should hope they may, at least in part, find a place in your journal.

"Alcohol may be substituted for water, or added to it in any proportion. The vapour and atmospheric air, if placed in contact, will in time unite, as hydrogen gas and common air do, and become apparently as highly explosive. But the process by natural evaporation would be too slow, when the use or demand was very considerable, unless the reservoir was very large, when it would then be inconvenient, expensive, and unsafe. It was desirable to prepare or manufacture the article as wanted: in time it was effected. It was also very desirable (and there was not, to me, any apparent reason why it might not be effected,) to command or control the explosions, as we do those of gunpowder, although they are much more violent. Another most desirable object was, to unite in the same engine, if it possibly could be done, the effect or force of the explosion with that of the vacuum which always accompanies it, and that without rendering it too complicated, expensive, and unsafe. By pursuing a course very analagous to that adopted for the use of gunpowder, it was in a measure, or entirely, effected.

"The preparing part of the machine consists of a metallic vessel, or tube, so constructed that a stream or current of atmospheric air may pass freely through it, together with the vapour or gas to be made use of, both being impelled through a space interrupted by short turns, or other impediments, the object of which is to blend, mix, or unite them intimately with each other, by which process they are rendered highly explosive. This apparatus admits of an endless variety of forms. A description of one follows, which is found to be perfectly safe, and probably as convenient as any. Make a box of tin plates, four or five inches wide, and about fourteen long, and seven deep. Divide it horizontally into four or five compartments, by partitions, which extend from one end of the box to within a short distance of the other end, so that the air, entering the lower part, will be compelled, by the partitions, to travel the whole length of the box, through each compartment, in its ascent to the top; divide these compartments, by vertical partitions, running the whole length of the box, except at the beginning, or where the air enters and passes out, into spaces about half an inch apart, which have the double advantage of effecting, by their friction, a rapid mixture of the air and vapour with each other, and also of preventing violence in the explosion in the box, should one take place. A short tube for the admission of air, and other materials, into the lower apartment, and another for letting out the explosive or prepared air from the upper one, each covered with fine wire gauze to prevent explosion, will complete the pre-

paring vessel. The opening to this box should be about two inches in diameter.

"The exploding part of the machine also admits of a great variety of construction; the following may serve as a convenient one. Have a cylinder fitted with a piston or plunger, and connected with a crank shaft, as in the steam engine; let the lower end of the cylinder have a valve of at least half its diameter, opening outwards. This valve may be made of thin soft leather, of the same diameter as the cylinder; this leather is to be tied or fastened to the lower end of the working cylinder, so as to form a continuation of the same. The lower end of the leather cylinder or valve is to be flattened, so as to bring its inner sides together, for about four or five inches of its length, and kept in that position by light springs attached to the two edges of the flat part, placing it in a position much like that of a bow and bow-string. This valve is supported, or prevented from being driven into the cylinder, by a plate of metal, of sufficient thickness to bear the pressure of the atmosphere, arched or raised outwards, and perforated with as many holes as can be well made in it; the holes should be from about $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in diameter; the end of the cylinder forms the abutment to this arched plate. An air valve, also opening outward, is fixed in the side of the cylinder, just below the piston when down: a pipe from the preparing vessel is inserted or attached to the side of the cylinder, at from $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ of the length of the stroke from the top. This pipe should be as short as it can conveniently be, and it should be furnished with a valve next the preparing box, to cut off the communication with it, and a small valve about half an inch in diameter, next the cylinder, to let the inflammable air communicate with the flame of a lamp, so as to take fire, and communicate by the trail to the charge in the cylinder. These valves also open upwards, but as the explosion meets with so little resistance below, they are never thrown upwards; they are worked by beams on the crank shaft, as is also the air valve, or by any other convenient mode. To give a double stroke, it will require two cylinders fitted up in this way, communicating with the same preparing vessel and crank shaft. When vapour is intended to be used, put a little alcohol, or high proof spirit, either alone, or with the addition of a small portion of spirit of turpentine, or put in spirit of turpentine and water, or other materials conveniently capable of evaporation, and the vapour of which is inflammable when mixed with atmospheric air, into the lower apartment of the preparing vessel; the proportion of each is not very material. Apply a small lamp, or other heating substance, to raise the temperature to about blood heat, and place the flame of a lamp at the inflaming valve. The piston being down, in its

ascent would form a vacuum under it; this is prevented by opening the air valve which supplies the cylinder with common air, until the piston reaches the pipe from the preparing vessel; it then closes, and the vapour valve supplies the remainder of the cylinder, through the preparing vessel, with explosive air, and just before the piston is up, say about $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch, the vapour valve closes at the same time that the inflaming valve opens and shuts, the piston being then still rising, draws or turns the flame of the lamp at the firing valve, though the opening into the pipe, inflames the trail, and it is instantly communicated to the charge in the cylinder; the explosion that ensues drives out the air from within the cylinder, through the perforated arched plate and leather valve at bottom, which valve instantly collapses and prevents the return of the air. The steam, formed by the explosion and formation of the vacuum, is condensed, by keeping the lower part of the cylinder cool by surrounding it with water, and suffering the vacuum to inject a small stream of cold water near the bottom, which also keeps the arched plate and leather valve cool. A vacuum under the piston instantly follows the explosion, which descends by the pressure of the atmosphere, and carries the crank with it, while the same process is repeated in the second cylinder, and the power is taken from the crank-shaft, or piston-rod, as in the steam-engine. When the temperature is low, smaller charges will produce the same effect, if a thin metallic plate of the same diameter of the piston be introduced into the cylinder, called the charging piston. It is fitted with a small rod, which moves through a stuffing-box in the main piston, so tight that the friction will support its weight. This charging piston is prevented from rising higher than the vapour-pipe, by its end striking against a stationary point in its ascent, and forming a partition between the compound air in the cylinder and the common atmospheric air, thereby preventing so great a mixture of atmospheric air in the cylinder as to lessen the effect of the explosion.

"When the temperature of the box is so high as to give off too great a proportion of vapour, the engine works better by stopping entirely the working of the charging piston, but not with so good economy. This charging piston should be fully perforated with small holes, lest by accident it should not rise with the working piston, as well as to let the explosion pass freely through it to clear the cylinder. Wire gauze should also be placed between the vapour and inflaming valve, to prevent explosion in the box, should the vapour valve not close in time. When hydrogen gas is intended to be used, an apparatus, similar to Professor Hare's compound blow-pipe, may be attached to the engine, to throw the air and gas into the preparing box.

"A box of the form and size before mentioned appears to be sufficient to prepare air fast enough, with a small lamp, to furnish from fifty to one hundred charges per minute, for a cylinder of seven or eight inches in diameter, having a two foot stroke, the box being in use only one-quarter part of the time; it of course would supply four such cylinders if the air was constantly blown or drawn through it. To keep up the temperature of the box would, in that case, probably require more heat; but it does appear that the more rapidly the air is made to pass over the liquors, the more rapidly it takes up vapour at the same temperature.

"The following are some of the methods I have successfully adopted, in producing a power from this same source.

"I have caused the air, by the effect of the explosion, to be compressed over a column of water, to such a degree as to throw it to a great height and distance.

"I have, in a measure, reversed it, and by forming a vacuum in a vessel above, the water would be driven up by the pressure of the atmosphere.

"I have caused the explosion to compress, in a reservoir, a quantity of atmospheric air, and made use of that compressed air for working an engine, similar to a double-stroke high-pressure steam engine.

"This mode will make it perfectly safe on account of fire, as the compressed air may be led, in tubes, any distance, before it works the engine.

"Sometimes I have made a valve in the piston to open upwards, and fill the cylinder below the piston with the prepared air, and when the piston is about half-way up the cylinder it is at the height of its working stroke; the explosion then takes place; the effect is, that the quantity of air above the piston is nearly doubled; its elasticity or force is also greatly increased, by a great increase of its temperature; it now re-acts on the piston, while a vacuum below adds greatly to the effect. This mode acts with great energy in a small space.

"I have attached to the working piston thin tubes, about $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch in diameter, open at top, each one of which is directly over, and enters one of the tubes of a condenser attached to the bottom of the cylinder, which tubes are $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in diameter. The prepared air, as usual, is let into the cylinder near the upper end; as the piston rises it fills with the prepared air the upper part of the tubes and the spaces around them, and when the piston is nearly up the explosion takes effect, but the tubes prevent all violence.

"At or near all of those springs which are constantly giving off hydrogen gas, engines may be erected (substituting the gas for that of the vapour of the liquors) to work constantly, for every desired mechanical purpose. The engines can be placed in any chosen situation, by only conducting

the gas through tubes; and if desired, the air and gas may pass in due proportion through the tubes together, which, with a few short turns, will insure its suitable preparation, although the distance should be short.

"The explosive vapour engines will work without any fire, when the temperature of the weather, in the sun or in the shade, is about 80 or 90°, provided the charge be inflamed by the electric spark. With a due proportion of ether, according to the temperature of the weather, it is probable that the engine will work at any time, with only a lamp to inflame the charge.

"The less is the proportion of alcohol the higher temperature will be required. So again, the more turns, back and forth, the air makes in contact with the liquor in the box, the lower temperature will be required to prepare it. If the temperature of the box gets down to about 70°, the spirit of turpentine refuses to come over at all, or at least in sufficient quantity to give energy to the explosion. I have lately substituted a plunger in lieu of the piston, and attach the stuffing to the top of the cylinder; it works well and is more convenient. A small bellows is convenient in putting the engine in motion, or the explosive air may be blown into the cylinder, and inflamed, to warm it and commence the operation.

"A very easy mode to try an experiment, for the purpose of preparing this explosive air mechanically, is to have made a few feet of inch tubes, of common tin plates. These tubes should be turned, once in about a foot, at right angles, and the long part should be filled with small tubes, about a quarter of an inch in diameter. If air is made to pass through this crooked tube, while it contains a single spoonful of high proof whisky and spirit of turpentine, with a proper temperature, it comes out highly explosive, if the current is forced through by a hand-bellows, with ever so much velocity. As we now construct the engine and preparing vessel, it is impossible that an explosion can take place that will injure any one. A few drops of these liquors, on a board in the sun, with a tumbler inverted over them, will explode in a short time, if a flame is applied.

"It will not, I trust, appear surprising, that these improvements are patented.

"I am, dear Sir, yours most respectfully,

"SAMUEL MOREY.

"P. S. I am sensible that a drawing ought to accompany this paper, but at present it is out of my power to furnish one."

Aërostatics.—A gentleman of the name of Genet, a contemporary of Montgolfier, but much younger, has obtained a patent in America for the application of the "aërostatic power," by which he undertakes to raise or lower canal boats, on an inclined plane, between a water level and a higher level, with or without water. He

will propel boats on a high level destined of water, and lower them to a water level. He will raise or lower carriages on railways from one level to another, relieve steam-boats stranded or grounded, &c. Combining, also, both aërostatic and hydrostatic powers, he will raise or lower canal boats to or from a high vertical altitude, raise vessels stranded and other heavy bodies from under water; also on land by means of hydrostatic cranes. He will direct how to prevent ships from sinking, &c.; and finally he will protect or guard steam-boats against shoals and rocks, &c. We really mean nothing disrespectful by the allusion, but we believe Munchausen raised the College of Physicians by a similar proceeding.

Oriental Literature.—It is reported that Mr. Fraehn, of Halle, is composing a catalogue of Oriental manuscripts which are known to exist, but which have not yet been found. This catalogue is to be distributed among ambassadors, consuls, and travellers whose destination is Africa or Asia, and will be of considerable utility in directing their researches.

Zoology.—A new species of dory, to which the name of *Zeus Crinitus* has been attached, drifted in March last to the shores of Block Island, United States. The length is five inches and a half, the depth more than three inches and three quarters, the thickness, as in most of the dories, very inconsiderable; but without entering into the detail of the genus, the specific character of this species consists in having seven rays to the first dorsal fin, six of which are long, and five long rays to the forepart of the anal fin.

Cochineal and Silk-worms.—In many towns in the southern provinces of Spain great pains are being taken to naturalize the cochineal insect. The Economical Society of Cadiz have succeeded in this useful enterprize beyond their hopes. In Murcia and in Carthage attempts, accompanied with the most fortunate results, have been made. This precious insect feeds upon the leaves of a particular sort of cactus, which for some centuries has thriven in Andalusia, and seems to form impenetrable hedges round the vineyards and olive plantations. In Murcia, likewise, the Chinese or white silk-worms have been introduced, the produce from which is superior both in quantity and quality to that from the common worms. This important improvement is due to the zeal of Don Thomas Serrano, who, after a life devoted to the happiness of his country, has been forced to seek at Gibraltar an asylum against the persecutions of the servile faction. This enlightened patriot is also the inventor of an ingenious preparation by which the love-apple (Tomato) retains for an indefinite time its perfume and its qualities, and in a small compass can be transported to considerable distances. The

process consists in pulverizing the fruit after it has been dried in the sun, or in an oven. To preserve the powder thus produced, it is sufficient to prevent its being exposed to the air.

Solar Spots.—The late amiable and highly-gifted astronomer Sir William Herschel, with the diffidence which is invariably the characteristic of superior merit, hinted at the probability that there existed some connexion between the solar spots and the temperature of our atmosphere. Some observations of M. Arago have confirmed this supposition; and from a journal of the solar spots which has been kept for these last six months at Chislehurst, it appears that no maculæ were visible in the month of April before the 30th. During May the spots were numerous (amounting in one instance to 11), but very small. In June they were fewer in number, but of considerable size. In July they diminished both in magnitude and number, but in August they increased in both to an incredible extent, on two occasions 30 being visible at once. On the first of September 20 were to be seen at the same time, but from that period the face of the sun remained free from any until the 23d, when three were observed, which have not as yet disappeared. How closely the temperature of the respective months has corresponded to these phenomena is too much a matter of general experience, to need our inserting the register of the thermometer.

Compression of Gases.—The law which was first deduced from the experiments of the famous Boyle, by his friend Richard Townley, but which Mariotte discovered at the same time by an experiment of his own, and which is known by his name, viz. that the spaces occupied by elastic fluids are in the inverse ratio of the degrees of pressure which they suffer, has hitherto been demonstrated by strict experiment for very small degrees of pressure only. Professor Oersted, of Copenhagen, has recently determined that this law is applicable to all kinds of gases, and to all degrees of pressure under which the gases retain their aeriform state; and moreover that the compression of liquid bodies reducible to drops is, as far as his experience yet goes, subject to the same law—the compression and the compressing power seeming to bear a direct relative proportion. And we may therefore assume, that the gases converted into liquids reducible to drops begin again to follow the same law to which they answered as gases; and if this should be confirmed by further experiments, it may be said that the compression of a body ceases to conform to these rules only in its moment of transition from one state of aggregation to another.—*Philosophical Magazine.*

Meteors.—On the 31st of March a brilliant meteor was seen at Newhaven, in the United States, and this was followed the

next evening by another which passed more to the south. The former appeared at some point far east of south. In Azimuth S. 12. E. its altitude was 43° , and it vanished between S. 50° W. and S. 68° W. at an altitude of 23° . At the end of its course it exploded, and threw off parts which were seen to fall. There can be but little doubt that these were meteoric stones, which have fallen somewhere in the southern parts of New York, in New Jersey, or possibly in Long Island Sound. The sound of the explosion reached the ear 4 minutes 25 seconds after the vanishing of the meteor. From the interval between the explosion and the report, and from the suddenness of the passage, which occupied about 5 seconds, it is obvious that 60 miles from the observer would lie but little beyond its distance at the moment of explosion, that 24 miles a second would not exceed its velocity. Its nearest distance to the earth's surface may have been within 80 miles, or even less.

Polish Coin.—The Emperor Nicholas has decided that the coin in Poland shall always bear the effigies of the Emperor Alexander, to whom this kingdom is indebted for its restoration: a grand and important work, which he intended to complete whenever the general circumstances of Europe became more favourable. The execution of this noble design remains entrusted to his successor, who has testified an almost religious anxiety to comply with his most secret wishes. The gold and silver coin will present on one side the likeness of the late emperor and king, with a laurel crown upon his head, and with this inscription in the Polish language—"Alexander I. Emperor of Russia, restorer of the kingdom of Poland (1815);" on the other side, in the midst of a crown of oak, is inscribed the value of the piece; beneath the crown these words: "Nicholas I. Emperor of all the Russias, reigning king of Poland." The copper money will not be changed.

Adhesion of Glue.—From some experiments on the adhesion of glue, instituted by Mr. Bevan, and an account of which he has inserted in the last number of the *Philosophical Magazine*, it appears that a force of 1,260 pounds applied at eight angles to the surfaces in contact, was required to separate two cylinders of dry ash-wood of 1.5 inches diameter, and about 8 inches long, after they had been glued together 24 hours. The pressure was applied gradually, and was sustained 2 or 3 minutes before the separation took place. The force of 715 pounds would therefore be required to separate one square inch. The force required to separate dry Scotch fir wood was 562 pounds to the square inch, so that if two pieces of this wood had been well glued together, the wood would have yielded in its substance before the glue. The cohesion of solid glue was 4,000

pounds to the square inch, from which it may be inferred that the application of this substance as a cement is susceptible of improvement.

Botany.—Description of the *Grevillea-num Serratum*, a new genus belonging to the order musci. Generic characters: *seta* terminal; *peristome* double; outer teeth 16, broadish, acute; inner 64, subhorizontal, somewhat bent, free at the apex. *Calyptra* glabrous, opening laterally; base tubular sheathing the neck of the capsule; apex closed acute. This singular and distinct genus is named in honour of Dr. Robert K. Greville, of Edinburgh, author of the *Flora Edinensis*, and one of the most distinguished muscologists of the present day. It can be easily recognized by the characters above given. The numerous teeth of the inner peristome are always distinct at the base, but in the young state they cohere slightly at the apex, where they appear to be held together by transverse bars, which separate as the capsule becomes mature. The calyptra is closed at the top, and has a short mucronate point. Its longitudinal opening is scarcely more than one-third of its whole length, through which the capsule escapes while in a very young state. Its base forms a sheath, which closely embraces the neck of the capsule and summit of the seta. When, however, the capsule become sold, the calyptra, still sheathing the seta, falls down to the base of the latter, and there remains among the leaves.

G. Serratum.—Stem erect, simple. Leaves lineal-lanceolate, acute, crisped when dry. Lid hemispheric, yellow, without a beak. Capsule cylindric, curved, sub-horizontal. Teeth of the peristome yellow. *Hab*: rocks in shady places, a mile west of Troy. Stems about an inch and a half in height, simple, bearing a considerable resemblance in habit to a *Bartramia*. Leaves numerous, nearly half an inch in length, crisped and rigid. *Seta* dark chestnut brown and shining. *Silliman's Journal*.

American Coal.—Much attention having been recently bestowed in America upon the anthracite coal of Rhode Island, the following particulars regarding it have been published by Professor Silliman:—This anthracite is ignited without difficulty. The best method of burning it is in the iron furnace or stove, lined with fire-bricks; and unless previously dried, it burns with an abundant and bright red flame. The heat it produces is intense and of long continuance. The gas emitted by it is light carbonated hydrogen, mixed of course with carbonic acid gas. And in general the Rhode Island anthracite, although dissimilar in appearance, is very similar in its effects to the anthracites of Pennsylvania. The colour of it is steel grey. Its composition is as follows:—100 grains contain from 90 to 94 grains of carbon, the rest according to Dr. Meade being iron and earth.

100 grains contain, Carbon.....	90
Water.....	4.90
Oxides of iron and manganese..	2.50
Loss.....	43

100

In another specimen Professor Vanuxem found 100 grains afforded—

Carbon.....	77.70
Water.....	6.70
Sibex.....	8.50
Oxides of iron and manganese..	7.10
alumina a trace	

100

Professor Vanuxem found the composition of the Lehigh anthracite was

Carbon.....	90.1
Water.....	6.6
Sibex.....	1.2
Alumina.....	1.1
Oxides of iron and manganese..	0.2
Loss.....	0.8

100

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

Astronomical Society of London.—Meeting in June.—The reading of the paper communicated by the Rev. Fearon Fallow, astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, on the small transit instrument, was concluded. There was read an appendix to a former paper on the latitude of the Royal Observatory, by the Astronomer Royal. From 720 observations of the pole star made during the last 18 months, the co-latitude of the observatory is deduced $38^{\circ} 31' 21'' \cdot 045$. Also a summary of the observations made for the determination of the latitude of the observatory at Wilna, by M. Slawinski. From 260 observations made in the months of October and November, 1825, the latitude re-

ferred to the centre of the transit instrument is $54^{\circ} 40' 59'' \cdot 09$ deduced by comparison with Bessel, and $54^{\circ} 41' 0'' \cdot 05$ by comparison with the Nautical Almanac. The greatest of these determinations is less by about $2''$ than the latitude of the same observatory as given by M. Slawinski's predecessors, Poczobut and Sniadecki. Also micrometrical observations of the planet Saturn, made with Fraunhofer's largerefractor at Dorpat, by Professor Struve. The same paper also details the results of micrometrical measurements of Jupiter and its satellites, made with the same instruments. On the same evening an account of some observations made with a twenty feet reflecting telescope, by J. F. W. Herschel, Esq., foreign secretary to

the society, was terminated. This valuable communication is divided into four sections. The first contains descriptions and approximate places of 300 new double and triple stars, and briefly describes the method of differences employed in sweeps of the heaven. The three remaining sections comprize observations of the second comet of 1825; an account of the actual state of the great nebula in Orion compared with those of former astronomers; and observations of the nebula in the girdle of Andromeda.

FOREIGN.

Paris. Institute. Academy of Sciences.—

June 5.—The Academy of Sciences decided that none of the compositions for the prizes of experimental physiology, and that for improving the medical art, both founded by M. de Montyon, were entitled to receive them; but adjudged various sums to encourage their authors to further exertion. The astronomical prize, founded by Delalande, was assigned to Captain Sabine, for his work on the pendulum. The prizes were then proposed for the ensuing year, and afterwards M. Cuvier read an historical eulogium upon M. Lacepède. M. Beudant a memoir on the importance of the mineral kingdom with regard to its applications. M. Fournier an historical eulogium upon M. Breguet. M. Dupin a memoir on the sense of hearing, considered as an instrument for measuring, as applied to the arts and to letters.

June 12.—M. Billerey, of Grenoble, sent a work, entitled "An historical, scientific, and polemical memoir on a new water-warmer by means of steam, by the intervention of a condensing re-

ceiver placed in the middle of a reservoir filled with this liquid:" referred for a verbal report to M. Dulong. M. Bremmer forwarded a paper upon magnetism: referred to Messrs. Ampere and Fresnel. The sections of Mechanics, Geography, and Geometry, were required to assemble to nominate candidates for the places of correspondents vacant by the death of MM. Reichenbach, Lævenhorn, and Kramp. M. Solier presented an outline of some experiments which he began, to determine the action of the sun upon the colour of flowers. M. Michelot apprized the Academy that M. Billaudel, a government engineer at Bourdeaux, had discovered, in a quarry on the banks of the Garonne, a cavern, wherein he collected a considerable heap of bones of different animals; among which he distinguished the jaw-bones of the hyena, the lion, a tiger, and the badger, bones of the ox, &c. &c.

June 19.—M. Despretz explained some experiments he had instituted upon heat, and inquired if the Academy thought it of use for him to continue them—(referred to Messrs. Guy Lussac and Arago). Some specimens of ink to prevent forgery and resist decay, were presented.

June 26.—A letter was read, stating that M. Mascagni, professor of anatomy at Florence, had long since published many discoveries which were now announced as new: viz. 1. The use of the alkaline bicarbonates to saturate the acids formed in the stomach. 2. The alcalescence imparted to the urine by these salts when taken in liquids. 3. The dissolution of the stone in the bladder, by means of these salts. Many other communications were read, but of inferior interest.

POLITICAL OCCURRENCES, &c.

THE agricultural and commercial interests appear throughout the last month to have been engaged in desperate conflict with each other. The opening of the ports for the admission of foreign grain has set the landowners in motion: the cry now is that the farmers and great landed proprietors are suffering, while in commerce a slight reaction is perceptible. In the northern manufacturing districts especially, this reaction is daily becoming more and more apparent: at Sheffield commerce is springing up, like a phoenix, from its ashes: at Macclesfield, the great nursery of the silk-trade, the demand for goods is brisker than has been known for months; while Manchester daily decreases in the number and sufferings of its paupers. Such accounts are satisfactory; indeed were it not for them, we know not, as the year is now rapidly declining towards winter (and that winter threatens to be an early and a severe one), what the poor half-starved manufacturers would do. The consequences would most pro-

bably be fatal to thousands. While, however, commerce in England appears (to use a Stock Exchange phrase) to be looking up; Ireland—unfortunate Ireland, still remains sunk in the lowest possible abyss of degradation and decay. In addition to the usual miseries consequent on a failure of the potato crop, together with the extinction—we may almost use that word—of trade, pestilence has added its horrors; so that, between both, this "doubly blessed" island stands a fair chance of being utterly and irrecoverably ruined. "Mayo," says a Carlow paper, "is rising from one end to the other;" a Westmeath journal assures us that there is "every symptom of an approaching general rebellion;" while the majority of the provincial papers are replete with dreadful accounts of a regularly organized band of Rockites. It is clear that things cannot long go on in this fashion; whatever may be the opinion and indifference of the British Government towards Ireland. On the Continent all is

quiet, except at Constantinople, where the flag of rebellion is yet unfurled: the Sultan, who appears to be a monarch of infinite vigour and strength of mind, daily strangles—or causes to be strangled—a few refractory hundreds, so that the city presents the appearance of a vast unsanguined slaughter-house. A curious anecdote is told of this Turkish despot. During the late insurrection of the Janissaries, it happened that the sacredness of the seraglio was invaded, and some of the ladies exposed to public gaze; this by the laws of the country was considered so heinous a degradation, that the females thus exposed were instantly sewed up in sacks and thrown headlong into the Propontis, after which the court went into general mourning for them, the Sultan himself setting the example of affliction. In Greece, affairs seem to have taken of late a rather more favourable turn than heretofore. Ibrahim Pacha, notwithstanding the gloomy anticipations excited in the breasts of all lovers of liberty by the siege and capture of Missolonghi, has suffered the season to pass by without any further attack on his part; which interval has, we hear, been spent by the Greeks in active preparations for the ensuing campaign. May they be finally successful. With respect to Russia, all is at present tranquil: the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas (at which his elder brother Constantine attended) has taken place at the Kremlin in Moscow, and entirely

banished all thoughts of the recent state executions. On this occasion the Duke of Devonshire distinguished himself by the pomp and magnificence of his embassy, fully worthy of the great nation whom he represented. Throughout France, and more especially in the diplomatic circles of Paris, the visit of Mr Canning, to Paris has created great sensation. Some say that he has merely gone on a private visit to his friend Lord Granville, others that he is engaged in some important transactions with M. de Villele, relative to the Portuguese affairs: while the majority of the journals—English as well as French, honestly confess that they know nothing at all about the matter. Portugal, indeed, requires little or no assistance; for she has satisfactorily established a regency, under whose auspices the kingdom exhibits every proof of prosperity. But with respect to Spain, the case is totally different: that unhappy country is still tossed to and fro, like a foundering vessel, on the waves of anarchy, without either the hope or the prospect of escape. A few weeks since, a man was taken up at mid-day in the street of Saragosa, for smiling; as if laughter were as seditious as it is novel in Spain. The sole remedy for this afflicted country must be in the decapitation of the fiend Ferdinand; till that event takes place, “a consummation devoutly to be wished for,” nothing can be done.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

G. A. LEE, ESQ.

THIS gentleman, distinguished by the superior qualities of his mind, by the force and excellence of his character, and by the high place which may be justly assigned to him amongst those who have contributed to the prosperity of our national manufactures, was the brother of Mrs. Sophia and Mrs. Harriet Lee, two ladies well known to the public by many literary productions of a high class of merit.

Mr. Lee was born in the year 1761. With a mind trained to, and highly susceptible of the delights and elegancies of literature, he became early imbued with a love of the sciences, and was afterwards remarkable for the extent and precision of his acquirements. Initiated, while a youth, in the art of cotton-spinning, which was then beginning to feel the impulse of Sir Richard Arkwright's grand inventions, he gave to those inventions, in machinery constructed under his inspection, all the advantages of correct and excellent workmanship. Notwithstanding his partiality to the use of water as a moving power, he became fully sensible of the superiority of the steam engine soon after it had received the improvements of Mr. Watt; and, assisted by that gentleman and his partner Mr. Boul-

ton, he caused to be constructed, under the firm of Philips and Lee, at Manchester, engines which exhibited the finest specimens of mechanism, conducted upon a well arranged system, and combining the essential requisites of regularity and constancy of motion, with a studied and wisely directed economy.

Mr. Lee was the first to improve upon the fire-proof mills of his friend Mr. Wm. Strutt, by the employment of cast-iron beams; and he was also amongst the first to render the security still more complete by employing steam for warming the mills in winter. By his recommendation, the workmen raised amongst themselves a fund for mutual relief during sickness; and, as appeared in evidence before the House of Commons, such was the benefit derived from the plan, that, amongst a thousand work-people whom the establishment comprized, not more than five pounds had been distributed throughout one year in the form of poor-rates.

When the experiments of his friend Mr. Murdock on the illuminating power of gas from coal, were made known to Mr. Lee, he was instantly struck with their importance; and, at the expense of several thousand pounds, he lighted upon the new principle the large building which he had

erected in conjunction with his partners. The result was completely successful, and led to the almost immediate adoption of gas in large manufactories.*

Mr. Lee was eminent for the clearness, sagacity, and systematic regularity of the arrangements by which he conducted the great manufacturing establishments over which he presided. In his mercantile dealings he was distinguished by coolness and solidity of judgment, a high sense of probity and honour, and the most comprehensive views of commercial policy. In private he was a man of deep feeling, sincere and steady in his friendships, disinterested and unostentatious, generous and benevolent. He retired from active life at a period when he had a reasonable prospect of enjoying for many years the resources of a well-stored and still vigorous mind; but he was ere long attacked by a painful and lingering disease, which at length brought to a close his useful and honourable career. He died on the 5th of August, at his house at Singleton Brook, near Manchester.

Mr. Lee married, in the year 1803, Mary, the youngest daughter of the late Rev. John Ewart, of Iroquise. That lady died in 1812, leaving five children, three of whom survive.

THE HON. C. H. HUTCHINSON.

The Honourable Christopher Hely Hutchinson, M.P. for the city of Cork, who died at Benlond House, Devonshire Hill, Hampstead, on the 26th of August, after a lingering illness, was a younger brother of the late Earl of Donoughmore, and also of the present Lord Hutchinson.

The Helys and the Hutchinsons are families of ancient standing in Ireland. Francis Hely, Esq., grandfather of the subject of this sketch, was an attorney of some eminence. His son, John Hely, was a man of transcendent abilities and insatiable ambition. He commenced his public career as an advocate, and realized a fortune of at least £80,000 by his professional efforts. He was called to the bar in 1748, and returned to parliament for Lanesborough in 1759; and for the city of Cork in 1761, which he continued to represent until his death in 1795. He was appointed prime-serjeant at law in 1762; provost of Trinity college, Dublin, in 1774; and secretary of state for Ireland in 1777. It was this gentleman of whom it was said, that if the King would give him Great Britain and Ireland he would beg the Isle of Man for a kitchen-garden. He married, in 1751, Christiana, daughter of Lorenzo Nixon, of Murny, in the county of Wicklow, Esq., and niece and heir of Richard Hutchinson, of Knocklofty, in the county of Tipperary, Esq. Mr. Hutchinson was the descendant of an ancient family of

English origin, of whom Christopher Hutchinson, Esq., the first of the family in Ireland, had a grant from Queen Elizabeth of the priory of Cahir and its possessions. Mr. Hely, soon after his marriage with Miss Nixon, assumed the name of Hutchinson; and at a subsequent period, in return for the splendid fortune brought him by his wife, he had the satisfaction of procuring her elevation to the peerage. On the 16th of October, 1783, she was created Baroness Donoughmore, of Knocklofty, in the county of Tipperary, with remainder to her heirs male by her then husband. Of a family of six sons and four daughters by this marriage, the late Earl of Donoughmore was the first son; Lord Hutchinson the second; and Christopher Hely Hutchinson, the late member for Cork, the fifth.

Mr. Hutchinson was born 5th of April, 1767. He was not bred to any profession; but, devotedly attached to his brother the general, now Lord Hutchinson, he, without possessing any military command, or the remotest prospect of any appointment whatsoever, accompanied him during Sir Ralph Abercrombie's—or rather the Duke of York's—short but memorable campaign in Holland, in the early part of the late war of the revolution; and, with an unabated zeal highly honourable to the affection of both brothers, he afterwards, in the year 1801, attended General Hutchinson to Egypt, unappalled by distance and fatigue, and unterrified by the idea of disease and death. It has been remarked, indeed, that the Hutchinsons have always resembled the bundle of sticks in the fable, and attained an increased degree of strength by their cohesion.—In consequence of a dispute originating in a contested election, no fewer than three sons of that family were engaged in affairs of honour in the course of one single day. It was observed, also, on the approach of the inquiry into the conduct of her late majesty, Queen Caroline, that Lord Donoughmore, Lord Hutchinson, and Mr. C. H. Hutchinson, appeared on one day at Carlton House: this was the more remarkable, as previously the family-interest had generally gone with the opposition.

From his serving merely as a volunteer in Holland, where he was made a supernumerary aid-de-camp to Sir R. Abercrombie, and from his campaign in Egypt, Mr. Hutchinson had seen, before he was actually in the army, more real service than many of our generals. At the conclusion of hostilities, he was sent with despatches to Constantinople, where he was received with every mark of distinction. At length he entered into the army regularly, and passed through the various gradations to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of the 112th regiment of foot; of which regiment, we believe, he was on the half-pay till the time of his death.

It was in the year 1802 that Mr. Hutch-

* Vide "Transactions of the Royal Society of London for 1808."

inson was first chosen M.P. for the city of Cork, where, as it has been seen, his father possessed considerable interest, and for which place his brother, Lord Hutchinson, had sat before his advancement to the peerage, in 1801. From that period, until the time of his decease, he held his seat for Cork, in each successive parliament. Only two days before his death he wrote, or dictated, an address to the electors of that city in favour of his son.

Mr. Hutchinson married, first, on the 24th of December 1792, Miss Bond, daughter of Sir James Bond, Bart; and by her, who died on the 30th of March 1796, he had issue a son, John, born in March 1795. He married, secondly, Anne, relict of Sir John Brydges Woodcock, Bart. daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. Maurice Crosbie, Dean of Limerick, sister to the present Lord Brandon, and great granddaughter of Thomas Fitzmaurice, first earl of Kerry. By that lady he also had issue.

LORD GIFFORD.

Robert Lord Gifford, who died on the 4th of September, at the early age of forty-seven, Master of the Rolls, Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords, &c. &c. affords, in his professional career, one of those extraordinary instances of rapid advancement from an humble origin, which in this country alone can be successfully sought for. His attainment of high rank and honours within a few brief years, is the more remarkable when it is considered that his powers, though respectable, were not splendid—though solid, not profound.

Mr. Gifford was born at Exeter, on the 24th of February 1779. His father was a respectable tradesman there, in the hop, grocery, and drapery lines; his mother was of very humble connexions. His father left a large family, and for their benefit one of his elder brothers, Mr. Wearman and Mr. Charles Gifford (who are still living) carried on the business till within these ten years. His education was commenced at a small school kept by a dissenting minister, in Exeter, who was accustomed to affirm, that Gifford was the cleverest boy he had ever had under him. He was next at the grammar school of Alpheston, near Exeter, under the very clever and very notorious Dr. Halloran, (at least we know Dr. Halloran always assumed the credit of having educated Lord Gifford) a person whose auto-biography, *faithfully* written, would be one of the most curious and interesting of our time.* It was one of the habits of his boyhood to go to Exeter, when permitted, at the time of the assizes, and to take his seat in the court,

and remain there till the close of each day's business. Whether these visits originated in a love of the law, or whether it were the proceedings at the assizes which inspired him with a preference for the legal profession, it might now be difficult to ascertain. However, when he had completed his education, he was articled, at the age of 17, to Mr. Jones, an attorney of Exeter, with whom he remained for the usual period. It is said that Mr. Jones violated his promise, that he would take him into partnership on his admission to practise as an attorney. At that period the attorneys at Exeter were embodied in a society, to which it was usual to refer matters in dispute amongst themselves. To this society young Gifford appealed; before a special meeting he and his master argued their respective cases: the decision of the society was, that the young man's claim was valid and ought to be allowed; but his master, who had not demurred to the jurisdiction of his brethren in the first instance, then refused to abide by their award; alleging, as it has been stated, that his promise had been given on the contingency of his nephew's not returning from London to Exeter to practise. From the forensic talent which Mr. Gifford displayed on that occasion, the attorneys received a most favourable impression of his abilities for the bar; and on their suggestion, aided by intimations of professional support on the circuit at a future period, he entered his name as a student of the Middle Temple. For some years previously to his death, he had been one of the benchers of that honourable society.

On his first coming to London, Mr. Gifford was two years with Mr. Robert Bayly, at present one of the barristers belonging to the Western circuit; and afterwards, according to some of the statements which we have seen, he was twelve months in the office of Mr. Godfrey Sykes, who was then practising as a special pleader, and who is now the solicitor of the stamp office.

On the 12th of February, 1808, Mr. Gifford was called to the bar. His earliest professional efforts were made at the Exeter sessions, where his talents for business, and the assiduity with which he evidently devoted himself to the acquisition of legal knowledge, attracted much notice. Almost from the commencement of his practice he was distinguished by the quickness with which he could seize upon certain points; and also by that unerring test of ability, the facility of reply.

In 1814, Mr. Abbott, the present Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, and Mr. Dauncey (one of the most brilliant orators of his day) were engaged at Exeter on special retainers, to conduct a great lunacy question, which occupied nine days; and Mr. Gifford was selected alone to conduct the case on the other

* Dr. Halloran, it will be recollected, was, in the year 1818, tried and convicted at the Old Bailey of forging a frank in the name of Judge Garrow, an offence for which he was sent to Botany Bay, where he is said to have established a school, and also a literary magazine.

side. The high powers which he then displayed are yet fresh in the recollection of every barrister on the Western Circuit.

The late Lord Ellenborough, at that time Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, and Lord Chief Justice Gibbs, who presided in the Court of Common Pleas, both remarked and patronised his rising talents. Lord Ellenborough, in particular, was much struck with the knowledge he displayed of the law of property, a knowledge which, in common law barristers, is generally slight. From that period his Lordship took a lively interest in his fortunes: he applied for a silk-gown for him without success; but it was to his recommendation that he was ultimately indebted for his appointment as Solicitor-general. That appointment was made on the 9th of May, 1817; and in that capacity he was, on the 16th of the same month, elected Master of the Bench of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple. While holding the office of Solicitor-general, he distinguished himself on the trial of Dr. Watson and his associates, for high treason; and also at the trials under the special commission at Derby.

In July 1819, he succeeded Sir Samuel Shepherd as Attorney-general. This appointment led to the most remarkable event in his professional life, the prosecution, in 1820, of the late Queen Caroline. That, indeed, was nominally a parliamentary proceeding; but it was the duty of the Attorney-general to conduct the business, and to furnish evidence to the legislature on behalf of the crown. Sir Robert Gifford's opening speech was simple, unadorned, and, as some thought, rather ineffective; but his reply, which constituted the more difficult and important part of his duty, far surpassed the expectations of all who heard him: it was replete with sound and convincing argument, distinguished eloquence, and felicitous expression.

The year 1824 was a year rich in honours to Sir Robert Gifford. On the 30th of January he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Gifford, of St. Leonard's, in the county of Devon; he was appointed to the office of Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas; in consequence of that appointment, he was, on the 16th of June, made a Sergeant; and soon afterwards, on the death of Sir Thomas Plumer, he was made Master of the Rolls.

Previously to his elevation to the peerage, his Lordship sat in the late parliament as M.P. for the borough of Eye, in Suffolk. At the commencement of the session of parliament in 1824, his Lordship was appointed Lord Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords; an office in which, during that and the two succeeding sessions, he devoted himself most assiduously to the hearing of appeals and writs of error, on those days in which the Lord Chancellor was engaged in the duties of the Court of Chancery,

This was the result of an arrangement made by the House, in the session of 1823, for accelerating the disposal of a great arrear of causes, especially Scotch appeal causes, then pending. His Lordship was not less strenuous in his exertions to dispose of the numerous causes which were then before the Privy Council; it being one of the duties of the Master of the Rolls to preside at the hearing of such appeals.

In person, Lord Gifford, though well proportioned, was rather below the middle stature: his carriage was easy, his aspect mild without any admixture of weakness. His eye was quick and intelligent; his general manner and address calm, frank, and engaging. His understanding was clear and sound—his assiduity great, his temper immovable, his integrity spotless.

Lord Gifford married, April 6, 1816, Harriet Maria, daughter of the Rev. Edward Drewe, of Broadhenbury, in the county of Devon, by whom he had issue—1. Robert Francis, his successor, born March 19, 1817;—2. John, born November 27, 1821;—3. Charlotte Dorothy;—4. Harriet Jane;—5. Caroline.

His Lordship left London on the 23d of August, for his residence on the marine parade, Dover. He was at that time labouring under a bilious attack, to which he was constitutionally liable; in other respects his health was good. On Saturday the 2d of September, however, symptoms of *cholera morbus* appeared; on Sunday, he became much worse; and, notwithstanding the unremitting exertions of his medical attendant, Mr. Sankey, he died at a little after six on Monday morning. On the morning of Sunday the 10th, his Lordship's remains, in a hearse drawn by four horses, followed by one mourning coach, arrived at the Rolls' house, in Chancery Lane, from Dover. The body was placed on tressels in the library, where, by his Lordship's particular desire, it remained without any state or pomp till Tuesday, the morning of its interment. The management of the funeral was entrusted to Mr. Lamb, of Dover. The police, under the command of Mr. Townsend, prevented the assembled crowd outside the gates from forcing their way into the yard. The number of persons admitted within the Rolls' chapel was small. At a little after one o'clock the plume bearer entered the chapel, and was immediately followed by the coffin, covered with black cloth, and bearing on its lid a brass plate with the following inscription:—

Depositum
ROBERTI BARONIS GIFFORD,
Sancti Leonardi
In comitatu Devonie,
Rotulorum Magistri,
Qui obiit 4to die Septembris,
Anno Domini MDCCCXXVI.
Annum Agens
Quadragesimum Octavum.

The pall was supported by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chief Baron Shepherd (the Chief Baron of Scotland), Mr. Justice Bayly, and Mr. Justice Gaselee, on one side, and on the other, Lord Chief Justice Abbot, Lord Chief Justice Best, Sir Wm. Grant, and Mr. Justice Park. After the first part of the funeral service had been read, the body was removed to the vault, whither it was followed by Mr. W. Gifford and Mr. C. Gifford (the brothers of

the deceased); Mr. Alderson, and Mr. E. Drewe; Sir James Mackintosh, and Mr. Drewe; Mr. Burford, and Mr. Rowe; Mr. Hine, and Mr. Sykes. In the body of the chapel, were the Attorney and Solicitor-General; Sir Charles Forbes, and Mr. Spencer; Mr. Serjeant-Adams, Mr. Serjeant Cross, Mr. Dover, Mr. Harris, the Rev. Mr. Alderson, Mr. Mauld, Mr. Murray, Mr. Nane, Mr. Serjeant Rough, &c.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents sealed, 1826.

To J. C. Schwieso, Regent-street, musical instrument maker, for improvements on certain stringed musical instruments—Sealed 22d August; 6 months.

To T. Burstall, Leith, and J. Hill, Bath, Engineers, for improvements in machinery for propelling loco-motive carriages—22d August; 6 months.

To F. Halliday, Esq., Ham, Surrey, for improvements in raising or forcing water—25th August; 6 months.

To W. Downe, Sen., Exeter, plumber and brass-founder, for improvements on water closets—25th August; 6 months.

To R. Busk, and W. K. Westly, Leeds, flax-spinners, for improvements in machinery for flecking or dressing, and for breaking scutching or cleaning hemp-flax or other fibrous substances—29th August; 6 months.

To W. Day, Strand, trunk and camp equipage maker, for improvements on bedsteads, which improvements are also applicable to other purposes—31st August; 6 months.

To T. R. Williams, Gent. Norfolk-street, Strand, for a machine for separating burs or other substances, from wool, hair, or fur—18th September; 2 months.

To T. R. Williams, Gent., Norfolk-street, Strand, for an improved method of manufacturing hats and caps, with the assistance of machinery—18th September; 6 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in October 1812, expire in the present month of October 1826.

23. Francis Deakin, of Deritend Mills,

Warwick, for his new method of making knife, scissors, and various other cases or sheaths.

23. Thomas Pardoe, London, for a new method of working the patterns in Kidderminster or Scotch carpeting.

31. John Lewis, London, for improvement on horse-shoes and in shoeing horses.

— William Congreve, London, for an improved system of securing buildings, &c. from fire, and for raising water to the tops of buildings.

— Edward Charles Howard, of Westbourn Green, for a process of preparing and refining sugars.

— Peter Nouaille, Greatness, near Sevenoaks, for a method of saving water in mechanical and hydraulic purposes.

— Benjamin Cook, Birmingham, for an improved method of making window-blinds, fire-screens, doors, picture-frames, and various other useful and ornamental articles.

— William Caslon, London, for his improved printing-type.

— Joseph Bramah, London, for an improved system of constructing and arranging main and other pipes; for supplying towns, &c. with water, and applying the water to conveyed to a variety of other useful purposes.

— Robert Salmon, Woburn, for improved guards and shades for windows.

— William Evetts Sheffield, London, for improved apparatus and furnaces for separating metallic and other substances from their ores, or whatever may be combined with them.

— Thomas Lea, Kidderminster, for certain improvements in the making of carpets.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

RAIN has fallen in great abundance during the last month, and the nights have been often extremely cold. This state of the weather has, as usual, exerted an influence over the disorders of the human frame. The prevailing diseases of the month have been fever, rheumatism, sore throat, and cholera; and perhaps of all the catalogue of complaints, none could be mentioned which are more unequivocally connected with atmospheric influence.

The fever of the last month has been of a remarkably mild character. In the practice of a large public institution to which the reporter is attached (the St. George's and St. James's Dispensary), and which admits upon an average two hundred patients in a month, not a single instance has terminated unfavourably. Many cases indeed have

proved tedious, not having their crisis (or *turn*) till the twenty-first day; and a few have been even prolonged beyond this, by accompanying cough, but no alarming or *malignant* symptoms have in any one instance been witnessed. Languor and weakness were almost the only symptoms complained of; and with the single exception of cough, the reporter has not met with any *local* complications. No evidence more convincing could have been adduced of the *constitutional* origin of fever. There were not the smallest grounds for suspecting inflammations either of the brain or bowels, even in the most remote or *latent* degree. The disease affected every organ and function of the body *equally*, and therefore if any *seat* was to be assigned to it, a more appropriate one could not have been selected than that which the ancients devised,—the blood, which is so equally diffused over every part of the body. In the treatment of this fever, mild aperients during the whole course of the disease were found very useful, especially rhubarb. In its early stages, saline draughts with antimony, and in the latter the same in combination with ether, were freely given, and the uniformity of success afforded a sufficient proof of the sufficiency of this treatment. Where the cough was troublesome a blister was applied to the chest, but in general a mucilaginous mixture, with the syrup of poppies, removed the symptom.

The second form of epidemic ailment which the last month has produced is rheumatism, and the reporter has met with it in the several forms of acute rheumatic fever (confining the patient to his bed), of common rheumatism with *flying* pains, of lumbago, and sciatica. In every instance the disease could be manifestly traced to imprudent exposure to cold, although it must be confessed that, with very few exceptions, a *predisposition* to rheumatism existed from prior attacks of the disorder. This tendency of rheumatism to rivet itself in the habit, is perhaps the most unfavourable circumstance in the history of the disease, which, though always painful, and often tedious, never exhibits in its progress any thing of a dangerous or malignant character. The usual treatment has been successfully pursued by the reporter in those cases which have lately fallen under his care. The meadow-saffron has supported its reputation in those severer forms of the disorder which attack the *secreting* surfaces about joints; while in the lighter grades of the disease, where the muscles, ligaments, and other non-secreting structures are attacked, local stimuli in the form of spirituous embrocations, with Dover's powder, have afforded the requisite degree of relief. Bark was found serviceable in some of those cases where predisposition from previous attacks was most decisively manifest.

Sore throat has been so general during the past month as to merit especial notice, and in many of the cases which fell under the reporter's observation proved both troublesome and obstinate. The application of leeches to the throat, and under the angles of the lower jaw, afforded in several of these cases very prompt and effectual relief, and to all appearance prevented suppuration. The reporter is induced to mention this apparently trifling circumstance, because he finds it recorded as the opinion of a most eminent physician, the late Dr. Baillie, that such means very rarely prevent suppuration, but only tend to *protract* that issue, increasing thereby the length, without sensibly diminishing the *intensity* of the patient's sufferings; in one case, where matter had decidedly formed, the bursting of the abscess was promoted by the operation of an emetic.

Cholera has been fully as common during this as the preceding month, and it has maintained very much of the same mild character. In its treatment, medicines of very opposite qualities have been found serviceable. One gentleman has subdued some very severe cases by ten grains of calomel; another trusts, with equal confidence, to small doses of laudanum; while in the reporter's practice, nothing has proved so effectual as ether and aromatic confection given in peppermint water. The true reason of these apparent differences will probably be found in the natural mildness of the epidemic. The evacuations, which constitute the disease, are sufficient to rid the system of the noxious cause, without entailing any formidable consequences. Hence it happens, that after the lapse of a certain number of hours, the medicine first given has the credit of removing the disorder.

While the reporter has the satisfaction of recording, in this manner, the comparative mildness of the principal *epidemics* of the season, it becomes his duty, at the same time, to notice the prevalence of some other disorders in which a similar result has unhappily not been observable. Affections of the head have been rather more general than usual, and two of those, under the reporter's care, have proved fatal. Consumption too, in spite of the season, has continued to hurry off its victims. The reporter has lost three during the past month. The extraordinary prevalence of this deplorable malady had previously attracted his attention, and been noticed in the pages of this Journal. The utmost efforts of art appear to be unavailing, in stemming the advances of this insidious disease, which almost appears to increase, in proportion as the improving skill of the physician arrests the progress of other disorders.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, Upper John-street, Golden-square, September 23, 1826.
M.M. New Series.—Vol. II. No. 10. 3 M

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

HARVEST has now become matter of history; and as its details have already been ample, little now remains by way of an appendix. The wheat crop, on rich or moist and well-tilled soils, is not only one of the largest usual acreable produce, but plump in kernel and fine in quality: on soils of inferior description, cold or arid, and poor, though the quantity be yet considerable, the grain is small and flinty, or long, and likely to make plenty of bran. All being dry, will weigh well in proportion, the superior capitally. In some of the northern counties, there is more than the usual quantity of smut in the wheat. We doubt not that such a crop of wheat as this, aided by one equally good of potatoes, would feed Britain and Ireland during two years. Potatoes, barley, oats, and even peas, it may be hoped, will prove beyond expectation. On the fine barley soils, there is nearly, if not fully, an average crop, the quality superior. Of oats nearly the same, but to a less extent. There are even, but they do not abound, satisfactory crops of peas; but the beans, with few exceptions, are of low and bad report, to wit, many were planted, none gathered. Straw fodder abounds, or is deficient, on the different soils above described. There was a crop of grass on rich graminous soils, and on boggy lands a large growth of unusual good quality. Much grass was left for late mowing, and on the whole, the weather has been favourable. As to the crop of Hops, whether with respect to quantity or quality, that of the year 26, it seems, is to stand red-lettered in the calendar.

This harvest, perhaps the quickest, safest, and least expensive within memory, has, in course, afforded the longest interval between that and wheat sowing; which, from the arid state of those lands where the process usually takes place the earliest, will on those be considerably later than usual. The interval has been one of great business, since the rains have been sufficient and effective; ploughing, and the lands work most kindly, sowing turnips and grasses on the stubbles, also rape, rye, and all the usual crops for winter and spring food. Stock farmers, aware of the probable or certain exigencies of the ensuing seasons, are exerting themselves with the utmost diligence in this provident course. For a spring supply there is little fear, but should the autumn prove unfavourable, the late sown turnips will scarcely repay the expence. Stock feeders should provide a larger supply of mangel-wurtzel in all seasons, more certain than any species of turnip; but they improvidently shy at the trouble of drawing, and the comparatively inconsiderable expense of that and stacking. There is necessarily a good deal of self-sown corn, in a fine and dry harvest, and we have known such, both oats and barley, kept for a crop and succeed. It will now produce a refreshing bite for cattle in the stubbles. There will also be a considerable quantity of autumnal grass, but its nature is weak and washy, and little hay can be spared wherewith to qualify it. Should any cattle cabbage, an article of culture indeed not so much in use as in former days, have survived the drought, it will be invaluable. The leyre of clover and grasses, ploughed once, to be broad-cast with wheat, will be choaked with weeds and rubbish. Such lands should ever be drilled at *twelve* inch intervals.

The exceeding distress in various districts for want of water during the summer, suffered by cattle and sheep feeders, and their great losses by consequent premature sales, need not be repeated, unless to some useful purpose. There are certainly some such localities where wells might be sunk; and we recollect, many years since, an experiment of that kind which proved eminently successful. Water even for culinary purposes was deficient, and the water mills became useless. Wind and water are both uncertain, but we suppose steam would be too expensive for corn mills, unless on a very large scale.

Fat meat must bear a high price during a considerable season, from its scarcity, and the price it has and will cost the feeder; but stores, hitherto so depressed, will mend in price as keep increases. Pork and bacon must be dear. Game is in vast plenty, and how is the public need to be supplied but through the medium of poachers and their town connections, whilst that odious rag of feudality, the game laws, is suffered to exist by the disgraceful and unpatriotic acquiescence of the English people, a single puff of whose breath would blow it into air? The horse trade has suffered no variation, good ones for saddle and quick draught obtain a high price. The rage for buying Belgic locusts, as Marshall formerly styled the heavy cart horses of that country, has completely subsided, and the commodity depreciated nearly cent. per cent., after the traffic had made the fortune of many an active dealer. It is to be regretted that the prejudice against draught oxen is so general in this country; and hoped that Mr. Huskisson, who farms in a county where ox-labour is practised, either does or will set the patriotic example. The price of long wool is rather moving. We have supposed, right or wrong, that hitherto the supply of poultry in the metropolis has not, this year, been so large, nor the quantity so good as in former years. The public papers have lately given the following sickening piece of information. Geese, it is well known, are unmercifully plucked alive, several times a year. After the last plucking, near Langport, Devon, the geese were turned out naked upon the common, though the weather was chilly and the wind in

the E.N.E. The rain descended in torrents at night, and of the flocks of one neighbourhood only, nearly two thousand geese were found dead in the morning, leaving a further considerable number with small hope of recovery—a just reward for such a thick-sculled and inhuman procedure. The drought-murrain among the cattle appeared in some parts of the country, but fortunately to no great extent. As a fruit season, the present has seldom been exceeded, though the worm has been busy. Perhaps a greater quantity of grapes has never been produced in this country. Of apples the crop is abundant, abounding, however, unthrifty, in tasteless and useless rubbish; whilst our fine flavoured and useful ancient species have been strangely, and on flimsy reasons, neglected. We have seen no foreign apples yet. The useful article mushrooms is in great plenty, and cheap.

The stock of old wheat in the country is said to be yet considerable, and the growers have thus far held up their wool universally, with much energy and perseverance, resisting the low prices offered. There is great apprehension in the country from the approach of winter, on account of the vast number of both agricultural and manufacturing labourers unemployed; and the farmers will do well to engage as great a number as possible in cleaning and improving their land, most necessary and profitable labour, which has, even in the best times, been greatly neglected. There seems a general assurance that the new corn-bill will shortly become a law. The plan of the ministers has been some time before the public, and seems to meet no objection. Indeed, administration are not more spurred on by their own political economical enthusiasm, than by the loud cheers of the great majority of the people, who naturally enough feel indignant that, in this boasted land of liberty, they should be interdicted the important privilege of laying out their own money for the staff of life at the cheapest market. May the abolition of this be a prelude to the timely abolition of both East and West India, and of all other monopolies—Amen!

Smithfield.—Beef, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 2d.—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.—Lamb, 4s. 9d. to 5s. 2d.—Veal, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 2d.—Pork, 4s. 8d. to 6s. and 6s. 6d.—Raw Fat, per stone, 2s. 4d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 42s. to 67s.—Barley, 30s. to 42s.—Oats, 24s. to 38s.—Bread, 4lb. loaf, 9½d.—Hay, 60s. to 115s.—Clover, ditto 80s. to 135s.—Straw, 28s. 6d. to 42s.

Coals in the Pool, 25s. 6d. to 36s. 9d.

Middlesex, September 22d, 1826,

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Cotton.—Since our last report there is little or no alteration in the prices of cotton, but the market for manufactured goods at Manchester has rather improved of late in consequence of the fairs of Frankfort, Leipsic, &c. now going on; a fall of 10 per cent. under last year's prices have taken place all over Germany.

Coffee.—Continues dull and heavy, Jamaica 45s. to 67s.: Dutch 50s. to 70s.; Mocha 77s. to 86s. per cwt.

Sugar.—Remains steady and in good demand, and refined loaves for exportation are inquired for, and such quality it is expected will, between this time and Christmas, advance considerably, as the large stock on hand will be partly exhausted.

Rum.—Of fine quality and full strength are in demand, but Leeward Island may be bought at 1s. 8d. to 1s. 10d. per gallon in bond.

Indigos.—Of good quality are in demand for exportation at an advance on the sale price of 2d. to 3d. per lb.

Tea.—The September sale has gone off brisker than was expected by the trade, and better prices for tea of superior quality; low teas, as Bohea, Congou, &c. sold at reduced prices.

Spices.—Are rather dull, black pepper in bond 3½d. to 3¾d. per lb.; nutmegs 1s. 10d. to 2s.; mace 3s. 6d. to 4s.; cloves 1s. 10d. to 2s. per lb.; and few orders for exportation, leaving a large and heavy stock on hand.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—Remain without any alteration since our last report.

Oil.—The prices of this article is unsettled, and it is expected that a considerable advance is likely to take place before Christmas.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 8.—Rotterdam, 12. 9.—Antwerp 12. 9.—Hamburg, 37. 7.—Altona, 37. 8.—Paris, 25. 95.—Bordeaux, 25. 95.—Berlin, 7.—Frankfort on the Main, 156.—Petersburg, 8½.—Vienna, 10. 26.—Trieste, 0.—Madrid, 34½.—Cadiz, 34¾.—Bilboa, 34½.—Barcelona, 34¾.—Seville, 34¾.—Gibraltar, 45.—Leghorn, 47.—Genoa, 43.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 38.—Palermo, 114.—Lisbon, 50.—Oporto, 50.—Rio Janeiro, 41½.—Bahia, 45.—Buenos Ayres, 43.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £3. 14s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9d.—Silver in bars, standard 4s. 11d.

Premiums on Shares and Consols, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Barnsley CANAL, 275*l.*—Birmingham, 255*l.*—Derby, 200*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 105*l.*—Erewash, 0.—Forth and Clyde, 500.—Grand Junction, 265*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 375*l.*—Mersey and Irwell, 800*l.*—Neath, 335*l.*—Oxford, 640*l.*—Stafford and Worcester, 800*l.*—Trent and Mersey, 1,800*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 3*l.* dis.—Guardian, 15*l.*—Hope, 4*l.*—Sun Fire, 0*l.*—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 50*l.*—City Gas-Light Company, 157*l.*—British, 14*l.* dis.—Leeds, 0.—Liverpool, 0.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Our literary report is more voluminous this month than last, and we trust it may be taken as an auspicious omen of the revival of the Book trade. The list of Historical Works in preparation are numerous.

Messrs. Longman announce Memoirs of the Court of Queen Ann, by a Lady. Mr. Roscoe is also engaged on the same subject for Mr. Colbourn.

Mr. Sharon Turner is nearly ready with his New History of the Reign of Henry VIII., which will form the first part of the Modern History of England.

Mr. Hawkesworth has been for some time employed in collecting materials for a History of France from the earliest period.

Mrs. Markham is also preparing a History of France, on the same plan as her History of England.

Mr. Hallam has a work of English History in the press, in two vols. 4to.

Dr. Lingard is preparing a Vindication of certain passages in his History of England, in answer to certain strictures which have appeared in some late publications.

Mr. Murray is about to publish the Letters, Memoirs, &c. &c. of General Wolfe.

The Second Volume of Cradock's Memoirs is in a state of forwardness; and will consist of the Author's Tour in France, during the years 1783-4-5.

A Narrative of an Excursion from Corfu to Smyrna; comprising a Tour through part of Albania, and the North of Greece. With some account of the ancient and present state of Athens. By T. R. Jolliffe, in one Volume 8vo. Will shortly appear.

Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon will consist of six volumes. The first two are preliminary, and the last four are devoted to the Life. Nearly three volumes are completed, and it is said Mr. Constable will be the publisher.

Mr. John Taylor, author of "Monsieur Tonson," and late proprietor of the Sun newspaper, intends publishing a volume of Poems by subscription.

Proposals are issued for publishing by subscription a new edition of a Treatise on Music. By the late Wm. Jones, of Nayland, in imperial 8vo. The music will be engraved with peculiar neatness and elegance, and each subscriber is to be furnished with an additional set of the plates gratis.

A new edition of Vesey's Chancery Reports is now at press, and is expected to be ready for publication in Trinity Term next.

The tenth and concluding number of the Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland, with descriptive illustrations by Sir Walter Scott, Bart. will shortly be published.

The second edition of Dr. Pritchard's Researches

into the Physical History of Mankind, much enlarged, in 2 vols. 8vo. with plates, is nearly ready for publication.

Alexander Morrison, M.D. has in the press, Outlines of Lectures on Mental Diseases.

A translation from the German of St. Laurent's Swiss tale "Liesli," will shortly appear.

The second volume of Tinkowski's Mission to China, is in the press.

Protestant Union, or a Treatise of True Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and what best means may be used against the growth of Popery; by John Milton; is nearly ready.

Early in November will be published the English Gentleman's Literary Manual, or a view of a Library of Standard English Literature, with Notices Biographical and Critical, including many curious original Anecdotes of Eminent Literary Men of the Eighteenth Century, with estimates for furnishing Libraries, and a list of books adapted for persons going abroad, regimental libraries, &c.

The author of the Gate to the French, Italian, and Spanish Languages unlocked, is preparing for publication, The Gate to the Hebrew, Arabic, Samaritan, and Syriac unlocked, by a new and easy method, with Biographical notices of celebrated Oriental scholars, and interesting collections relative to Oriental Literature, for the use of Biblical Students.

Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany. By the author of "Recollections of the Peninsula," "Sketches of India," "Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and Italy," and "Story of a Life."

It is proposed to publish in quarterly parts, in royal 4to. Illustrations of Ornithology; in which is to be given Coloured Plates of Birds, accompanied by Descriptions, including their generic and specific characters, references to the best figures of those already published, and occasional remarks on the nature, habits, and comparative anomaly of the species.

The Forget me not—the Literary Souvenir—the Friendship's Offering—and the Amulet, for 1827—are announced; by their respective editors, as in a state of forwardness; and from their lists of contributions from writers of first-rate celebrity, and of embellishments by artists of acknowledged merit, we doubt not but that they will obtain that approbation from the public which it appears they have so diligently endeavoured to gain.

Nearly ready, in a neat Pocket Volume, 18mo., The Cabinet Lawyer, or Popular Digest of the Laws of England; with a Dictionary of Law-Terms, Maxims, Acts of Parliament, and Judicial Antiquities.

A portrait of the Right Hon. the Countess of Warwick, from a miniature by Hayter.

Self Examinations, in Algebra; the second part by Muir Hirsch; translated by the Rev. J. A. Ross, A.M., will be published this Month.

Sketches of Ireland, descriptive of interesting and hitherto unnoticed districts in the North, West and South, containing "Ten Days in Munster," "Three Weeks in Donegal," "A Day at Cape Clear," "A Ten Days' Tour from Cape Clear to Killarney," &c., &c., will appear in November. 1 vol. post 8vo

"The Irish Pulpit," a collection of original Sermons contributed by Clergymen of the Established Church of Ireland; in 1 vol. 8vo. is nearly ready.

A small volume entitled "Sacred Specimens from the Early English Poets," by the Rev. John Mitford, will shortly appear, and will contain a variety of devotional pieces selected from the poetical literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

A complete Index to Howell's State Trials, arranged by a professional gentleman, on a very comprehensive plan, is in the press.

The General Index to Dodsley's Annual Register, from the commencement of the work, is very nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Gamble has in the press a new edition, in a considerably improved form, of his Sketches in Dublin and the North of Ireland.

A translation, from the German, of a work by the celebrated Sturm, hitherto unknown in this country, and entitled "Contemplations on the Sufferings of Jesus Christ," has been undertaken by Mr. Johnson, whose translation of the "Morning Communings," of the same author, has experienced so favourable a reception. It may be expected to appear in the course of a few weeks, and will contain a biographical memoir of Sturm, drawn up by the translator.

Synonyms of the Spanish Language explained and elucidated, by copious Extracts from the most approved Spanish Poets, intended as an Appendix to English-Spanish Dictionaries. By L. J. A. McHenry, a native of Spain, author of an improved Spanish Grammar, &c.

In the press, a second edition of Ellis's Tour through Hawaii, or Owhyhee, with additions.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Bishop Hall, his Life and Times; or Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Sufferings of the Right Rev. Joseph Hall, D.D., Bishop of Norwich; with a view of the Times in which he lived, and an Appendix, containing some of his unpublished Writings. By the Rev. John Jones, of Cradley, Worcestershire. 8vo. 14s.

Vol. I. of a General Biographical Dictionary; to be completed in Two Volumes. 8vo. 15s. boards.

BOTANY.

Part I. of Sweet's Hortus Britannicus; or a Catalogue of all Plants cultivated or known in Great Britain. Arranged according to their natural orders, with Reference to the Linnean Classes and Orders, their Scientific and English Names, where native, when introduced, time of Flowering, Duration, &c. &c. By Robert Sweet, F.L.S. 10s. 6d.

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The Gate to the French, Italian, and Spanish Languages unlocked, by a new method of acquiring the Accidence. 2s. 6d.

A Greek and English Dictionary, comprising all the words in the writings of the most popular Greek

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Le Traducteur Parisien; or, the Art of Rendering French into English; consisting of a collection of Anecdotes, &c., &c., &c. By M. Louis Fenwick, de Porquet. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

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Topographical Sketches of North Wiltshire; comprising Historical and Descriptive Accounts of its Antiquities, Towns, Villages, Seats, &c. By J. Britton, F.S.A. &c. 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.

The History and Antiquities, &c. of the Town of Ludlow. By Thomas Wright. 12mo. 4s. 6d. boards.

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Sir John S. Copley, Knt. to be Master or Keeper of the Rolls and Records of the Court of Chancery, in the room of Lord Gifford deceased.

H. S. Fox, Esq. to be Secretary to His Majesty's Legation at Naples.

C. M. St. George, Esq. to be Secretary to His Majesty's Legation at Turin.

Hon. J. A. D. Bloomfield, to be Secretary to His Majesty's Legation at Stockholm.

G. H. Seymour, Esq. to be Secretary to His Majesty's Legation at Stutgardt.

J. R. Milbanke, Esq. to be Secretary to His Majesty's Legation at Frankfort.

ARMY PROMOTIONS.

2 Life Gu.—Capt. W. Milligan, from h. p., Capt. v. J. R. Broadhead, who exch., rec. dif., 22 July; Corn. and Sub-Lt. G. T. Bulkeley, Lt. by purch., v. Milligan prom., 22 July; T. Hare, Corn. and Sub-Lt., v. Davidson prom., 3 July; M. Ricardo, Corn. and Sub-Lt., v. Bulkeley, 22 July.

R. Horse Gu.—Corn. and Riding-mast. T. Brunt, rank of Lt., 31 July; T. O. Gascoigne, Corn. by purch., v. Lord C. J. F. Russell prom., 31 Aug.

1 Dr. Gu.—Capt. W. C. Smith, from h. p., Capt., v. C. Randall, who exch., rec. dif., 31 Aug.

2 Dr. Gu.—Lt. T. E. Campbell, from h. p., Lt., v. T. Collins, who exch. rec. dif., 17 Aug.; Paymast. C. J. Furlong, from 96 F., Paymast., v. T. Hay, who reverts to his former h. p., 10 Aug.

3 Dr. Gu.—Capt. G. Todd, from h. p., Capt., v. C. Frost, who exch. rec. dif., 10 Aug.; Lt. G. Mecham, Capt. by purch., v. Mercer prom.; Corn. T. Arthur, Lt. by purch., v. Mecham; F. J. W. Collingwood, Corn. by purch., v. Arthur, all 19 Sept.

7 Dr. Gu.—H. W. Atkinson, Corn. by purch., v. King prom., 15 Aug.; Lt. C. Hickman, Adj., v. Daniel, who res. Adjty. only, 17 Aug.

1 Dr.—H. Trafford, Corn. by purch., v. Stracey prom., 17 Aug.; Corn. J. S. Pitman, Lt. by purch., v. Markham prom., 31 Aug.; W. R. Sands, Corn. by purch., v. Petre prom., 17 Aug.

2 Dr.—G. Watts, Veterinary Surg., v. Trigg dec., 11 May.

6 Dr.—Corn. J. Waddington, Lt. by purch., v. Gillies prom., 29 Aug.; Corn. W. J. Hooper, from 13 L. Dr., Corn. by purch., v. Waddington prom., 29 Aug.

3 L. Dr.—Lt. C. Phillipps, Capt. by purch., v. Jackson, who rets.; Corn. G. H. Lockwood, Lt. by purch., v. Phillipps, W. J. Downes, Corn., by purch., v. Phillipps, all 10 Aug.; Serj. Maj. F. Jackson, Adj., with rank of Corn., v. Baker, prom., 2 Aug.

4 L. Dr.—Corn. R. Gumbleton, Lt. by purch., v. Agnew prom.; E. Ellis, Corn. by purch., v. Upton prom., both 24 Aug.

9 L. Dr.—Lt. Hon. G. Vaughan, Capt. by purch., v. Browne prom.; Corn. A. C. Williams, Lt. by purch., v. Vaughan, both 29 Aug.; Lt. J. A. Fullerton, Capt. by purch., v. Mallory prom.; Corn. N. Weekes, Lt. by purch., v. Fullerton, both 19 Sept.; J. H. Grant, Corn. by purch., v. Williams prom., 29 Aug.; J. Menzies, Corn. by purch., v. Weekes, 19 Sept.

10 L. Dr.—Lt. G. L. L. Kaye, Capt. by purch., v. Harvey who rets., 24 Aug.; Corn. S. C. Oliver, Lt. by purch., v. Kaye, 31 Aug.; As. Surg. J. Riach, from 63 F., As. Surg., v. Rogers prom. 24 Aug.

12 L. Dr.—Lt. W. Parlbay, Capt. by purch., v. Lane prom., 19 Sept.; Lt. J. A. M'Douall, from h. p., Lt., v. W. Hyde, who exch., rec. dif., 7 Sept.; Corn. E. Pole, Lt. by purch., v. Parlbay, 19 Sept.

13 L. Dr.—T. J. Parker, Corn. by purch., v. Brown prom., 10 Aug.; Corn. T. Benson, Lt. by purch., v. Maitland prom., 24 Aug.; Lt. and Qu. Mast. R. Taggart, from 53 F., Qu. Mast.; v. Minchin, who exch., 7 Sept.

14 L. Dr.—Corn. C. Delmé, Lt. by purch., v. Rooke prom.; Corn. E. Tenison, Corn. by purch., v. Delmé, both 29 Aug.

13 L. Dr.—Lt. G. P. Rose, Capt. by purch., v. M'Alpine prom.; Corn. A. F. Blyth, Lt. by purch., v. Rose, both 29 Aug.; C. H. T. Hecker, Corn. by purch., v. Blyth prom., 29 Aug.

16 L. Dr.—Corn. E. B. Bere, Lt. by purch., v. Collins prom., 29 Aug.

17 L. Dr.—Lt. G. T. Greenland, Capt. by purch., v. Adams prom., 15 Aug.; Corn. C. Forbes, Lt. by purch., v. Greenland, 15 Aug.; Corn. H. Witham, Lt. by purch., v. Pole prom., 17 Aug.; W. H. Percy, Corn. by purch., v. Forbes, 15 Aug.; W. R. Sands, Corn. by purch., v. Witham, 17 Aug.; W. H. Tonge, Corn. by purch., v. Sands, whose app. has not taken place, 17 Aug.

1 or F. Gu.—Ens. and Lt. J. R. Craufurd, Lt. and Capt. by purch., v. Clive, prom., 19 Sept.; Sub-Lt. Hon. G. H. Ongley, from 2 Life Gu., Ens. and Lt. by purch., v. Craufurd, 19 Sept.

Cadstr. F. Gu.—I. Hobhouse, Ens. and Lt. by purch., v. Dent prom., 15 Aug.; Lt. Col. T. Chaplin, from h. p., Capt. and Lt. Col., v. H. Dawkins, who exch., 31 Aug.

1 F.—H. A. Kerr, Ens. by purch., v. Ford prom., 17 Aug.

2 F.—Lt. W. Cockell, from 14 F., Capt. by purch., v. Mitchell prom., 29 Aug.; Ens. N. H. J. Westley, Lt. by purch., v. King prom.; J. Walton, Ens. by purch., v. Westley, both 24 Aug.

3 F.—Capt. W. T. R. Smith, from 12 F., Capt., v. Patton, who exch., 16 Aug.

5 F.—Lt. F. G. Dewry, Capt., v. Mackenzie, dec.; Ens. E. H. Dodd, Lt., v. Dewry, both 10 Aug.; J. Atkinson, Ens., by purch., v. Mayne prom., 17 Aug.; Lt. W. C. Mayne, from h. p., Lt., paying dif., v. Dodd, app. to 29 F., 7 Sept.; R. Foot, Ens. by purch., v. D'Anvers, prom., 11 July.

6 F.—Lt. C. L. Martin, Capt. by purch., v. Eden prom.; Ens. C. Crofton, Lt. by purch., v. Martin; W. Johnson, Ens. by purch., v. Crofton, both 29 Aug.

7 F.—Capt. Lord F. Lennox, from h. p., Capt. v. Brine prom., 19 Sept.

9 F.—Lt. P. R. Browne, Capt. by purch., v. Fraser prom., 29 Aug.; Ens. H. R. Duff, Lt. by purch., v. Cox, app. to 35 F., 15 Aug.; Ens. B. H. Heathcote, Lt. by purch., v. Browne, 29 Aug.; J. A. Woods, Ens. by purch., v. Duff, 17 Aug.; L. Fyler, Ens. by purch., v. Heathcote prom., 7 Sept.

10 F.—Lt. J. Goode, from h. p. 3 W. I. Regt., Lt., v. W. N. Thomas, who exch., 10 Aug.; Ens. J. Wilmot, Lt. by purch., v. Hemmings, prom. in 25 F., 7 Sept.; E. Cates, Ens. by purch., v. Wilmot, 7 Sept.

11 F.—Ens. H. O'Neill, Lt. by purch., v. England prom., G. H. Eddy, Ens. by purch., v. O'Neill, both 29 Aug.

12 F.—Capt. J. Patton, from 3 F., Capt., v. Smith, who exch., 16 Aug.

13 F.—Ensign W. Chambre, Lt. by purch., v. Wingfield, prom.; W. Rawlins, Ens. by purch., v. Chambre, both 17 Aug.

14 F.—Gen. T. Lord Lynedoch, from 58 F., Col. v. Gen. Sir H. Calvert, dec. 6 Sept.

15 F.—Lt. H. Gage, Capt. by purch., v. Bannister, who retires; Ens. J. Lawson, Lt. by purch., v. Gage, both 17 Aug.; Ens. C. Cooke, Lt. by purch., v. Thorold, prom., 19 Sept.; G. Pinder, Ens. by purch., v. Lawson prom., 24 Aug.; As. Surg. J. M. Bartley, from 71 F., Surg., v. Punshon, who rets on h. p., 31 Aug.

16 F.—Ens. J. Lane, from h. p. 3 R. Vet. Bat., Ens., v. Croker, prom. in 91 F., 24 Aug.

17 F.—Lt. C. Forbes, Capt. by purch., v. Campbell prom. in 19 F.; Ens. J. Henry, Lt. by purch., v. Forbes; J. H. Allez, Ens. by purch., v. Henry, all 29 Aug.; Capt. W. Eccles, from h. p., Capt. v. J. Hawkins, who exch.; rec. dif., 7 Sept.

18 F.—Brev. Lt. Col. W. Riddall, from 99 F., Maj., v. Goorequer prom., 10 Aug.

19 F.—Capt. D. Campbell, from 17 F., Maj. by purch., v. Pipon, app. to 26 F., 29 Aug.; Capt. J. H. Slade, from 2 Ceyl. Regt., Capt., v. May app. to 41 F., 10 Aug.; Capt. W. Black, from h. p., Capt. v. Raper prom., 17 Aug.; Lieut. C. Yeoman, from h. p. Royal Artil., Lt., v. A. G. Morehead, who rets on h. p., 10 Aug.; Lt. C. C. Hay, Capt. by purch., v. Gordon prom., 19 Sept.; Lt. J. Edwards, from 76 F., Lt. v. Michell, who exch., 24 Aug.; Lt. J. F. Wilson, from 4 Ceyl. Regt., Lt., v. Tydd, who exch., 7 Sept.; Ens. T. Atkins, Lt., v. Hay, 19 Sept.; R. Stansfield, Ens. by purch., v. Atkins, 19 Sept.; Lt. R. Chambers, adj., v. Tydd, who resigns adjcy. only, 7 Sept.

22 F.—Capt. J. Stewart, Maj. by purch., v. Fleming prom.; Capt. T. Harrison, from h. p., Capt., v. Stewart, both 19 Sept.

23 F.—Capt. W. Ross, Maj. by purch., v. Anderson prom.; Lt. T. Matheson, Capt. by purch., v. Ross; 2d Lt. R. K. Elliott, 1st Lt. by purch., v. Matheson, all 29 Aug.; J. Lindsay, 2d Lt. by purch., v. Elliott prom., 29 Aug.

24 F.—Ens. N. Leslie, Lt. by purch., v. Campbell prom., 19 Sept.

25 F.—Maj. D. Denham, from h. p., Maj., v. Macdonell prom.; Capt. B. Morris, from h. p., Capt., v. Massey, app. to Cape Corps of Cav.; Lt. W. Hemmings, from 10 F., Capt. by purch., v. Holford, prom., all 19 Sept.; As. Surg. C. Whyte, from 61 F., Surg., v. Melville prom., 24 Aug.

26 F.—Maj. G. Pipon, from 19 F., Maj., v. Pringle prom., 29 Aug.; Lt. W. H. Sitwell, Capt. by purch., v. Brookes app. to 62 F.; Ens. J. Maule, Lt. by purch., v. Sitwell; C. W. Coombe, Ens. by purch., v. Maule, all 30 Aug.; Capt. T. Park, from 71 F., Capt., v. Stewart, who exch., 31 Aug.; Lt. J. Guthrie, from h. p., Lt., v. C. W. Thomas, who exch., rec. dif., 30 Aug.; J. W. Battie, Ens. by purch., v. Guthrie prom., 29 Aug.; Maj. E. Witty, from h. p., Paym., v. H. Pollock, 7 Sept.

27 F.—Lt. M. C. Johnston, Capt. by purch., v. Bogue prom.; Ens. W. Butler, Lt. by purch., v. Johnston; E. Nash, Ens. by purch., v. Butler, all 19 Sept.

28 F.—Lt. J. A. Messiter, Capt. by purch., v. Gilbert, prom., 19 Sept.; Ens. J. E. Acklom, Lt. by purch., v. Gammell prom., 19 Sept.; Ens. B. Broadhead, Lt. by purch., v. Messiter, 20 Sept.; G. Symons, Ens. by purch., v. Broadhead, 20 Sept.

29 F.—Paym. N. Farwell, from 19 F., Paymaster, v. Wild, who rets. on h. p., 25 May; Lt. E. H. Dodd, from 5 F., Lt., v. J. C. Sullivan, who rets. on h. p., rec. dif., 7 Sept.

31 F.—R. Norman, Ens. by purch., v. Wetenhall prom., 7 Sept.

32 F.—Lt. E. Shewell, Capt. by purch., v. Molyneux prom.; Ens. T. C. Crawford, Lt. by purch., v. Shewell; R. M. Warwick, Ens. by purch., v. Crawford, all 29 Aug.

33 F.—Lt. W. Payne, from 75 F., Lt., v. Elliott prom., 10 Aug.

35 F.—Lt. D. L. Cox, from 9 F., Lt., v. Smith prom. in 37 F., 15 Aug.; Lt. N. R. Tomkins, Capt. by purch., v. Hodgson prom., 19 Sept.; Ens. T. Christmas, Lt. by purch., v. Tomkins, 19 Sept.

36 F.—Ens. P. Murray, Lt. by purch., v. Cross prom., 29 Aug.; Lt. G. Wynne, from h. p., Lt., v. F. Liardet, who exch., rec. dif., 20 Sept.; A. Nugent, Ens. by purch., v. Murray prom., 7 Sept.

37 F.—Capt. T. Eastwood, from h. p., Capt., v. Browne, 29 Aug.; J. Burke, Ens. by purch., v. Burke, who rets., 24 Sept.; J. Worth, Ens. by purch., v. Romilly app. to 90 F., 24 Sept.

38 F.—Capt. C. Grant, from h. p. 6 W. I. Regt., Capt., v. Blackett, whose app. has not taken place, 10 Aug.

39 F.—Ens. R. Douglas, Lt., v. Smith dec.; Ens. J. L. Ormsby, from 1 W. I. Regt., Ens., v. Douglas, both 10 Aug.; L. Maule, Ens. by purch., v. Foot, whose app. has not taken place, 24 Sept.

40 F.—Lt. J. B. Oliver, from h. p., Lt., v. R. Olpherts, who exch., rec. dif., 20 Sept.; H. R. Connor, Ens. by purch., v. Oliver prom., 19 Sept.

41 F.—Capt. J. F. May, from 19 F., Capt., v. J. Corfield, who rets. on h. p. 2 Ceyl. Regt., 10 Aug.; Lt. A. Glen, from h. p. 1 F., Lt., v. A. Tucker, who exch.; Ens. A. W. Horne, from 98 F., Lt. by purch., v. Childers prom., both 17 Aug.

42 F.—Capt. W. Middleton, Maj. by purch., v. Brander prom., 15 Aug.; Lt. R. D. Macdonald, Capt. by purch., v. Middleton, 15 Aug.; Capt. W. Murray, from h. p. Capt., v. Doherty prom., 29 Aug.; Ens. D. A. Cameron, Lt., v. Macdonald, 15 Aug.; A. Inglis, Ens., v. Cameron, 15 Aug.

43 F.—J. Ford, Ens. by purch., v. Burslem prom. in 44 F., 7 Sept.

44 F.—G. G. B. Lowther, Ens. by purch., v. Dallway, prom., 17 Aug.; Lt. W. T. P. Shortt, from h. p., Lt., v. H. J. Shaw, who exch., 31 Aug.; Ens. G. J. Burslem, from 43 F., Lt. by purch., v. M'Crea, whose prom. by purch. has not taken place, 31 Aug.

45 F.—Ens. F. Pigott, Lt. by purch., v. Trevelyan prom., 19 Sept.; W. Elliott, Ens. by purch., v. Pigott, 19 Sept.

46 F.—Capt. M. Willock, from Vet. Compa., in Newfoundland, Capt., v. Chalmers, whose app. has not taken place, 7 Sept.

49 F.—Lt. C. M. Burrows, from R. Afr. Col. Corps, Lt., v. Eastwood dec., 17 Aug.; Capt. W. H. Ball, from h. p., Capt., v. Dunne prom., 19 Sept.

50 F.—Lt. H. Gill, Capt. by purch., v. Shaw, who rets., 7 Sept.

51 F.—U. Williamson, Ens. by purch., v. Auldjo prom. 29 Aug.

52 F.—G. M. Yorke, Ens., v. Forbes prom. in 7 F. 10 Aug.

53 F.—Ens. E. Delmé, Lt. by purch., v. Hill prom.; R. S. Orlebear, Ens. by purch., v. Delmé, both 29 Aug.; Qu. Mast. W. Minchin, from 13 L. Dr., Qu. Mast., v. Taggart, who exch. 7 Sept.

54 F.—Lt. J. Clarke, Capt. by purch., v. Arnaud, prom. 29 Aug.

55 F.—Maj. C. Mills, Lt. Col. by purch., v. Skerrett, who rets.; Capt. P. E. Craigie, Maj. by purch., v. Mills; Lt. R. Ficklin, Capt. by purch., v. Craigie; Ens. C. C. Ebrington, Lt. by purch., v. Ficklin, all 10 Aug.; M. Wilson, Ens., v. Bowles prom. in 7 F. 9 Aug.; W. Thorpe, Ens., v. Ebrington 10 Aug.

56 F.—Ens. T. Egar, from h. p., Ens., v. J. Smith, who exch., rec. dif. 7 Sept.

57 F.—Ens. A. Robertson, Lt. by purch., v. May prom. in 19 F.; R. Alexander, Ens. by purch., v. Robertson, both 31 Aug.

58 F.—Ens. D. Robertson, Lt., v. Bell dec. 17 Aug.; W. F. Campbell, Ens., v. Robertson 17 Aug.; Maj. Gen. Lord F. Bentinck, Col., v. Lord Lynedoch, app. to Com. of 14 F. 6 Sept.

59 F.—Ens. G. N. Harwood, Lt. by purch., v. Arnold, who rets.; C. Hare, Ens. by purch., v. Harwood, both 24 Aug.

60 F.—Capt. C. Chichester, Maj. by purch., v. Pearse prom. 29 Aug.; Lt. G. Fothergill, Capt. by purch., v. Chichester, 29 Aug.; Lt. H. Croby, from h. p., Lt., paying dif., v. J. T. Evans, app. to 69 F. 7 Sept.; R. Atkins, 2d Lt. by purch., v. Hay prom. in 41 F. 24 Aug.

61 F.—Capt. J. Wolfe, Maj. by purch., v. Greene who rets., 10 Aug.; Lt. G. T. Parke, Capt. by purch., v. Wolfe, 10 Aug.; Ens. R. H. O'R. Hoey, Lt. by purch., v. Parke 17 Aug.; R. Gloster, Ens. by purch., v. Hoey 17 Aug.; Lt. E. H. Chawner, from h. p., Lt., v. W. Sayers, who exch. rec. dif., 7 Sept.; J. G. Philipps, Ens. by purch., v. Wynne prom. 19 Sept.

63 F.—Capt. T. H. Grubbe, from h. p., Capt., v. W. Penefather, who exch., rec. dif., 31 Aug.; E. Willis, Ens. by purch., v. Kington prom., 19 Sept.

65 F.—Capt. J. B. Thornhill, from h. p. 4 W. I. Regt., Capt., v. Dawson prom., 19 Sept.

69 F.—Capt. C. Lowrie, Maj. by purch., v. Leslie prom., 29 Aug.; Lt. B. Pigot, Capt. by purch., v. Lowrie, 29 Aug.; Capt. R. Brookes, from 26 F., Capt., v. Towers prom., 30 Aug.; Ens. H. W. Blachford, Lt. by purch., v. Pigot, 29 Aug.; H. C. Hallifax, Ens. by purch., v. Blachford, 29 Aug.; Lt. J. T. Evans, from 60 F., Lt., v. L. Dickson, who rets. on h. p., rec. dif., 7 Sept.

71 F.—Capt. W. Stewart, from 26 F., Capt., v. Park, who exch., 31 Aug.; Lt. H. A. Connor, Capt. by purch., v. Dashwood prom., 19 Sept.

72 F.—Lt. G. Murray, Capt. by purch., v. Mason prom.; Ens. W. H. Robinson, Lt. by purch., v. Mason; G. Kirkaldy, Ens. by purch., v. Robinson, all 29 Aug.; Lt. H. Jervis, Capt. by purch., v. Lord E. Hay, prom.; Ens. H. Godfrey, Lt. by purch., v. Jervis; J. M. Oliver, Ens. by purch., v. Godfrey; Lt. M. Adair, adj., v. Jervis, all 19 Sept.

74 F.—Lt. B. Burnet, Capt. by purch., v. Wilson prom., 19 Sept.; Ens. and Adj. A. F. Ansell, Lt. by purch., v. Burnet, 19 Sept.; Ens. A. Eyre, Lt., 20 Sept.; G. W. Phillips, Ens. by purch., v. Ansell, 20 Sept.

75 F.—Ens. R. B. Brown, Lt. by purch., v. Payne app. to 53 F., 10 Aug.; H. G. Jarvis, Ens. by purch., v. Brown prom., 24 Aug.; Ens. W. Macpherson, from h. p. 90 F., Qu. Mast., v. J. Dandy, who rets. on h. p., 7 Sept.

76 F.—Capt. W. Bampton, Maj. by purch., v. Coles prom., 19 Sept.; Capt. J. H. Grubbe, from h. p., Capt., v. Bampton, 19 Sept.; Lt. P. H. Michell, from 19 F., Lt., v. Edwards, who exch., 24 Aug.

77 F.—Lt. T. O. Partridge, from h. p., Lt., v. T. Porter, who exch., 7 Sept.

78 F.—Lt. R. T. Hawley, from h. p. 14 F., Lt. (repaying dif. to h. p. fund), v. A. Sword, who exch., 17 Aug.

80 F.—Ens. F. N. Toole, Lt. by purch., v. Leche, who rets., 17 Aug.; Capt. G. Falconar, from h. p., Capt., v. Kenny prom., 31 Aug.

81 F.—Capt. J. J. Hamilton, from h. p., Capt., v. Cole prom. 17 Aug.; Capt. C. B. Brisbane, from h. p., Capt., v. Pratt prom., 29 Aug.; H. S. Peter, Ens. by purch., v. Jones prom., 29 Aug.

82 F.—Lt. J. J. Slater, Capt. by purch., v. Starkie, who rets. 17 Aug.; Ens. C. F. Maxwell, Lt. by purch., v. Slater, 17 Aug.

84 F.—Ens. H. B. Clarke, Lt., v. Wyse, dec.

17 Aug.; T. G. Veitch, Ens. by purch., v. Clarke, prom., 17 Aug.; Capt. H. Vaughan, Maj. by purch., v. Cruise prom.; Lt. S. S. Sealy, Capt. by purch., v. Vaughan; Ens. Hon. M. St. Clair, Lt. by purch., v. Sealy; P. Craufurd, Ens. by purch., v. St. Clair, all 19 Sept.; Capt. J. Nicholson, from h. p., Paym., v. Prendergast, who rets. on h. p. of Capt., 7 Sept.

86 F.—Lt. R. B. Usher, Capt. by purch., v. Gamell prom., 29 Aug.; Ens. W. C. Caldwell, Lt. by purch., v. Usher 29 Aug.; Lt. Col. J. W. Mallet, from 89 F., Lt. Col., v. M'Caskill, who exch., 31 Aug.

89 F.—Lt. Col. J. M'Caskill, from 86 F., Lt. Col., v. Mallet, who exch., 31 Aug.; W. Glover, Ens. by purch., v. Gordon prom., 23 Aug.

90 F.—Ens. F. Romilly, from 37 F., Ens., v. Owen prom., 17 Aug.; Lt. S. W. Popham, Capt. by purch., v. Bleane prom., 19 Sept.; Ens. A. Mackenzie, Lt. by purch., v. Parker prom., 29 Sept.; J. James, Ens. by purch., v. Mackenzie, 19 Sept.

91 F.—Ens. E. Croker, from 16 F., Lt., v. Hughes dec., 24 Aug.

93 F.—Lt. J. Burgh, Capt. by purch., v. R. Cannon prom.; Ens. J. R. Johnston, Lt. by purch., v. Burgh; J. Neilson, Ens. by purch., v. Johnston, all 19 Sept.

96 F.—Capt. W. Ferns, from h. p. 66 F., Capt., v. P. Mitchell, who exch., 10 Aug.

97 F.—Capt. J. G. M. Moseley, from h. p., Capt., v. J. P. Maher, who exch., 10 Aug.—Capt. A. H. Pattison, Maj. by purch., v. Wodehouse prom., 19 Sept.; Capt. J. B. Berkeley, from h. p., Capt., v. Moseley, whose app. has not taken place, 7 Sept.; Capt. J. Twigg, from h. p., Capt., v. Pattison, 19 Sept.

98 F.—J. M'Cabe, Ens. by purch., v. Horne prom. in 41 F., 17 Aug.

99 F.—Maj. W. Bush, from h. p., Maj., v. Riddall app. to 18 F., 10 Aug.; Ens. J. Murray, Lt. by purch., v. Phibbs prom.; A. Warren, Ens. by purch., v. Murray, 19 Sept.

Rifle Brigade.—Lt. R. Irton, Capt. by purch., v. Ricketts prom.; 2d Lt. W. Crosbie, 1st Lt., v. Irton; 2d Lt. T. W. Nesham, 1st Lt., v. Beckwith prom.; W. B. Sparrow, 2d Lt. by purch., v. Nesham, all 29 Aug.; J. H. Esten, 2d Lt. by purch., v. Crosbie, 30 Aug.; Lt. G. B. Mathew, from h. p., Lt., v. A. Milligan, who exch., rec. dif., 20 Sept.

R. Staff Corps.—Capt. F. W. Mann, Maj., v. Sir J. R. Colleton, prom., 17 Aug.; Lt. E. Boyd, Capt., v. Mann, 17 Aug.; Lt. D. O'Brien, from 48 F., Lt., v. Boyd prom., 31 Aug.

1 W. I. Regt.—Urquhart, Ens., v. Ormsby app. to 39 F., 10 Aug.; Ens. J. A. Thoreau, from h. p., Ens., v. F. Boyd, who exch., 17 Aug.; Capt. J. J. Pouden, from h. p., Capt., v. Macdonald app. to 5 F., 31 Aug.; Lt. O. H. Wemyss, Capt. by purch., v. Molyneux prom., 19 Sept.; Lt. W. Webster, from h. p. Paym., v. S. Kent, whose app. has been cancelled, 7 Sept.

Ceylon Regt.—Lt. T. L. Fenwick, from Qu. Mast., Lt. (rep. dif. he rec. from h. p. fund), 10 Aug.; Serj. Maj. J. Black, from 1 F., Qu. Mast., v. Fenwick, 10 Aug.

Cape Corps (Cav.)—Capt. Hon. N. H. C. Massey, from 25 F., Capt. by purch., v. Massey prom., 19 Sept.

Afr. Col. Corps.—Lt. G. Maclean, from h. p., Lt., v. Burrows, app. to 49 F., 17 Aug.

Regt. of Artil.—2d Capt. B. Willis, from h. p., 2d Capt., v. Webber prom., 28 Aug.; 2d Capt. and Brev. Maj. D. M. Bouchier, Capt., v. Miller prom., 29 Aug.; 2d Capt. B. H. Vaughan, from h. p., 2d Capt., v. Bouchier, 29 Aug.

Staff.—Paym. T. Small, from late 1 R. Vet. Bat., paym. of a recruiting district, 25 June.

Commissariat.—Dep. Coms. Gen. I. Routh and T. P. Luscombe, Commissaries-General to forces, both 15 Aug.

Brevet.—Col. H. H. Dillon, late of Irish brigade, rank of Maj. Gen. on Continent of Europe only; A. Peebles, late Lt. Col. on h. p., Lt. Col. on Continent of Europe only; J. M. A. Skerrett, late Lt. Col. of 55 F., Lt. Col. on Continent of Europe only; S. Sankey, late Maj. on h. p., 9 F., Maj. on Continent of Europe only, all 10 Aug.; J. H. Fitzsimon, Esq., late upon h. p. of York Chasseurs, rank of Lt. Col. on Continent of Europe only, 7 Sept.

Garrisons.—Lt. Gen. Hon. Sir A. Hope, Lieut. Governor of Chelsea Hospital, v. Sir H. Calvert, dec.; Lt. Gen. J. Hay, Lieut. Governor of Edinburgh Castle, v. Sir A. Hope; Lt. Gen. W. Thomas, Lieut. Governor of Tynemouth, v. Lt. Gen. Hay; all 6 Sept.

Hospital Staff.—To be Hosp. Assists. to forces: C. R. Boyes, v. Browne prom. in 23 F., 17 Aug.; W. Wallace, v. Daykin prom. in 71 F., 17 Aug.; P. Anglin, v. Davey prom. in 7 F.; G. Ledingham, v. Hyde prom. in 19 F.; R. Tuthill, v. Crichton prom. in 35 F.; R. Uligott, v. Ryan prom. in R. Afr. Col. Corps; J. Poole, v. D. Brown prom. in 1 W. I. Regt.; H. Carline, v. Ass. Surg. Walsh, who rets. on h. p., all 31 Aug.

Unattached.—To be Lt. Cols. of Inf. by purch. Maj. J. Brander, from 42 F., 15 Aug.; Brev. Col. J. Pringle, from 26 F.; Maj. W. Pearce, from 60 F.; Maj. J. Leslie, from 69 F.; Brev. Lt. Col. A. Anderson, from 23 F., all 29 Aug.; Maj. R. Cruise, from 84 F.; Maj. J. Fleming, from 22 F.; Maj. R. B. Coles, from 76 F.; Capt. E. Clive, from 1 or Gr. F. Gu.; Br. Lt. Col. P. Wodehouse from 97 F., all 19 Sept.—To be Maj. of Inf. by purch. Capt. B. C. Browne, from 9 L. Dr., P. Pratt, from 81 F.; W. H. Eden, from 6 F.; T. L. Mitchell, from 2 F.; G. Brown, from 37 F.; W. Gammell, from 86 F.; G. Mason, from 72 F.; G. Doherty, from 42 F.; Hon. H. R. Molyneux, from 32 F.; F. Towers, from 69 F.; A. Fraser, from 9 F.; C. Rickets, from Rifle Brig.; J. Arnaud, from 54 F., all 29 Aug.; J. Wilson, from 74 F.; R. Conhop, from 92 F.; W. D. Mercer, from 3 Dr. Gu.; C. C. Blane, from 90 F.; H. Mallory, from 9 L. Dr., T. Molyneux, from 1 W. I. Regt.; A. W. Dashwood, from 71 F.; W. Hodgson, from 35 F.; J. Bogue, from 27 F.; R. Garrett, from 20 F.; A. Lane, from 12 L. Dr.; Hon. J. Masney, from Cape Corps (Cav.); R. P. Gilbert, from 25 F.; Br. Lt. Col. Hon. G. L. Dawson, from 65 F.; Capt. Lord E. Hay, from 72 F.; Capt. J. P. Holford, from 25 F.; Capt. R. W. Gordon, from 19 F., all 19 Sept.—To be Capt. of Inf. by purch. Lts. G. Rooke, from 14 L. Dr.; J. H. England, from 11 F.; C. Markham, from 1 Dr.; P. Hill, from 53 F.; T. S. Beckwith, from Rifle Brig.; C. G. R. Collins, from 16 L. Dr.; P. B. F. C. Gillies, from 6 Dr.; W. J. Cross, from 36 F., all 29 Aug.; M. Dalzell, from 60 F.; J. A. Campbell, from 24 F.; W. Trevelyan, from 45 F.; O. Philbbs, from 90 F.; A. Gammell, from 28 F.; H. C. Tathwell, from 41 F.; G. E. Thorold, from 15 F.; W. Dungan, from 17 L. Dr.; J. R. Hay, from 6 Dr. Gu.; J. Parker, from 90 F., all 19 Sept.—To be Lts. of Inf. by purch. Ens. J. Guthrie, from 26 F.; Ens. H. S. Jones, from 81 F.; Ens. J. Auldjo, from 51 F., all 29 Aug.; 2d. Lt. A. Webber, from 21 F.; Ens. G. Wynne, from 61 F.; Ens. G. B. Mathew, from 52 F.; Ens. J. B. Oliver, from 40 F.; Ens. J. Lawford, from 63 F., all 19 Sept.—To be Ens. by purch. E. L. Bulwer, v. Madden, whose app. has not

taken place; T. W. Thompson; both 29 Aug.; G. K. Corfield, 19 Sept.

Allowed to dispose of their half-pay.—Lt. Gen. O'Loughlan, as Lt. Col. 27 F., 15 Aug.; Lt. Col. W. Barry, marines; Lt. Col. F. Jones, unattached; Lt. Col. W. M. Coombe, marines; Maj. W. Parko (Lt. Col.), 66 F.; Maj. J. Jameson, unattached; Maj. S. Sankey, 9 F.; Maj. G. J. Walsely, unattached; Maj. P. Baird, ditto; Maj. R. Clarke, marines; Maj. M. Tompson, ditto; Maj. A. Hull, ditto; Maj. J. H. Graham, ditto; Maj. E. N. Lowder, ditto; Capt. W. Gilham, 36 F.; Capt. W. B. Proctor, 104 F.; Capt. R. Macdonald, 44 F.; Lt. W. A. Cunningham, 95 F.; Ens. H. W. Bennet, 16 F.; Lt. Col. T. Mitchell, marines; Maj. T. H. Morrice, ditto; Maj. I. J. Anson, ditto; Maj. H. Ross, ditto; Capt. R. J. Colley, 1 F.; Lt. J. Imlach, 87 F.; Lt. J. D. Mowlds, 11 F., all 29 Aug.; Lt. Col. F. Williams, marines; Lt. Col. B. Dickenson, ditto; Lt. Col. M. Arnott, ditto; Lt. Col. J. Vallack, ditto; Lt. Col. A. Stransham, ditto; Maj. M. R. Glaze, ditto; Maj. J. B. Fletcher, ditto; Maj. W. Thomson, ditto; Maj. J. Campbell, ditto; Maj. E. H. Garthwalte, ditto; Maj. P. L. Perry, ditto; Maj. E. Jones, ditto; Maj. C. Epworth, ditto; Maj. M. M'Pherson, unattached; Maj. A. Creighton, ditto; Maj. W. Haley (Lt. Col.) Nova Scotia Fenc.; Maj. A. Campbell, unattached; Maj. W. Rowe, marines; Maj. A. Shairpe, ditto; Maj. B. O. Loane, 4 Ceyl. Regt.; Maj. R. Foy (Lt. Col.), marines; Maj. H. W. Cresswell, ditto; Capt. W. Clifford, 3 F.; Capt. G. de Chassepot, York Hussars; Capt. C. Reynell, 4 W. I. Regt.; Lt. A. Johnston, Dublin Regt.; Lt. T. Barry, 84 F.; Lt. G. Wallace, ret. list 3 R. Vet. Bat.; Lt. Sir G. R. Farmer, 23 F.; Lt. W. F. Ebhart, ret. list 2 R. Vet. Bat.; Ens. W. Browne, 4 W. I. Regt., all 19 Sept.

Unattached.—The undermentioned officers, having brevet rank superior to their regimental Commissions, have accepted promotion on h. p., according to G. O. of 25 April 1826.—To be Lt. Cols. of Inf. Brev. Lt. Cols. A. W. Macdonell, from 25 F.; J. M. Sutherland, from 35 F.; both 19 Sept.—To be Maj. of Inf. Brev. Maj. R. Cole, from 81 F., 17 Aug.; W. Green, from 35 F.; J. Brine, from 7 F.; T. Champ, from 43 F.; G. A. Elliot, from 68 F., all 19 Sept.

The undermentioned Officers of the Regt. of Artillery having Brevet rank superior to their regimental commissions, have been granted prom. on h. p., viz. Brev. Maj. W. Webber, 28 Aug.; Brev. Maj. W. Miller, 29 Aug.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 21st of August and the 19th of September* 1826; extracted from the London Gazettes.

* In our last (p. 344) instead of "between 21st June and the 24th July" read "between 24th July and 21st August."

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Allstone, J. Waltham Abbey
Bower, T., and R. Guest, Manchester
Crumb, W. jun. Shoreham
Dixon J. Walsall, Staffordshire
Everall, S. Manchester
Gething, J. Worcester
Harrison, J. Woodchester, Gloucestershire
Harrison, J. Manchester
Hunt, J., Winch, R., and Hunt, W. jun. Stewart's-buildings, Battersea-fields
Holmes, J. and F. E. Edwards, Derby
Hallett, Mary, Devonport
Jackson, S. Congleton, Cheshire
Moore, W. Cirencester
Pomeroy, R. jun. Brixham, Devonshire
Sims, W. Portsea
Stokoe, W. Hexham, Northumberland

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 123.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

ANDREWS, T. and T. R. Tavistock-place, St. Pancras, coal-merchants. [Smith and Weir, Basinghall-street
Allsop, G. Holywell, Flintshire, malster. [Dicas, Pope's-head-alley, Cornhill
Aldersley, W. Gravesend, coach-master. [Yatman, Gt. Russel-street, Bloomsbury
Brodrigle, H. and Webb, G. Bristol, grocers. [Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside; Bevan and Brittan, Bristol
Bond, T. Hendon, Middlesex, dealer. [Whitaker, Warwick-court, Holborn
Boond, Altringham, Cheshire, calico-manufacturer.
M.M.—New Series. VOL. II. No. 10.

[Hadfield and Grave, Manchester; Hurd and Johnson, Temple
Bire, L. Pinner's-court, Broad-street, merchant.
[Tottie and Co., Leeds, and Poultry
Bridge, G. Marple, Cheshire, cotton-manufacturer.
[Ellis, Marple; Milne and Parry, Temple
Brown, G. Kidderminster, stonemason. [Winnall, Stourport; Jennings and Boulton, Temple
Bishop, C. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, victualer. [Davies, King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street
Buck, P. Knaresborough, Yorkshire, cabinet-maker.
[Powell and Son, Knightsbridge; Stocker and Dawson, New Boswell-court
Blood, M. Bath, surgeon. [Dignam, Newman-street, Oxford-street
Barlow, T. jun. and H. T. Liverpool, drapers.
[Davies, Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Brown, J. Birmingham, linen-draper. [Parker and Timmins, Birmingham; Holme and Co., New-inn
Brown, J. D. Walthamstow, Essex, surgeon. [Twynam, Regent-street
Bardsley, J. Heaton Norris, Lancashire, hat-manufacturer. [Newton and Winterbottom, Heaton Norris
Bailey, R. Vauxhall, tavern-keeper. [Boyon, Pinner's-hall, Old Broad-street
Cohen, J. Great Prescott-street, upholsterer. [Baddelys, Leman-street
Clarkson, A. Thatcham, Berks, innkeeper. [Henrich and Stafford, Buckingham-street, Strand
Cox, T. Ensham, Oxfordshire, innkeeper. [Looker, Oxford; Miller, Ely-place, Holborn
Curtis, R. Bleasdale, Lancashire, paper-manufacturer. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row; Hall, Lancashire
3 N

- Dady, H. Dowgate-hill, carpenter. [Jones, King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street
Denny, W. Lancaster, saddler. [Moore, Lancaster; Yallop, Suffolk-street-east
Dimsdale, C. E. Middleham, Yorkshire, scrivener. [Bradley, Catterick; Strangeways and Walker, Barnard's-inn
Dobson, T. jun. Furnival's inn, money-scrivener. [Lane, Frith-street, Soho-square
Downer, H. Strand, ironmonger. [Baxendale and Co., King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street
Emley, J. and R. Nicholas-lane, brokers. [Druce and Co., Billiter-square
Featherstone, F. Liverpool, grocer. [Lace and Co., Liverpool; Taylor and Roscoe, Temple
Fowler, J. and Linthorpe, G. M. Little Tower-street, tea-dealers. [Bennett, Suffolk-lane, Cannon-street
Fidler, Mary, Norbury, Cheshire, innkeeper. [Wood, Stockport; Milne and Parry, Temple
Farmer, W. Bath, ironmonger. [Gill, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Harvey, Bath
Fowler, T. St. Albans, Herts, brickmaker. [Alexander and Son, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn
Farrand, J. H. Clare, Suffolk, tanner and fellmonger. [Drews, Bermondsey-street
Francis, E. and D. Whatmouth, Whitchurch, Shropshire, schoolmaster. [Blackstock and Bunce, King's-bench-walk, Temple
Gill, T. Stourport, Worcestershire, corn-dealer [Winnall, Stourport; Jennings and Bolton, Temple
Garnett, J. Liverpool, merchant [Radcliff and Duncan, Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Gleed, I. Hawkesbury Upton, Gloucestershire, draper [Bevan and Brittan, Bristol; Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside
Gatley, J. Henton Norris, Lancashire, turner [Lowe and Son, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane; Richardson, Stockport
Graham, C. Cleathorpes, Lincolnshire, victualler [Batty and Co., Chancery-lane; Harle, York
Holmes, N. R. Fenchurch-street, hop merchant [Shepherd and Co., Cloak-lane
Harrison, A. Wigan, Lancashire, shop-keeper [Gaskell, Wigan; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Hankey, W., Roll's-buildings, Fetter-lane, carpenter [Parker, Dyer's-buildings, Holborn
Hopkinson, T. Ashton-under-line, oil-merchant [Taylor, Wakefield; Adlington and Co. Bedford-row
Halket, J. and Hughes, T. Liverpool, timber-merchants [Leather, Liverpool; Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house
Hirst, J. Manchester, spindle-maker [Parker and Co. Sheffield; Hadfield and Grave, Manchester; Ellis and Co. Chancery-lane
Hipwood, B. Anthony-street, Ratcliffe-highway, cabinet-maker [Robinson and Hine, Charter-House-square
Hockley, S. Union-street, Bishopsgate, tea-dealer [Baddeley's, Leman-street
Hunter, J. Clifton, Gloucestershire, wine-merchant [Anderson and Williams, Quality-court, Chancery-lane
Hood, J. J. otherwise W. Lingard, Southampton-street, colourman [Tate and Johnston, Copthall-buildings
Holgate, R. Habergham Eaves, Lancashire, common brewer [Buck and Eastwood, Burnley; Milne and Parry, Temple
Hilton, J. Rushdin, Hertfordshire, farmer [Cole, Great Charlotte-street, Blackfriars-road
Howes, J. Cranworth; and of Cotton, Norfolk, blacksmith [Daveney, Norwich; Browne, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square
Harrison, S. Manchester, grocer [Chester, Staples-inn; Davenport, Liverpool
Holmes, J. and F. E. Edwards, Derby, booksellers [Adlington and Co. Bedford-row; Moss, Derby
Keating, G. Waterloo road, linen-draper [Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street
Knights, J. Bradfield, Yarmouth, Norfolk, builder [Beart, Yarmouth; Francis, New Boswell-court
Kerrison, R. Cambridge-heath, Hackney, coach-master [Freeman and Co. Coleman-street
Kettle, W. W. Birmingham, button-maker [Norton and Co. Gray's-Inn; Hawkins, Birmingham
Levin, M. and Josephs, M. Goodman's-fields, merchants [Pearce and Co. St. Swithin's-lane
Lee, J. Wood-street, Cheapside, warehouseman [James, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house
Lowe, I. Walsall, Staffordshire, plater [Turner, Bloomsbury-square; Heely, Walsall
Lowe, J. Manchester, oil-merchant [Appleby and Co. Gray's-Inn; Whitehead and Co. Manchester
May, J. W. Great St. Helens, wine-merchant [Thomson and Co. King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street
Myers, P. Nottingham, optician [Nuttall, Nottingham, and Foster, Lawrence Pountney-lane
Meski, H. St. James's-square, taylor [Fream and Best, Temple
Martin, W. Runcorn, Cheshire, ship-carpenter [Tindall and Vary, Runcorn; and Chester, Staple-inn
Marriott, G. Manchester, cotton-spinner [Brackenbury, Manchester; Hurd and Johnson, Temple
Monk, W. Bispham, Lancashire, maltster [Stock, Chorley; Yallop, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East
Moore, T. Sunderland, grocer, [Hindmarsh and Son, Crescent, Jewin-street, Cripplegate
Marklove, C. and H. Berkeley, Gloucestershire, clothiers [Bishop, Gough-square
Melville, N. Phoenix-street, Somers Town, baker; Hodson, King's-road, Bedford-row
Murray, J. Liverpool, money-scrivener [Adlington and Co. Bedford-row; Avison, Liverpool
Naylor, T. and Ellis, G. Kexbrough, Yorkshire, fancy-cloth manufacturers [Batty and Hemp, Huddersfield, and Jaques and Batty, Coleman-street
Needle, M. G. Wood-street, tea-dealer [Ellis and Co. Chancery-lane
Nicholson, J. C. Liverpool, merchant [Radcliff and Duncan, Liverpool; Adlington and Co. Bedford-row
Nealor, J. Southwark, coal-merchant [Faithful, Birchin-lane
Norman, J. Tokenhouse Yard, broker [Tottie and Co. Poultry, and at Leeds
Nation, J. Bath, butcher [Fisher and Co. Queen-street, Cheapside; Hellings, Bath
Phelps, W. Belbroughton, Worcestershire, medicine preparer [Husband, Bromsgrove; and Teyes, Chancery-lane
Palfreyman, G. Crag, Macclesfield, calico printer [Walker, Manchester; and Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane
Palmer, J. Shrewsbury, mercer [Williams, Shrewsbury; Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane
Phelps, A. Bath, milliner [Mackey, Bath; Fisher, Queen-street, Cheapside
Penny, J. Lymington, ironmonger [Smith, Blandford, Dorset; Hicks and Dean, Gray's-inn
Palmer, H. Liverpool, and J. Richardson, Dublin, merchants [Bean, Friar-street, Blackfriars-road
Powel, J. Wellington-terrace, Waterloo-road, tailor [Gregson, Inner Temple-lane
Pippet, J. Shepton-Mallet, Somersetshire, clothier [Reeves, Glastonbury; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Purdie, J. sen., and J. Burdie, jun., Norwich, bombazeen manufacturers [Austin, Gray's-inn-square; and Packinson and Staff, Norwich
Rimer, C. T. Southampton, cheesemonger [Callaway, Portsmouth; and Wimburn and Collett, Chancery-lane
Roser, T. Brighton, builder [Verral, Lewis; Palmer and Co., Bedford-row
Rehden, C. F. Redcross-street, Cripplegate, ironmonger [Holme and Co., New-inn
Richards, D. Aberdare, Glamorganshire, grocer [Holme and Co. New-inn; Williams and Dalton, Cardiff
Rothwell, J. Salford, Lancashire, publican [Claye and Thompson, Manchester; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Sharp, W. and Askam, T. Leeds, iron founders [Payne, Leeds; and Wilson, Greville-street
Spencer, J. Burnley, Lancashire, cotton-spinner [Hammerton, Burnley; and Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields
Shakeshaft, J. jun., Widgate-street, dealer in earthenware. [White and Borrett, Great St. Helens
Sleddon, F. and T. Preston, cotton-spinners [Buck and Hartifant, Preston; Norris, John-street, Bedford-row
Sleddon, F. Preston, machine-maker [Buck and Hartifant, Preston; Norris, John-street, Bedford-row
Stelton, T. H. Southampton, stationer [Sharp, Southampton; Hopkinson, Red Lion-square
Smith, W. Leicester, wheel-wright [Dunn, Birmingham; Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street
Score, G. Tokenhouse-yard, money-scrivener [Parey, Aldermanbury
Stephens, J. Coombe, Carmarthenshire, clay-merchant [Bevan and Brittan, Bristol; Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street

Scott, J. Great East Cheap, merchant [Bennet, Suffolk-lane
 Stroud, H. Chichester, spirit-merchant [Sole, Alder-
 manbury
 Stanforth, C. and J. and J. W. Gosling, Old Broad-
 street, merchants [Druce and Sons, Billiter-square
 Smith, C. Sible-Heddingham, Essex, straw-plait
 dealer [Fawcett, Jewin-street, and South-sea Cham-
 bers, Threadneedle-street
 Smallwood, W. Covent-garden-chambers, auctioneer
 [Carlton, High-street, Mary-le-bone
 Snow, T. Shipston-upon-Stower, Worcestershire,
 tanner [Eyre and Co. Gray's-Inn; Findon and Co.,
 Shipston
 Stokes, J. Worcester, hop-merchant [Platt, New
 Boswell-court
 Thies, F. W. Liverpool, merchant [Bardswell and
 Son, Liverpool; and Blackstock and Bunce,
 Temple
 Thornley, R. Vale House, Mottram in Longden-
 dale, Cheshire, cotton-spinner [Kay, Manchester
 Vigevena, J. J. City Mills, Stratford, Essex, calen-
 derer [Hindman, Basinghall-street
 Warner, R. Cockspur-street, dressing-case manu-
 facturer [Watson, Gerard-street, Soho

Wild, B. and H., Hustend's Mills, Yorkshire
 woollen cloth manufacturers [Bury, Manchester;
 and Milne and Parry, Temple
 Watson, W. Bishopsgate-street, innkeeper [Parton,
 Bow-church-yard
 Watson, A. Blackburn, and Watson, J. Lancaster,
 haberdashers [Law and Coates, Manchester;
 Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
 Watson, A. Blackburn, draper [Hitchcock, Man-
 chester; Hurd and Johnson, Temple
 Willey, J. Manchester, innkeeper [Hampson, Man-
 chester; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane
 Wheeldom, S. Derby, wheelwright [Clarke and
 Flewker, Derby; Capes, Gray's-inn
 Wright, G. C. Hedge-row, Islington, grocer [Ben-
 net, Tokenhouse-yard
 Wood, T. Basford, Notts, tallow-chandler [Hurst,
 Nottingham; and Knowles, New-inn
 Watkins, J. Castle-street, Holborn, coal-merchant
 [Butler and Co. Cannon-street
 Welch, S. Whitchurch, Shropshire, saddler [Black-
 stock and Bunce, King's-bench-walk, Temple
 Young, J. Coleford, Gloucestershire, butcher [Small-
 ridge, Gloucester; Watson and Broughton, Fal-
 con-square

DIVIDENDS.

ALEXANDER, W. Bath, Oct. 21.
 Adkins, W. Coventry, Sept. 26.
 Abbott, S. Old Kent-road, Oct. 6.
 Argyle, S. Ilkeston, Derbyshire, Oct. 12.
 Anderson, A. Philpot-lane, Oct. 6.
 Burgess, G. and E. Maidstone, Kent, Sept. 15.
 Butterworth, J. and Co. Shelf, Yorkshire, Sept. 22.
 Burrows, H. Pickering, Coventry, Sept. 26.
 Best, G. Spring-gardens, Sept. 26.
 Burdwood, J. and Coltman, W. H. Sept. 26.
 Bridgman, J. Spicer-street, Beth-nall-green, Sept. 29.
 Burn, J. Manchester, Sept. 30.
 Bentley, D. and Fogg, J. Eccles, Lancashire, Oct. 5.
 Brooksbank, W. North Bierley, Yorkshire, Sept. 28.
 Bond, J. Lloyd's Coffee-House, Sept. 29.
 Brown, J. Liverpool, Oct. 10.
 Burwash, T. Bishopsgate without, Oct. 3.
 Bodenham, T. Commercial Road, Oct. 3.
 Blake, J. Zeales Green, Wilts, Oct. 3.
 Blyth, M. Usk, Monmouthshire, Oct. 5.
 Baldwin, W. K. Liverpool, Oct. 9.
 Bousfield, J. Manchester, Oct. 13.
 Bloor, J. Wheelock, Chester, Oct. 7.
 Cox, R. Lambeth, Sept. 12.
 Carrington, J. Ludgate-st. Sept. 19.
 Cooper, J. and Reader, J. Strood, Kent, Sept. 19.
 Calvert, G. and Beeston, W. H. Manchester, Sept. 18.
 Charman, P. Piccadilly, Sept. 19.
 Cussons, G. Manchester, Oct. 5.
 Cox, J. and Willis, B. Notting-ham, Sept. 28.
 Cook, J. Sheffield, Sept. 25.
 Cooper, E. Kingsland-road, Sept. 29.
 Clarke, W. Y. Whistones, Wor-
 cestershire, Oct. 18.
 Curtis, J. Birmingham, Oct. 11.
 Cook, J. Sheffield, Oct. 6.
 Dring, B. Hammersmith, Sept. 12.
 Dodson, N. Nottingham, Sept. 18.
 Dandy, C. and M. A. Hackney, Sept. 21.
 Dyer, J. and Swaine, J. Gravel-
 lane, Houndsditch, Sept. 22.
 Dodson, J. and R. Beeston, York-
 shire, Sept. 22.
 Davis, A. and Howell, G. Chelten-
 ham, Sept. 30.
 Dinham, J. Exeter, Oct. 5.
 Evil, L. Walcot, Somersetshire, Oct. 24.
 Elford, Sir W. bart., J. Ting-
 combe, and J. W. Clarke, Oct. 3.
 Fairbairn, J. Hindon, Wilts, Sept. 21.
 Fuller, R. Reigate, Sept. 15.
 Frost, T. and Elizabeth, Sheffield, Sept. 25, Oct. 6.
 Featherstone, F. W. and Nevill, H. Adam's-court, Broad-street, Sept. 22.
 Fruer, S. Upper Fountain-place, City-road, Sept. 29.
 Fairbairn, J. F. Bedford-street, Covent-Garden, Sept. 26.
 Fogg, R. Portwood, Cheshire, and T. S. Fogg, Manchester, Oct. 3.
 Foster, J. Sheffield, Oct. 11.
 Gilbert, C. S. Devonport, Oct. 7.
 Gunnell, J. Platt-terrace, Battle-
 bridge, Sept. 29.
 Gray, T. March, Cambridgeshire, Sept. 27.
 Garbutt, G. Bishop Wearmouth, Sept. 27.
 Gorton, J. Tottington, Lanca-
 shire, Oct. 6.
 Green, B. H. Bristol, Oct. 11.
 Holt, F. Liverpool, Sept. 20.
 Hodgson, S. Hebden-bridge, and S. Hodgson, Halifax, Sept. 20.
 Holah, G. Size-lane, Sept. 29.
 Hirst, J. Greave, Yorkshire, Oct. 2.
 Husband, R. Plymouth, Oct. 7.
 Higginbotham, N. Macclesfield, Sept. 27.
 Haldy, J. F. and W. Norcott, Castle-street, Leicester-square, Sept. 26.
 Habgood, J. Jun., Macclesfield, Sept. 26.
 Hambidge, J. Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucester, Oct. 12.
 Hulse, S. Nottingham, Oct. 10.
 Heaton, M. Haworth, Oct. 12.
 Judd, W. sen. and W. jun., Ban-
 bury, and Judd, R. Birming-
 ham, Oct. 2.
 Kenworthy, E. and Bunnell, J. Liverpool, Sept. 25.
 Kerr, J. and Spear, J. Tooley-
 street, Sept. 19.
 Kingsford, Jane and George, Port-
 sea, Sept. 29.
 Langworthy, Carver, Bristol, Sept. 30.
 Leach, J. H. Leeds, Sept. 26.
 Lunn, E. and G. Halifax, York-
 shire, Sept. 26.
 Lawson, J. B. and G. Nottingham, Oct. 12.
 Leech, J. Salford, Lancashire, Oct. 10.
 M'Cormick, J. Broad-street, Sept. 26.
 Moore, W. Houghton, Cumber-
 land, Sept. 29.
 Mearman, J. B. Newport, Isle of
 Wight, Oct. 5.
 Means, W. Birkenhead, Cheshire, Oct. 9.
 Marmion, A. and R. Carr, Preston, Nov. 10.
 Marshall, T. College-hill, Upper
 Thames-street, Jan. 5.
 Murray, J. Whithaven, Oct. 10.
 Maskell, R. S. Basinghall-street, Jan. 5.
 Miles, T. Stockton, Durham, Oct. 23.
 Newmarch, J. Manchester, Oct. 1.
 Oliver, W. Hamilton-row, Battle-
 bridge, Sept. 30.
 Pollitt, J. Manchester, Sept. 16.
 Pring, J. Bristol, Sept. 15.
 Peake, G. Milton, Kent, Sept. 23.
 Pearson, R. Rotherham, York-
 shire, Sept. 25.
 Pittis, F. Newport, Isle of Wight, Oct. 5.
 Phillips, T. and I. Fenchurch-
 street, Sept. 22.
 Penn, T. Brighton, Sept. 29.
 Prentice, A. and T. Shelly, Man-
 chester, Oct. 27.
 Pearson, R. Rotherham, York-
 shire, Oct. 6.
 Phillips, N. Haverfordwest, Oct. 25.
 Roberts, W. Shoe-lane, Sept. 21.
 Rutter, J. Winterton, Lincoln-
 shire, Sept. 26.
 Rogers, D. Upper North-place,
 Gray's-inn-road, Sept. 26.
 Ridgway, J. Macclesfield, Sept. 27.
 Reddall, W. and T. Liverpool, Sept. 26.
 Ryland, S. H. and J. Knight, Horsleydown, Sept. 28.
 Roscoe, W., T. Clarke, and W. S. Roscoe, Liverpool, Oct. 6.
 Rutter, J. Winterton, Lincoln-
 shire, Oct. 3.
 Rodgers, T. and T. Parker, Old-
 ham-lane, Oct. 14.
 Smith, T. and J. Yates, Heaton-
 Norris, Lancaster, Oct. 4.
 Square, J. and Prideaux, W. jun. and W. W. King'sbridge, De-
 vonshire, Sept. 13.
 Sunkin, C. and T. Leek, Stafford-
 shire, Sept. 19.
 Sampson, J. H. Sculcoates, York-
 shire, Oct. 4.
 Stickney, W. Welton, Yorkshire, Oct. 14.
 Simkin, T. A. Ross, Hereford
 shire, Sept. 27.
 Squire, M. and H. Edwards, Nor-
 wich Sept 28

Smith, T. B. and A. and D. Old Trinity House, Sept. 29	Tetley, J. Street, in Tong, York- shire, Oct. 6	Wilkinson, W. and W. C. Gil, Holborn-bridge, Sept. 28
Sanderson, J. Bristol, Oct. 2	Thurtell, J. Norwich, Oct. 4	Woodward, I. Nottingham, Sept. shire, Oct. 3
Stevenson, R. T. Fetter-lane, Sept. 26	Thornton, H. Upper Russel-street, Bermondsey, Sept. 22	Winstanley, R. jun., King-street, Cheapside, and G. Hudson, Manchester, Nov. 7
Stocking, C. Paternoster-row, Oct. 3	Trollop, H. Whitechapel, Sept. 22	Woodfall, J. jun., Liverpool, Oct. 10
Seagrove, W. Portsea, Oct. 6	Wesson, J. Birmingham, Sept. 19	Warland, H. Lad-lane, Oct. 7
Shaw, A. Delph, Yorkshire, Oct. 21	Wright, G. Birmingham, Sept. 19	Whitehead, M. Preston, Oct. 9
Tyrrell, W. East Ilsley, Berks, Sept. 20	Wallington, J. New Road, Sept. 15	Walton, W. Charles-street, Mid- dlesex Hospital, Oct. 10
Tronson, R. Liverpool, Sept. 12	Walker, W. Rochdale, Oct. 6	Wentworth, G. W. Chaloner, R.
Thomas, J. and Gilbert, S. T., Exeter, Sept. 19	Waugh, T. C. Turnwheel-lane, Sept. 29	Rishworth, T. Bishop, jun., T.
Tate, G. New Shoreham, Sept. 29	Wilkinson, J. Sculcoats, Oct. 16	Hartley, J. York, Oct. 13
	Whittingham, T. Cheltenham, Sept. 29	Young, J. Newport, Oct. 10

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. T. Jones, to the Rectory of Hempstead, Gloucestershire—The Rev. C. Benson, to the Vicarage of Cropthorne, Worcester—The Rev. C. Day, to the Vicarage of Rushmere, Suffolk—The Rev. B. Parke, to be Prebendary of Ely—The Rev. R. Bickerstaffe, to the Vicarage of St. Martin's, Salop—The Rev. C. H. Grove, to the Rectory of Berwick St. Leonard, with the Chapel of Sedgell, Wilts—The Rev. J. Compson, to the Vicarage of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury—Rev. H. J. Gunning, to the perpetual Curacy of Horton-cum-Pedington, Northampton—Rev. R. Ridsdale, to the Vicarage of Knockin, Salop—Rev. A. Loftus, to the Rectory

of Fincham, Norfolk—Rev. S. Robins, to the Rectory of Edmonsham, Dorset—Hon. and Rev. F. P. Bouverie, to a Canonry of Salisbury Cathedral—Rev. H. Crisp, to the Vicarage of Stonehouse, Gloucester—Rev. J. D. Coleridge, to the Rectory of Lawhitton, Cornwall—Rev. C. H. Martin, to the Vicarage of Winkleigh, Devon—Rev. S. Littlewood, to the perpetual Curacy of Edington, Wilts—Rev. W. Bradley, to the Living of Nether Whitacre, and to the Chapel donative of Merevale—The Hon. and Rev. J. S. Cocks, to the endowed Vicarage of Neen Savage, Salop.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON.

CHRONOLOGY.

Aug. 22.—A Chancery suit ended with the consent of both parties, in the Vice-Chancellor's court, which had lasted *only* fifty years !!!

24.—In pursuance of his Majesty's writ, the further adjournment of the meeting of the new Parliament took place, until November 2.

— Dispatches received at the Colonial-Office, dated June 18, from the British Consul at Tripoli, announcing the arrival of Major Laing at Timbuctoo.

28.—News arrived from the East-Indies announcing peace with the Burmese. The ratification of the treaty took place at the end of February last.

September 1.—Proclamation issued by the king for the prorogation of the Parliament from November 2 to November 14, when it is to be held, and to sit for the dispatch of divers urgent and important affairs—Same day an Order of Council was issued for permitting the importation of foreign oats, oatmeal, rye, pease, and beans, until the expiration of forty days after the meeting of Parliament.

Sept. 14.—Sessions of General Goal Delivery, commenced at the Old Bailey, before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and Justices Littledale and Gazelee.

MARRIAGES.

Augustus, son of the Right Hon. J. Sullivan, to Jane, daughter of Admiral Sir C. Tyler; Rev. Dr. Maltby, Preacher to the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn, to Miss M. Green; Henry, eldest son of Sir R. Bedingfield, bart., of Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk, and nephew to the Right Hon. Lord Stafford, to Margaret, only daughter of E. Paston, esq., of Appleton, Norfolk; Right Hon. Lord Suffield, of Gunton Park, Norfolk, to Emily Harriet, youngest daughter of E. Shirley, esq., Easington Park, Warwickshire; J. Pearce, jun. esq., of Brixton, to Elizabeth Margaret, second daughter of Admiral Pearce,

Bradminch House, Devon; Capt. C. Hope, R. N., son of the Lord President of the Court of Session, to Ann, daughter of Capt. W. Parry, R. N. C. B., Noyad Trefawr, Cardiganshire; At the French Ambassador's Chapel, and afterwards at Mary-le-bone Church, the Comte Alfred de Chabannes, to Antoinette, daughter of John Ellis, esq.

DEATHS.

At Shooter's Hill, 81, Elizabeth, relict of the late General Sir T. Blomefield, bart.—At Hampstead, C. H. Hutchinson, esq., late M.P. for Cork—At East Moulsey, Lieut.-Col. Archibald Ross—At St. George's Place, Canterbury, 62, Richard Mount, esq.—At Brompton, Mrs. West, sister of the late T. Cole, esq., Bristol—Right Hon. Lord Gifford, Master of the Rolls—At Lee, 83, Mrs. Mary Ann Morland, relict of the late W. Morland, esq., Pall Mall, and M.P. for Taunton—At Belvidere House, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Catherine Caroline Beresford, youngest daughter of the late Marquis of Waterford.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Prilly, near Lausanne, Switzerland, according to the rites of the Swiss church, and afterwards by the Dean of Raphoe, Jules Theodore Baron de Klopman, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of T. Bourke, esq., of Mayo—At Barbadoes, the Rev. E. Elliot, Archdeacon of Barbadoes, to Miss E. K. Sheete, daughter of the Hon. M. Sheete, President of Barbadoes.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Paris, Mrs. H. Wolseley, sister of Admiral Tollemache—At Calcutta, the Right Reverend Father in God, Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta—At Naples, the celebrated astronomer, Piazzi, discoverer of the planet Ceres—At her villa, near Florence, the Dowager Countess Cooper.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

*The Northumberland Institution for the Promotion of the Fine Arts has closed its exhibition for the present year, and, it may be said with regret, that however rich it has been in talent, very few of the pictures have been sold. The reason is doubtless the badness of the times, which must affect artists as well as other classes.

A new school for the improvement and instruction of infants between two and six years of age, was opened at Newcastle, Sept. 4, under the patronage of the Infant School Society.

Another of those fatal accidents which are so frequently occurring in coal-pits, took place at High Heworth pit, near Gateshead, on the 5th of September: by an explosion of hydrogen gas, part of the works blew up, and two men and a boy were killed, and several severely burnt. About sixty men and boys were working in the pit at the time.

Married.] At Bishopwearmouth, J. J. Wright, esq., to Jane, only daughter of the late W. Kirsopp, esq.—The Rev. J. R. Longhurst, to Miss Ann Harrison.

Died.] At Warkworth, Rev. W. Reed—At Newcastle, 77, Mrs. Dixon—At West Hinton, Thomas Smith, esq.—At the Priory, near Acton, R. J. Bell, esq., second brother to M. Bell, esq., M.P. for Northumberland—At Alston, the Rev. T. Jackson.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

At Carlisle there has been a trifling improvement in trade; but the price of labour has not the least advanced.

YORKSHIRE.

During several of the dark evenings, in the last week in August, the margin or ridges of the waves, at Bridlington Quay, emitted a beautiful phosphoric light, similar to that produced by stale fish, and supposed by some to proceed from innumerable animalcula, and by others from the dead spawn of fish in a state of decomposition.

A buck's horn, in a fine state of preservation, together with other bones, and several skulls of cattle and horses, and one human skull, have lately been dug up in a field just without Mickellgate Bar, York.

Several vessels were lost off the coast, in severe gales on the 6th and 7th of Sept. The ship *Eske*, of Whitby, was one; she was from Greenland, and all hands perished. Only two ships were sent from Whitby to Greenland this year, and both are lost.

Married.] At York, the Rev. Jonathan Trebeck, to Charlotte, second daughter of John Cooke, esq.—At Pontefract, Joseph Boothby, esq., of Wingby, to Ann, youngest daughter of G. Parker, esq.—At Welton, Charles Lever, esq., of Gray's Inn, to Rebecca, third daughter of the late J. Lowthrop, esq.—The Rev. Eardley Childers, to Maria Charlotte, daughter of Sir Collier Smith, bart.—At York, H. H. Spinkes, esq., to Miss Burnell—At Scarborough, Rev. J. Skelton, to Miss Terry.

Died.] At Pontefract, Robert Smith, esq.—At Ellerhiers, Felix D'Auy, son of Richard Champney, esq.—At York, Mrs. Hotham, relict of the late Col. Hotham—At Hunslet, Amos Wood, having left fifty-eight descendants—At Thorp Auh, Mary, the wife of W. Gattiffe, esq.—At Denby Grange, Amelia Mary, daughter of Sir John and Lady Amelia Kaye—At Low Dunsforth, 102, Charles Stephenson. At the age of thirty he was married, and has left a daughter seventy-two years of age. He possessed the use of his faculties until the last.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At Litchfield, the Marquis de Gibon, Baron de Ker, of Brittany—At Shreshill, 88, T. Price, esq.—At the Palace, Lichfield, 75, Sir Charles Oakley, bart., formerly governor of Madras.

LANCASHIRE.

At the assizes for this county, forty-two criminals received sentence of death for riotously meeting and destroying the property, mills, and machinery of several of the manufacturers of Blackburn and other places. But the judge (in consequence of the recommendation of the respective juries, who mentioned "the severe pressure of the times,") promised to intercede with his Majesty's ministers on their behalf.

Considerable progress has been made at Manchester in preparing to carry into immediate effect a plan for the employment of such of the poor as are able and willing to work upon the public roads, and business has exhibited some slight symptoms of improvement, and the number of unemployed workmen is diminishing; but we have to contend against the rising manufactories of the Continent, who are not depressed by excessive taxation.

Sept. 7.—The Bishop of Chester laid the first stone of the new gothic church at Hulme. A grand procession took place on the occasion. Mr. Wilbraham Egerton has made a free donation to the township of Hulme of the ground required for the church and church-yard.

Died.] At Oldham, 78, Mr. G. Wright, who for the last fifty-six years has been in the capacity of Oldham huntsman. He was borne to the grave by nine brother huntsmen, all in scarlet.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

A Mechanics' Institute is forming at Newark.

Died.] At Sutton, Mrs. M. Kitchen, 85. She left 14 children, 72 grand-children, and 96 great-grand-children.—At Southwell, the Rev. W. Law, 97: he held the vicarage of Dunham for 70 years, and Keesal 66 years.—Anna Maria, daughter of the Rev. Archdeacon Eyre.—At Kelham Hall, the Rev. F. Manners Sutton, a descendant of Lord Lexington.—At Mansfield, Mr. J. Murray, 66, inventor of the circular saw.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

The first anniversary of the Leicester Clergy Orphan Society was held Aug. 18, when it appeared from the Report that this valuable institution had been cherished with fresh subscriptions and donations, so that its originators and supporters may now anticipate its proceeding with prosperity.

Aug. 28. The grand cricket-match was played at Leicester between "All England" and the "Sheffield and Leicester" clubs; and the Gymnasium was attended by vast numbers of people of both sexes. The first innings of "All England" were 94—those of "Sheffield and Leicester" 194. The same was resumed Sept. 4, 5, 6, and 11, when it was finally concluded in favour of the United Club by a majority of 3, with 5 wickets to go down.

Married.] At Leicester, Mr. E. Orange, 85, to Miss Dorothy Bent, 72; the bridesmaid was aged 60, the father more, making their united ages on this happy occasion almost 300!

Died.] At Leicester, Mrs. Chamberlain.

WARWICKSHIRE.

At a committee lately held at Birmingham of the subscribers to the Birmingham and Liverpool Railway undertaking, it was resolved to confine their views at present (in consequence of the existing embarrassments of the country) to the establishment of a Railway between Birmingham and Wolverhampton. The length of the line will be about 14 miles, and the expence £130,000. Trade at Birmingham is rather improving.

The rail-road from Stratford to Moreton has lately been opened.

Died.] At Rugby, Mrs. Butlin, 83.—Mrs. Lloyd,

Birmingham.—A. Blick, esq., Longbridge, 71. He was an Alderman of Warwick.—At Coventry, Mrs. Cherry, 77.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Died.] At Boughton Field, 79, P. Ballard, esq.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At Walton, C. Bond, esq. 80.—At Hereford, J. Bullock, esq.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

Married.] At Westbury on Severn, J. Bennett, esq. to Miss T. F. Legge, niece and co-heiress of the late Sir C. Asgill, Bart.

Died.] At Cheltenham, Lady Sarah Napier, 82, and the Rev. J. Slingsby, Fellow King's College, Cambridge.

DERBYSHIRE.

Sept. 14. The ceremony of laying the first stone of the new church of St. John, at Derby, took place; on which occasion the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry presided, and having laid the stone, delivered an appropriate address.

Died.] At Derby, Mr. Allsop, 79.—At Brinnington, Mrs. Moss, 88. She was mother, grandmother, and great grandmother to 126 children.—At Chesterfield, Mrs. Knowles, 86.—At the Cliff House, Mr. Redfern, 72.—At Alston, Elizabeth Martin, aged 103. She lived at Dilston, in Northumberland, and was servant to the Earl of Derwentwater when he expiated the crime of high treason on the scaffold.

CAMBRIDGE.

The cottagers of Over have had, by public benevolence, their losses made good which they sustained by the late fire, and the subscription is continued for the relief of such other sufferers as the committee appointed for that purpose may deem proper objects.

Aug. 21. Welney Suspension bridge, affording a communication between Wisbeach and Ely, was opened to the public.

OXFORDSHIRE.

At a meeting held at Oxford, Aug. 21. of the medical practitioners of that city and vicinity, it was unanimously agreed that a society should be established to be called "The Medical Society of Oxford and its Vicinity." At the same time it was resolved to form a medical library and museum.—The committee of the Oxford Lunatic Asylum have given notice that a liberal grant from Dr. Radcliffe's trustees, and the munificent gift of one of the governors of the charity, have enabled them to open the Asylum; but their funds are as yet insufficient for the completion of the unfinished wing, and the execution of important improvements. They therefore appeal to public benevolence.

Died.] Mr. G. Kirtland, Yeoman Bedel in Divinity at Oxford.—At Salford, Rev. T. Nash, D.D. 84.

BUCKS AND BERKS.

Married.] At Hampden, Rev. A. Hobart, to Miss M. I. Egremont.

Died.] At Drayton, General Sir H. Calvert, Bart. He was Lieut. Governor of Chelsea Hospital, and Colonel of the 14th regiment of foot.

NORTHAMPTON.

The anniversary meeting for the General Infirmary of Northampton (for the sick and lame poor of all counties) was held Sept. 13, at that town, the Marquis of Northampton in the chair; when it appeared by the Report, that since its establishment 76,229 persons had been cured, and 8,128 relieved.

Sept. 15. The annual meeting of the Farming and Grazing Society, was held at Lord Althorp's farm, Chapel Brampton, when nearly forty prizes were distributed for ploughing, breeding, and various agricultural pursuits; several of them were awarded to the Marquis of Exeter and Lord Althorp.

Married.] At Kingthorpe, C. C. Elwes, esq., to

Miss E. Rye.—At Milton, the Rev. W. C. Colton, to Miss L. Miller.

Died.] At Northampton, 78. Mrs. Jeyes.

NORFOLK.

Aug. 29. The North Walsham and Dilham canal, was opened for trade with great form and ceremony.

Married.] At Cromer, W. Drake, esq. to Miss M. Lockley.

Died.] At Rising, James Bellamy, esq. 73, Clerk of the Peace for the Isle of Ely.—At Acle, Mrs. Lyall, 80.

HAMPSHIRE.

A meeting of the great land-owners and farmers of Andover and its vicinity took place, Sept. 29, at Andover, for the purpose of considering the present state of the Corn Laws, when resolutions were proposed and seconded "against any alteration in them." But they were negatived, and a petition to the House of Commons substituted in their stead, and voted almost unanimously, showing that "under the existing state of taxation, rents, tithes, poor-rates, and other outgoings from the lands, that it is utterly impossible for the petitioners to bring to market the products of the soil at the same prices that many nations on the continents of Europe and America are enabled to do, and praying the House to adopt such measures as may contribute to relieve them.

Died.] At Holdenhurst, 83, Mrs. Dean.—At Westmeon, 76, Rev. J. Dampier, prebendary of Ely.

SUSSEX.

An assembly of the Corporation holden in the Town-hall at Hastings, August 29, for the purpose of taking into consideration the appeal made by the Rev. Webster Whistler, the rector, from the altar in St. Clement's church, during divine service, on Sunday last, and addressed to the congregation then and there assembled, in which he distinctly charged the Mayor and Corporation, and principal inhabitants, with the imputation of discouraging the opening of both the churches in this town and port, for the better accommodation of the parishioners and visitants at this season of the year; it was (after fully confuting the charge, and proving that they wished to pay for a curate) resolved, "That the minutes of this assembly be printed and circulated throughout the town, and that a copy be sent to the bishop of the diocese, requesting his Lordship to disunite the livings of St. Clement and All Saints in this town, or to adopt any other means which his Lordship may deem most expedient, for opening both the churches for morning and afternoon service on Sundays; and also for preventing the recurrence of such a profane interruption of divine worship."

WILTSHIRE.

The rector of Atton Barnes has lately certified to the bishop of the diocese, that not a single inhabitant of his parish has been accused in any court of justice, for any misdemeanor or other breach of the laws during his residence (more than fifteen years) within it.

The provincial papers state, that Melksham is, perhaps, worse off than any other place in this county; out of a population of 4,000, there are 2,000 persons dependant on the poor rates—and if things go on as they have lately done, five-sixths of the people must become paupers. Trowbridge is nearly in a similar state; and indeed the ruin of the towns in this neighbourhood is certain if trade does not improve, or if some rigorous measures are not immediately taken to stop pauperism and beggary. The poor people are seen standing in the market-place by hundreds bewailing their sad fate.

Died.] At Salthorp Lodge, Mrs. Elizabeth Pye Bennett.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

There are upwards of 5000 persons out of employ at Frome, and the poor-rates exceed £1000 per month. The population is about 13,000, and if the present stagnation in trade should continue through the winter, what will become of the poor, if the government of the country does not interfere!!!

Married.] At Churchill, Rev. W. G. Dymock, to Miss M. A. Perry.

Died.] At Bath, 82, Mrs. A. Richardson—At Bristol, Mr. Weldy.

DORSETSHIRE.

Aug. 17, the new church at Hamworthy was consecrated. The old church is supposed to have been destroyed during the time of the civil wars, and from that time to the present the inhabitants have had no church.—Aug. 23. The new rail-road in the island of Portland was opened.

The annual buck hunt took place, Sept. 11, at Tolland Royal, on Cranbourne Chase, and was very numerously attended. The right of chase belongs solely to Lord Rivers, and extends over 500,000 acres of land, who has lately proposed to the land owners to disfranchise it, on their binding themselves to a payment of £1,800 per annum to him and his heirs; but the gentlemen of the hunt express themselves as more desirous that the stock of deer (at present near 12,000), should be reduced to 5,000, than that his lordship should give up this splendid and ancient right.

Married.] At Blandford, G. Wyatt, esq., to Miss S. Carpenter—At Nether-Walton, C. Knight, esq., to Miss A. Hibberds.

Died.] At Weymouth, 85, Mr. J. Hawkins—Mrs. Oakley, 92—Mrs. Garland, 81, and the Rev. Abel Edwards, 78, forty years pastor of the Unitarians, Dorchester—At Salisbury, Miss Easton.

DEVONSHIRE.

The Exeter grand wrestling matches continued for three days, and gave so much satisfaction to the lovers of the sport, that arrangements are already made for similar amusements next summer, under the denomination of "the Devon and Exeter Grand Match."

A meeting has been held at Axminster for the purpose of entering into a subscription for extending the harbour of that place, and for the formation of a rail-road to the town of Axminster.

Died.] At Dawlish, Fanny, daughter of Lieut. Col. G. Rochford, M.P. for Westmeath—At Wembury, from pricking his finger, Mr. J. Hill—At Plymouth, Capt. H. Waring.

CORNWALL.

Aug. 24. A meeting was held at Bodmin, and a subscription entered into of nearly £2,000, for diverting the line of road between Falmouth and Launceston, so as to avoid the dangerous hills on the present route. The expense will be about £6,500.—A district society has been formed for the four Eastern Deaneries of Cornwall in aid of the society for the enlargement and building of churches and chapels.

A considerable advance has recently taken place in the standard for copper, which is a most cheering and most opportune alteration for the mining population of this county.

Married.] At Gwinear, G. Lush, esq., to Miss Rowena Vawdry, fifth daughter of the Rev. W. Vawdry. The bride was accompanied to the altar by her mother, and ten brothers and sisters; one of her brothers gave her away, and her father performed the ceremony.

Died.] At Southpetherwin, Miss C. Ward—At Penzance, Mrs. Davy, mother of Sir Humphrey Davy.

WALES.

At the Carnarvon assizes only one criminal was tried; it was for burglary, and he was transported for life. For Radnorshire also only one was found for trial, who was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.—At Anglesey not one.—Aug. 28, the eleventh anniversary of the Cardiff schools was held, when it appeared from the report that, since their formation, no less than 1056 children have been partakers of their benefits; there are at present 115 boys and 70 girls: upon their examination it seemed that no exhibition of this kind could be more respectable. There was a very liberal subscription.—The state of the iron trade in Monmouthshire and South Wales is worse than it has been for many years—the prices are lower in proportion to the rate of wages than, perhaps, they ever have been.—The stupendous national works of Menai and Conway bridges have, during the last six months, attracted a vast influx of company to view them.

Married.] As Ystradfydog, J. Edwards, esq., to Miss M. Morgans—H. Price, esq., R.N. of Amlwch, Anglesea, to Miss A. Waite—Mr. W. Williams, of Tyn-y-llan, to Miss E. Evans, of Efail-goch, both in the parish of Llanfairpwllgwyngyll, Anglesea.

Died.] J. Stanislos Townsend, of Trevallyn, esq.—Miss Charlotte Herring, youngest daughter of the Dean of St. Asaph—At Gwernarwin, 70, S. Williams, esq.—At Lantarnam, Rev. E. Davies—At Hafod E. Morgan, esq.—Rev. T. Williams, vicar of Llanadwrn, Carmarthenshire.

SCOTLAND.

The crown has issued a commission of inquiry into the system of education in our universities, embracing all the colleges of Scotland. The Commissioners consist of noblemen and gentlemen of official characters; their first meeting was held Aug. 31, in the college of Edinburgh. A similar commission composed of independent members, would perhaps be of service in some other universities.—The grand ceremony took place Aug. 15, of driving the first pile of the extension piers at Leith.—The expense the police establishment for the present year is to be increased to the sum of £26,000.—A report highly deserving the attention of the public has been published by the committee of the general assembly, "for increasing the means of Education and Religious Instruction in Scotland."—Apples have this season been sold at Leith as cheap as potatoes, and water as dear as milk.—By a report published of the proceedings of the university of Aberdeen, it appears that a spirit of scrutiny and improvement seems to be exciting in our universities.

Married.] At Slain's Castle, J. Wemyss, esq., M.P., to Lady Emma Hay, sister to the Earl of Errol—At Dunans, Argyshire, C. Gordon, esq., to Helen, eldest daughter of J. Fletcher, esq.

Died.] At Edinburgh, Archibald, the third son, and Adrien, the fourth son, of Lieut. Gen. Sir John Hope—At Edinburgh, 81, Mrs. Montgomery, and Mrs. E. Honyman, relict of the late G. Taylor, esq., of Thuro—At the Manse of Anstruther Easter, 82, A. Johnson, esq.—At Edinburgh, Dr. John Barclay, a distinguished ornament of the medical school—At Inner Leven, 87, D. Anderson, esq., examiner of H. M.'s customs—At Ayr, Lieut.-Col. R. Cameron.

IRELAND.

A meeting of the inhabitants of Cork has been recently held for taking into consideration the present alarming state of the public distress, when several resolutions were passed expressive of their application for the establishment of the poor-rates in that unfortunate country. In the mean time it is shocking to anticipate what is to become of the Irish peasantry, who are absolutely destitute of their usual resource (from the failure of the potatoes!), and unprotected by poor laws!!!

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From 20th August to 19th Sept. inclusive.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co., 50, High Holborn.

August.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A.M.	Max.	Min.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	2 P.M.	10 P.M.
20			70	85	61	29 89	29 77	72	50	E	SW	Fine	Fine	Fine
21			66	73	60	29 79	29 77	66	75	N	E	Clo.	—	Clo.
22			69	74	62	29 74	29 73	65	73	WSW	SW	Fair	—	Fair
23			70	73	63	29 65	29 51	71	80	SSW	S	Clo.	Clo.	S. Rain
24	16		68	75	64	29 57	29 62	67	78	SW	SW	Fair	Fair	Fair
25			71	80	62	29 60	29 47	71	70	SSW	SSW	—	—	T. & L.
26			69	73	56	29 73	29 72	67	65	SW	SW	—	—	Fine
27			66	71	57	29 78	29 86	68	68	WNW	SW	—	—	—
28			69	76	65	29 84	29 79	67	79	SSE	SSW	—	—	—
29			70	76	63	29 71	29 65	75	75	SW	E	Clo.	—	—
30			75	79	63	29 57	29 58	62	75	S (var.)	W	Fair	—	Clo.
31	10		66	73	59	29 65	29 65	67	74	W	SW	Fine	—	Rain
Sept. 1			66	70	58	29 63	29 62	72	78	E	NE	Fair	—	—
2	30		59	65	61	29 55	29 57	88	92	NE (v.)	N	Rain	—	C. & R.
3			64	67	59	29 62	29 75	80	79	ESE	SE	Fair	C. & R.	Clo.
4			68	73	58	29 75	29 76	73	82	SSW	WSW	—	Rain	—
5			65	66	54	29 76	29 67	70	69	NW	WNW	Clo.	Show.	—
6			57	65	52	29 33	29 17	91	73	E	WSW	Rain	Rain	—
7	100		54	56	50	29 12	29 61	87	75	W	WNW	—	—	—
8			55	67	52	29 57	29 65	88	83	SW	W	—	—	Fair
9	49		53	62	50	29 73	29 82	87	75	E	WNW	—	Show.	—
10			59	65	50	29 96	30 07	74	68	W	W	Fair	Fine	Clo.
11			55	64	49	30 12	30 18	76	72	W	W	—	—	Fair
12			60	66	48	30 15	30 09	71	71	W	W	Fine	—	Fine
13			54	65	52	30 02	29 91	76	72	SW	W	—	—	—
14			60	69	47	29 85	30 01	76	76	SW	NE	—	Rain	Clo.
15			55	63	48	30 14	30 24	72	70	NE	E	Fair	Fine	Fine
16			52	64	51	30 21	30 05	76	76	E	ESE	—	—	—
17			63	71	57	29 92	29 87	74	86	ESE	ESE	Fine	—	—
18	50		62	67	61	29 77	29 78	93	97	ENE	ESE	Rain	Rain	Fair
19			63	68	59	29 81	29 84	83	88	ESE	E	Fair	Fine	Fine

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of August was 2 inches 27-100ths.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 21st of August to the 20th of September 1826.

Aug.	Bank Stock	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 1/2 Pr. Ct. Consols.	N4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	3 1/2 Pr. Ct. Red.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
21	203	79 1/2	78 1/2	—	94 1/2	19 5-16 3/4	86 1/2	—	—	17 18p	79 1/2
22	202 1/2	79 1/2	78 1/2	87	94 1/2	19 5-16 3/4	86 1/2	—	24 25p	17 19p	79 1/2
23	202 1/2	79 1/2	78 1/2	87	94 1/2	19 5-16 3/4	86 1/2	232 1/2	24 25p	17 19p	79 1/2
24	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	203	79 1/2	78 1/2	87 1/2	94 1/2	19 15-16 3/4	86 1/2	—	24 25p	18 19p	79 1/2
26	—	79 1/2	78 1/2	—	94 1/2	19 5-16 3/4	86 1/2	—	25 20p	18 20p	79 1/2
27	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
28	—	79 1/2 80 1/2	79 1/2 80 1/2	—	94 1/2 5 1/2	19 1-16	86 1/2 87	—	24 25p	17 19p	79 1/2
29	—	79 1/2 80 1/2	79 1/2 80 1/2	87 1/2	94 1/2 5 1/2	19 7-16 1/2	86 1/2 87	—	25 26p	16 19p	79 1/2
30	204 1/2	79 1/2 80	79 1/2 80	87 1/2	94 1/2 5 1/2	19 1/2	86 1/2 87	235 1/2	26 29p	17 19p	79 1/2
31	203 1/2	79 1/2 80	78 1/2 9 1/2	86 1/2	94 1/2 5 1/2	19 5-16 1/2	86 1/2 87	—	27p	18 19p	79 1/2
Sept. 1	204	79 1/2 80	78 1/2 80	87	94 1/2 5 1/2	19 5-16 7-16	86 1/2 87	—	27 29p	17 20p	79 1/2
2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
4	203 1/2 203 1/2	79 1/2 80 1/2	78 1/2 80 1/2	86 1/2 87 1/2	94 1/2 5 1/2	19 7-16	86 1/2 87	—	27 28p	18 19p	79 1/2
5	203 1/2 204	79 1/2 80	78 1/2 80	87 1/2	94 1/2 5 1/2	—	86 1/2 87	237	28 29p	18 19p	79 1/2
6	—	—	79 1/2 80	87 1/2	94 1/2 5 1/2	—	—	—	28 29p	18 20p	79 1/2
7	—	—	79 1/2 80	87 1/2	94 1/2 5 1/2	—	—	—	28 29p	18 20p	79 1/2
8	—	—	79 1/2 80	87 1/2	94 1/2 5 1/2	—	—	—	28p	17 20p	79 1/2
9	—	—	79 1/2 80	87 1/2	94 1/2 5 1/2	—	—	236	27p	17 20p	79 1/2
10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
11	—	—	79 1/2 80	87 1/2	94 1/2 5 1/2	—	—	—	28p	17 19p	79 1/2
12	—	—	79 1/2 80	87 1/2	94 1/2 5 1/2	—	—	—	27 28p	17 19p	79 1/2
13	—	—	79 1/2 80	87 1/2	94 1/2 5 1/2	—	—	—	27 28p	17 19p	79 1/2
14	—	—	79 1/2 80	87 1/2	94 1/2 5 1/2	—	—	237 1/2	27 28p	17 19p	79 1/2
15	—	—	79 1/2 80	87 1/2	94 1/2 5 1/2	—	—	—	27 28p	16 19p	79 1/2
16	—	—	79 1/2 80	87 1/2	94 1/2 5 1/2	—	—	—	27 28p	15 18p	79 1/2
17	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
18	—	—	79 1/2 80	87 1/2	95 1/2 6 1/2	—	—	—	26 28p	15 16p	79 1/2
19	—	—	80 1/2 80	—	95 1/2 6 1/2	—	—	—	25 28p	14 18p	79 1/2
20	—	—	79 1/2 80	—	95 1/2 6 1/2	—	—	—	—	14 18p	79 1/2

E. Erron, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.